

VOGUE



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JUNE
\$1

THE AMERICAN WOMAN ISSUE

how to look great, live well...

fashion! food! decorating!

your complete guide to
hot-weather dressing:
what to wear on the beach,
on the street, around
the house...all the time

your figure

how to choose the shape-up
routine that will work for you

mind exercises

a doctor tells you
how to relax and build your ego

the easiest diet

you've ever been on —
quick, cold, portable

the Robert Redford

you'd like to know — by Liz Smith

sex

makes fools of us all —
from Anita Loos' new book

"There's no instant miracle for summer-damaged hair. The only miracle I know takes a little longer."

Julius Caruso

"Summertime really gives your hair the hardest time.

The sun burns it, the wind beats it, the water dries it like seaweed. Those quick-down-the-drain rinses just don't make the difference.

They weren't made to help damaged hair.

condition* Beauty Pack Treatment

from Clairol is specially formulated for damaged hair.

When I apply protein-rich condition* the hair seems to soak it up immediately. (The way you see a dry plant drink water.)

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JUNE, 1974

(INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

VOGUE

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AVEDON

COVER: It's a scarf summer! To collect in all sizes and wear everywhere—wrapped at the waist, the throat, the head, tied like a sarong around a bikini, or—as here—folded into a triangle and looped once around the neck. Clear-blue scarf by Vera. \$3, Altman's. Silver earrings by Celia Sebir. \$55, Bonwit Teller. . . . The fresh summer makeup gets its glow from soft colors—Sultry Peach lipstick, Tawny Beige Cremegel Makeup, Soft Sienna blush—and a little surprise: Spungold Violet lighting the center of the eyelid. All, Ultima II by Charles Revson. Hair, by Ara Gallant.

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Truth or Myth:

Will Gelatin Really Help You Grow Longer, Stronger Nails?

If you've been swallowing daily doses of gelatin as a protein supplement for weak, brittle, problem nails—better check your doctor. You may be in for a disappointment. According to a prominent dermatologist, there is little evidence that this systemic treatment produces beneficial results. And even if it did work, you would still have a long waiting period for any noticeable improvement, because it takes from six to eight months for a complete new nail to grow out.

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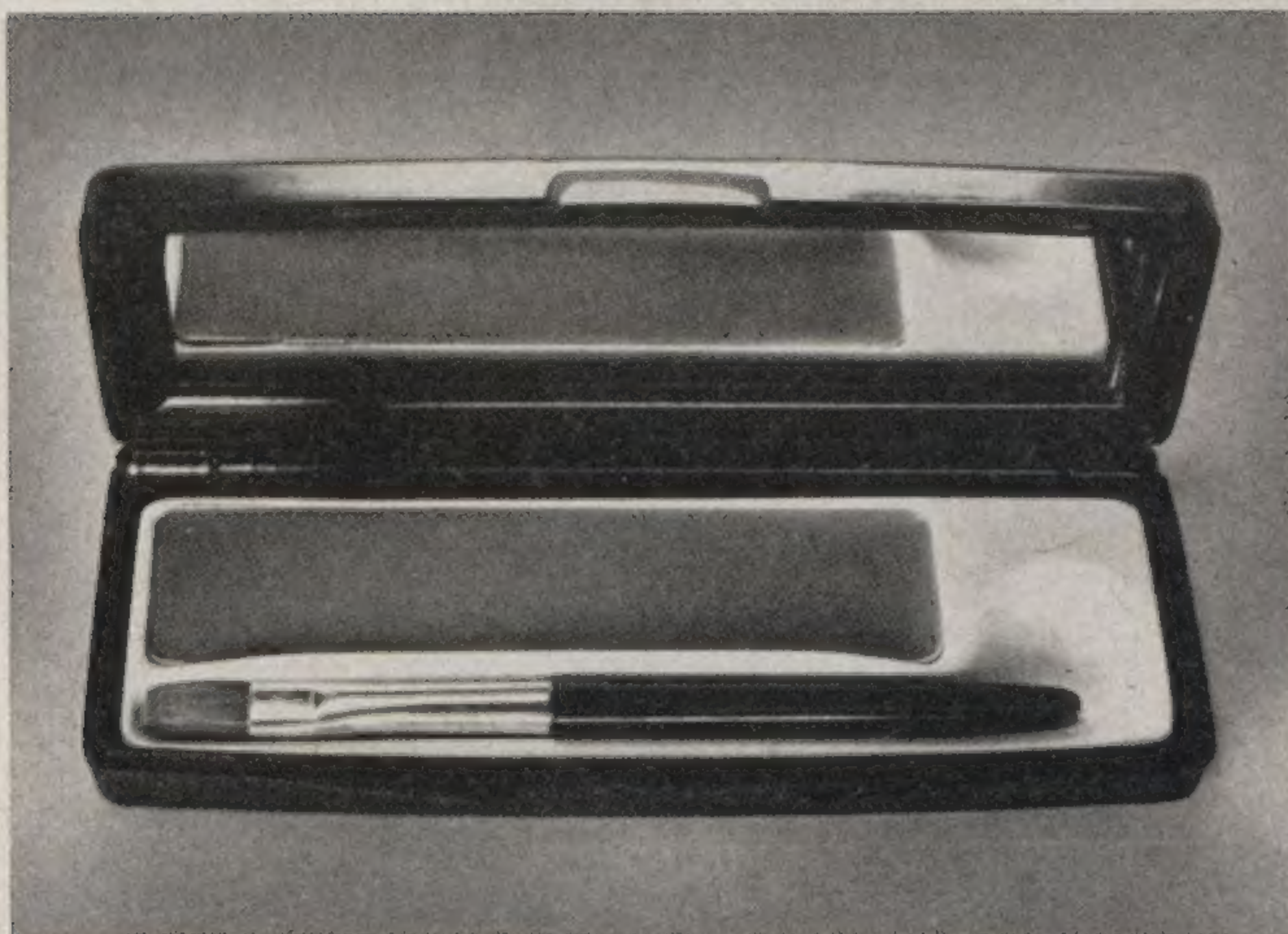


Poplin jacket by Chester Weinberg.

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CHARLES REVSON

Quick and easy summer shape-ups— top to toe

Getting into shape for summer means getting into shape all over. Starting at the top . . . your hair can have a new shape just by putting something on. In this case, it's one of Max Factor's new Wigless Wigs, made on an open-air base of ribbon webbing—lightweight, comfortable, natural-looking because they don't have an unreal amount of hair, and because the hair fibers (of Elura modacrylic) *move* instead of staying stiffly in place . . . great for looking your best after a swim.

To pep up your face, and put your skin in good shape, there's the Beauty Emergency Masque from Clinique that refreshes skin in—talk about speed—two minutes flat. Follow the directions for your particular skin type, and you get desired results—a pick-up in circulation, which helps skin texture, starts you glowing as if you'd had good news.

After masque . . . carry a straw basket or a wooden tray filled with your favorite cosmetics into the garden, and make up in natural sunlight for a pleasant change. (Keep lipstick, atomizer, and a mirror in a small basket by the window box for quick touch-ups.) . . . You can use these nifty trays and baskets six ways from Sunday in summer—for picnics at the beach; to keep all your needlepoint equipment neatly together. Or organize your guest bathroom with baskets of exotic fruit soaps and packets of bubble bath in flower or herb scents.



NANCY MORAN

A bath treatment to sleek your body just before—or just after—a day at the beach: Vaseline Intensive Care Bubbling Herbal Bath—it moisturizes, softens, and conditions skin all over. . . . Besides all its good body work, it also makes bath water a pretty fragrant green.

Eye Appeal: it's only natural

Some makeup wizards—Sandra of Kenneth, for one—don't believe in false eyelashes, prefer to curl whatever nature provided. To do your own curling, Kurlash from Diamon Deb does the job in minutes. Apply mascara both before and after the curling process, which should last no longer than thirty seconds per eye. Smaller than the usual hand-size curler, it's found at any drug-store for \$1.45.

Don't forget feet and legs . . . bare, strappy sandals, yes!—with bare legs, too, preferably golden brown with silky skin. If nature hasn't provided legs that way, you can get help from the sheerest possible pantyhose. A pair that wouldn't be noticed even under a glass slipper come from L'eggs, sheer all the way from waist to toe . . . On display in their own boutique in supermarkets, L'eggs come in a variety of sizes and colours—and cost only \$1.49—good value. . . .

Be extra kind to your feet—the better shape they're in, the better you'll feel all over. A good pedicure is essential; a visit to a chiropodist may be. But you can do wonders on your own in the way of everyday foot-care. Nothing fancy . . . a handful of oatmeal in a basin of hot water, for instance, is a super-softener of bumps and callouses. As is regular massage with cocoa butter or glycerine and rose water. And from everybody's favorite foot doctor: Dr. Scholl's Foot Refresher Spray. A one-ounce spray tucks handily into bag or beach tote, costs only 75 cents . . . small price to pay for walking on air. ▽



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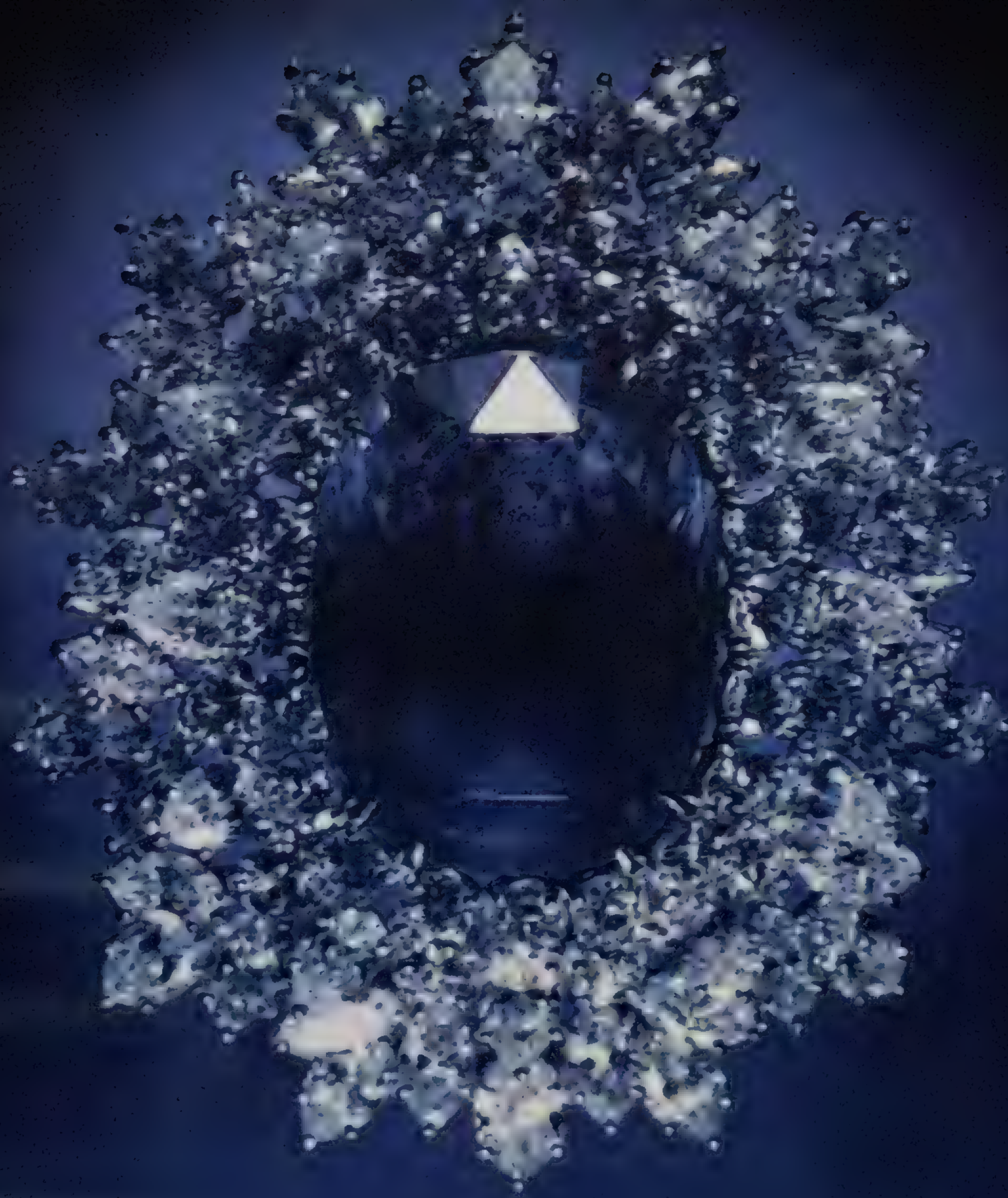
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Elizabeth Arden
Easy elegance



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VOGUE BEAUTY READY

Something for every body: new ideas for bath and shower

There are shower people who will always be shower people (those Type A Behaviors who are always in a hurry), and others convinced of the superior cleaning and relaxing powers of the bath. Whichever type you are, here are some new and refreshing ideas to make your favorite cleansing method work for you.

Shower-women on the go will appreciate the **Super-Moist Naturals** from Germaine Monteil. The **Emollient Body Cleanser** smooths on and foams like soap, does a good job of cleansing but leaves the skin's natural oil and moisture intact. The **Conditioning Shave Foam** is a pale blue boon to leg and underarm grooming—a razor skims through it and, again, moisture in the skin is retained with this product's special formula that includes natural lemons and apricots.

"Nothing tops a needle-fine shower for a quick and thorough cleansing, but a little extra time relaxing in the bath lifts the spirits and revitalizes the soul." So says **Estée Lauder**, seeing both sides of the question. Acting on these thoughts, she has introduced some new additions to her fast-increasing **Azurée** audience. The **European Mineral Bath Salts** help de-tense tired muscles after a long day at the typewriter or an hour at exercise class, and the **Mint Pick-Up Bath**, if you're a mint fan, does the same. After-bath attention should be focused on **Azurée Body Satin Rub**—as pleasant to slip into as real silk lingerie.

For shower-men, **Myrurgia** has a new collection from Spain—lime-scented aids named **Hidalgo** (Spanish for a man of distinction)—which includes a gel cleanser for body and hair, shaving cream or instant lather shave for a quick shave in the shower, and body talc and deodorant for post-towelling.

About men who take to tubs—they have their sensualist side, too, and appreciate the relaxation and rejuvenation of a bath. **Luca-relli**, a man who understands these things, has designed the



GUY BILLOUT

most masculine of soaps—a handsome L-carved block—plus a **Total Body Shampoo** (also effective for washing hair) that comes with its own chunk of sponge. Another idea for the male bather comes from **Kanon** in the form of their **Sauna Soak**. A few capfuls added to the tub create the woodsy fragrance of an actual sauna and some of its relaxing aura.

For anyone, dawdling in the tub presents the perfect opportunity to analyze body flaws before they get noticed on the beach and to plan to do something about them . . . exercises called **Kinesthetics** can be performed in the tub. You don't have to move around; merely tense, hold for six counts, then relax the areas of your body that need toning. Good for legs, arms, facial muscles. Examples: puff out your cheeks and pretend to blow an imagined feather off your nose, or slowly turn your head from shoulder to shoulder, keeping shoulders stable and head up.

Another useful way to utilize time spent in the bath is for the benefit of nails—both hand and toe. A good way to banish dry skin—the plague for any nail—is to nourish with **Johnson's Baby Oil**. Warm the oil until it's comfortable to the touch, then soak nails for at least twenty minutes. When nails are completely softened, you are ready to begin manicure and pedicure process; use an orange stick to push back cuticle made pliable by the Baby Oil, then rinse with lukewarm water and gently pat dry. Filing nails straight across with an emery board and applying polish completes your at-home nail treatment. ▽

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Coty's new Glowing Finish is a radical departure from conventional face powders. With a life, a glow unlike anything else.

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Coty's new Glowing Finish is – in its concept, its formula, its look – very much a revolution.

The successor to powder.



A Coty Woman. She'll have the freshest glow since young, bare skin.



VOGUE BOOKS

Being robbed: a searing experience common to many American women—even the toughest

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Kate Millett—college teacher, sculptor, and self-avowed bisexual—jogged the world's consciousness in 1969 with her feminist treatise Sexual Politics. The following excerpt is from her latest book, Flying, to be published this month by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.*

I see it from across the street. Finally it has happened. I lug the two big shopping bags from Bloomingdale's, one in each hand. Saleslady had never seen anyone buy this many sheets. But it was the only thing Nell wanted . . . "You Americans have these incredibly smart sheets." I select them in an orgy of purchase, scads of them in every color, coveting them all myself, a monster of mouthwatering acquisition. They are my present, the only thing I'm permitted to give in re-

"When you are robbed the whole world betrays you in that moment"

turn for all the help she gave me with the film, Movie Nell who saw me through it and for whom payment is out of the question. Only that one clue about sheets to relieve the weight of my obligation, now twenty pounds heft in each hand as I gaze down Bleecker Street seeing the unbelievable.

My house. The door a gaping black hole in the brick wall. My house open to the world. I am robbed. Ripped off. Just two hours ago I stopped by here to pick up the mail. So it's not because I was absent in the country, neglecting the place. Just two hours ago I was here, removing the telltale pile of mail visible through the glass door that lets them know you are out of town so they can bust you. And by God they have, the door yawning open to rape by any stranger. In an afternoon the whole place could be stripped. If I had already left

for England they would have taken the paint off the walls by the time I got back. Now as I watch, ten years' sculpture and all my manuscripts lie prone waiting for them, every enemy.

When you are robbed the whole world betrays you in that moment. I came up the stairs that first time seeing all the drawers open, knew immediately. And the dog rushed me, that silly little cocker who would have welcomed any thief, bitchlike wagging her tail, turning over to show her belly. But somehow she had given him a scare and he beat her. Big white Russian with crazy blue eyes, told me once how he'd busted an artist on Second Avenue but the jerk had nothing to steal so he razored all the canvases not to have wasted a trip. Used to meet him on the Bowery: "Gimme a cigarette, I'm your robber." Insisting on our special relationship while he looked down at the dog, telling me what he'd done to her.

That time it was my clothes, all the ski sweaters from the lush Oxford days. Even took the peanut butter, the tuna fish. My typewriter, the silver cigarette box JayCee gave me when I got a First. I would have whored to get it back. All these treasures gone for a dollar or two in the thieves' market on Rivington Street. After the second bust I spotted the Russian in one of my sweaters in the Palace Bar, cornered him and got a cop. Take off that sweater. But it's second rate and so are the three others underneath. All the good ones were gone already.

"The cop is actually beating the guy up. My robber. For a second I relish the sound"

The cop wants me to have him arrested. I go upstairs to get a coat. Strange noises come up

from the hallway, the cop is actually beating the guy up. My robber. For a second I relish the sound. Bastard took all I had, winter coming and no warm clothes even. I listen to the slow steady thud. Then I can't stand it. Screaming at him to stop it. "Not in my place, buddy. And forget the arrest. What good does it do me if he rots in jail?" Everything gone already, I can never get the silver box back again, my whole past wiped out in the few things I owned. If there's an arraignment it will be three days

"I must be prepared to lose everything. Or prepared to keep nothing I cannot afford to lose or could be hurt by"

pay as a substitute teacher. I just started this job, I need the money. If I send him to jail he'll kill me when he gets out. Justice is too expensive. The next time I was robbed the police stood around and grinned: "Girl like you has no business living down here anyway." After that I no longer bothered to notify them.

And now the open door stares at me again. I stand across the street by Fat Harry's hardware store, my art supply house, offering unlimited credit for the last ten years. When I was broke Fat Harry would always let me charge it: "Sure kiddo, go on working, pay when you can, I trust you." Fat Harry to whom I owe my career in the arts. I look across the street at the black hole, which looks back at me. Then I cross and start shaking up the stairs, should I go down and get Tony the pawnbroker from the first floor to help me? If they're still there they might kill me in their fear if cornered. Tony behind me more frightened than I am. So I go up first, saving his face as a man, asking him to look here and there and then doing it

for him. It's safe, they are gone. So is the TV. That's fine, we never use it any more. Fumio and I gave it to each other one Christmas. Greedy as children, we broke down and collected it as early as Thanksgiving, watched it like addicts. Three months even eating dinner in front of it. I began to think our whole relationship had died in boredom the way it had been with Zoe. Then that February I slept with a woman again in New Haven. Things got better, we were not through. Enough problems now to keep us interested forever.

Damn. They got the music. Left the turntable. Bitter feeling when I see the amplifier and the speakers gone. And the bicycle. Left my old typewriter, too heavy. Nothing else to take unless they go berserk and wreck Fumio's sculpture. Go to the third floor and check it. Mine is okay too. That final vulnerability, our work. And my possibly scandalous life, letters, tapes, manuscript. I must be prepared to lose everything. Or prepared to keep nothing here again I cannot afford to lose or could be hurt by. Thinking while I walk through the rooms still trembling, if I finish my book I will have no secrets to be afraid for, corrupted over, tied to, as I have been all my life, hiding.

Fat Harry will sell me a padlock, but there is no way to secure this place unless I make it a prison and sleep behind bars. The casements no longer open to the murderer I wait for every night, the pimps and Mafia I have lived with, my own horror movie replayed every night I sleep here alone since the *Prostitution Papers*. How do people live in New York? How do people live? And how can I live here still? Knowing already how crucial it will be to sleep here tonight. In my own place where I'm paying rent, where I have always lived, this studio my very life for a long ten years. No, I will not give it up, scared shitless.

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You'll find this Rose Marie Reid swimwear fashion at Macy's, New York; Burdine's, Miami; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Weinstock's, Sacramento; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.
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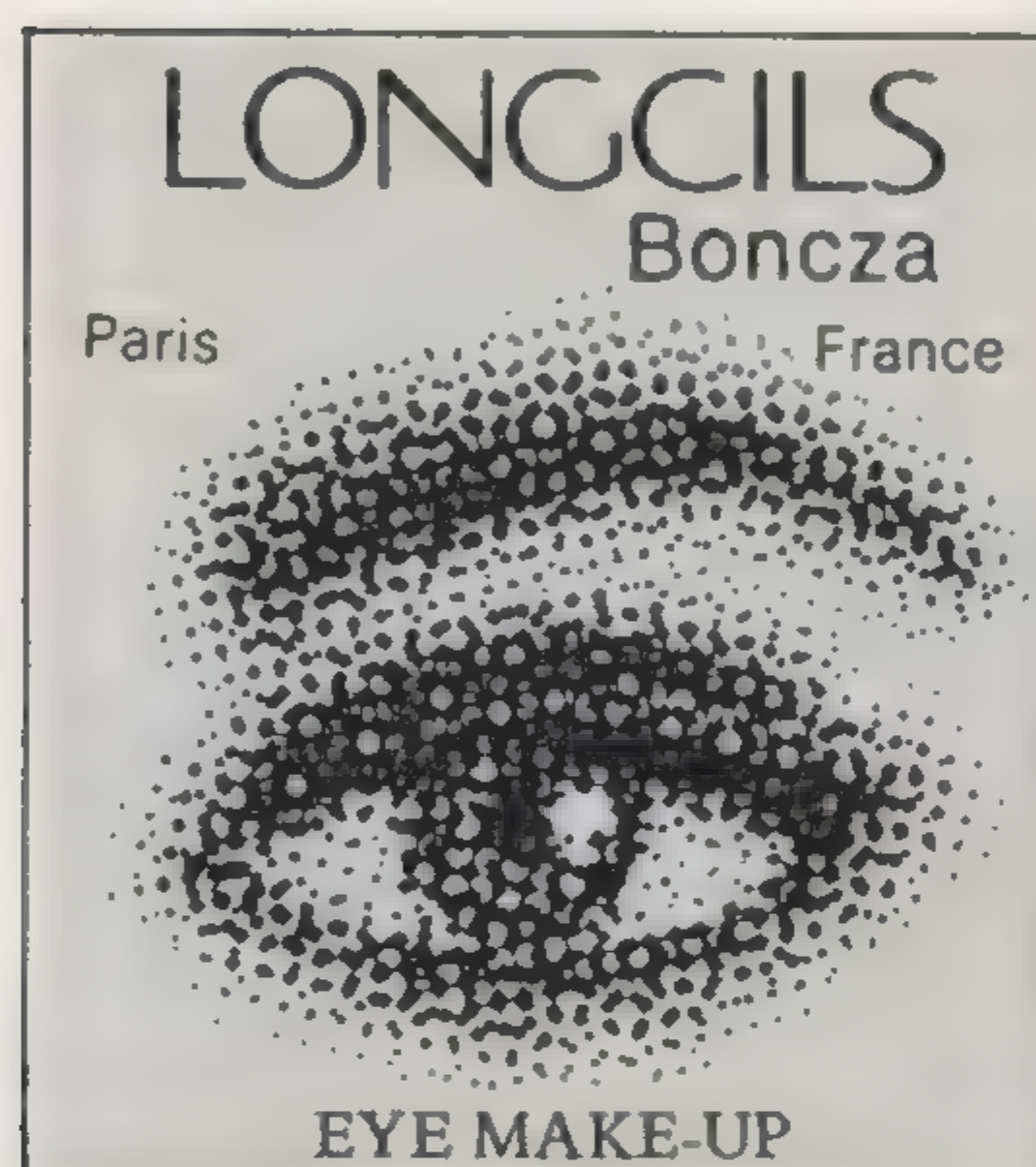


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VOGUE BEAUTY CHECKOUT

How a pioneering cosmetic company now intends to work new wonders for you

Is beauty behind the times? Every day in laboratories across the country, chemists, physicists, research and development executives work to make sure it certainly is not . . . improving existing products, creating new ones to deliver bonus results. Now one of the greatest pioneering companies in the industry—Helena Rubinstein—has added a significant slogan to its name, "*The Science of Beauty*," informing us in a subtle way of a vital new purpose behind every Rubinstein bottle and jar, every sleek lipstick case or pot of eyeshadow . . . to make each product, whether classified as "makeup" or "treatment," really *good* for your skin.

Helena Rubinstein, the founder of the company, was not only a great innovator; realizing what an asset a beautiful skin is to any woman's looks, she strived from her earliest days to produce not only alluring colors, but efficacious treatment products, too—to moisten, soften, smooth. She would have had a great deal to say in answer to the Dallas dermatologist Dr. Bedford Shelmire, Jr., who was recently quoted in *The New York Times* as saying, "the cosmetic industry is fifty years behind the times," lagging in research on skin care and development of new preparations.

Dr. Shelmire, who fired off a Texas-sized barrage of criticisms,

zeroed in on the fact that, since it's known the skin needs maximum protection against the sun, beauty products should incorporate a sunscreen as an obvious part of their formula. In fact, many do and have been doing so for some time. As the dermatologist Dr. J. J. Mausner (in charge of research and development at Rubinstein) was able to point out, sunscreen has been a liberal part of their Moisture Ices for lips, Le Lipgloss, and Minute Shiny Liplip since 1972, part of liquid and cream makeups since 1973, as well as this year being introduced into specific makeups for dry skin along with myriad other helpful ingredients, moisturizers, emollients, proteins to "plump" out skin surface and give bloom and smoothness.

The facts about soap and skin

Although Dr. Shelmire was quoted as saying "The best cleanser is soap," a 1972 survey by the American Academy of Dermatology found soap too harsh for the skins of over 90 percent of American women surveyed—our environment being a particularly difficult, drying one. Far easier on the skin and just as effective is a product, such as Helena Rubinstein's Skin Dew Gentle Washing Cleanser, based on amphoterics—a neutral product, neither acid nor alkaline, gently

dissolving dirt and oils found on the skin's surface.

Are facial masks ineffectual?

Certainly not, says Dr. Mausner. Masks are a most effective way of giving moisture to the skin. They work, first by contributing moisture, then—more important—by forming an impervious film that prevents moisture from escaping from the skin's upper layers. This is why skin looks so rosy, sparkling, and refreshed when the mask is removed. . . . Helena Rubinstein Brush-On Peel-Off Mask is one of the most relied-on preparations in the Rubinstein galaxy and—in three versions (for deep cleansing, moisturizing, and/or toning)—more than demonstrates the "science of beauty" theme at work.

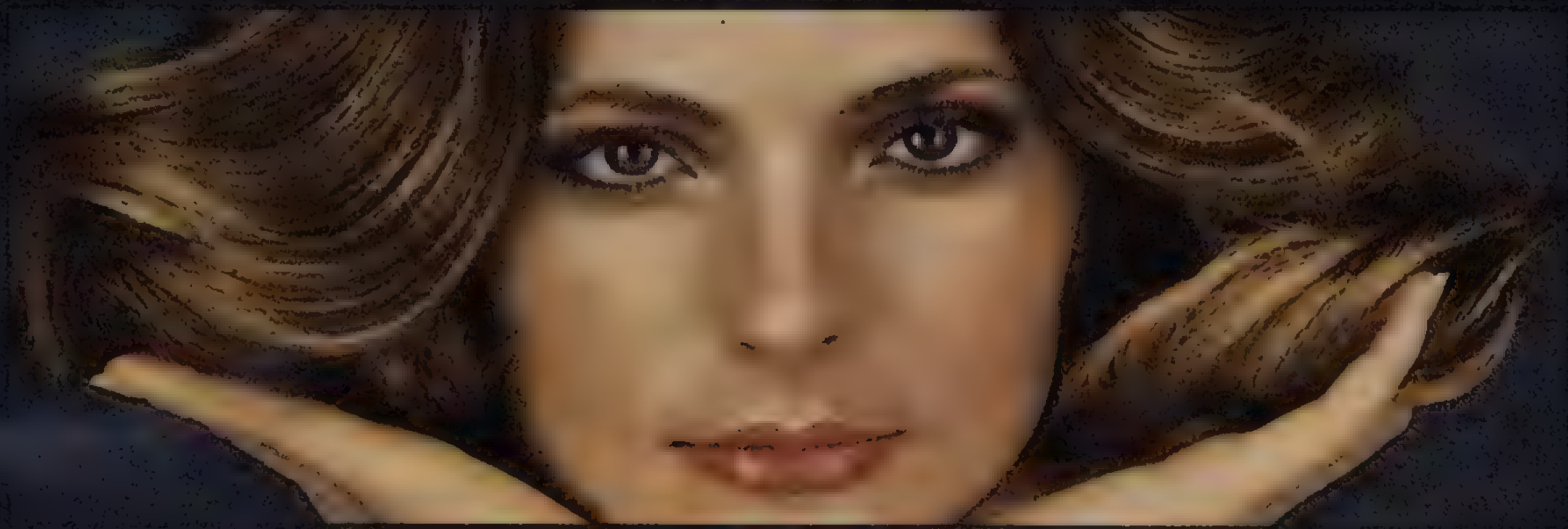
The slogan works with maximum force in the Skin Life group, in which everything—from Skin Life Throat Firming Treatment to Skin Life Deep Moisture Blushing Cream—is crammed with beneficial ingredients. Of these, the newest is GAM, an imported protein complex that nourishes skin cells, helps to maintain (or restore) springiness, freshness. . . . How to spot the Skin Life preparations: the pretty pure-white jars, bottles, and packages are decorated with a gold Tree of Life.



GUY BILLOUT

NANCY MORAN

Balancing Act



A really great shampoo is largely a matter of balance.

It must give your hair body...without roughing it up. It must lather luxuriously...but rinse out completely. It must remove oily dirt...without removing natural oils or hair coloring.

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Your Germaine Monteil Beauty Consultant can tell you lots more about it. Why it's not just a new shampoo... but an important development in hair care. See her any day at your favorite department or specialty store.

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A special beauty treatment for areas of the body where muscle tissue tends to sag. Applied on the breast, upper arms, inside thighs or tummy, it can help the skin to look firmer and more youthful while it smooths away dryness. 7 ounces, \$40

NEW
SUPER HYDRATANTE B 21
A light, fine super moisturizing night cream.

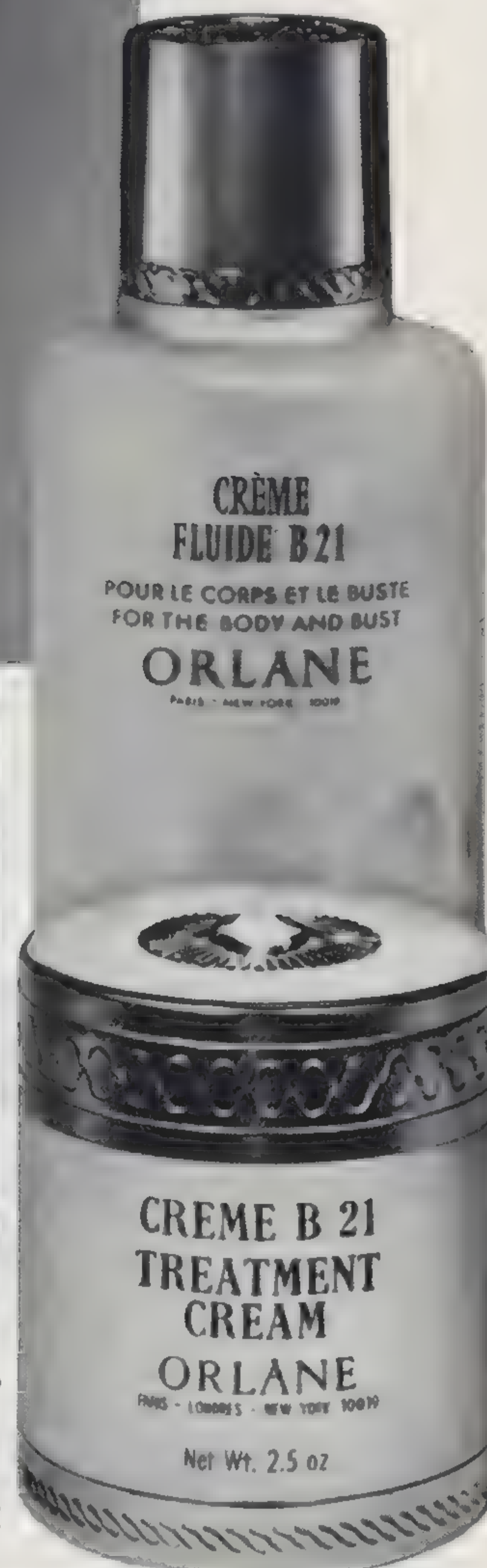
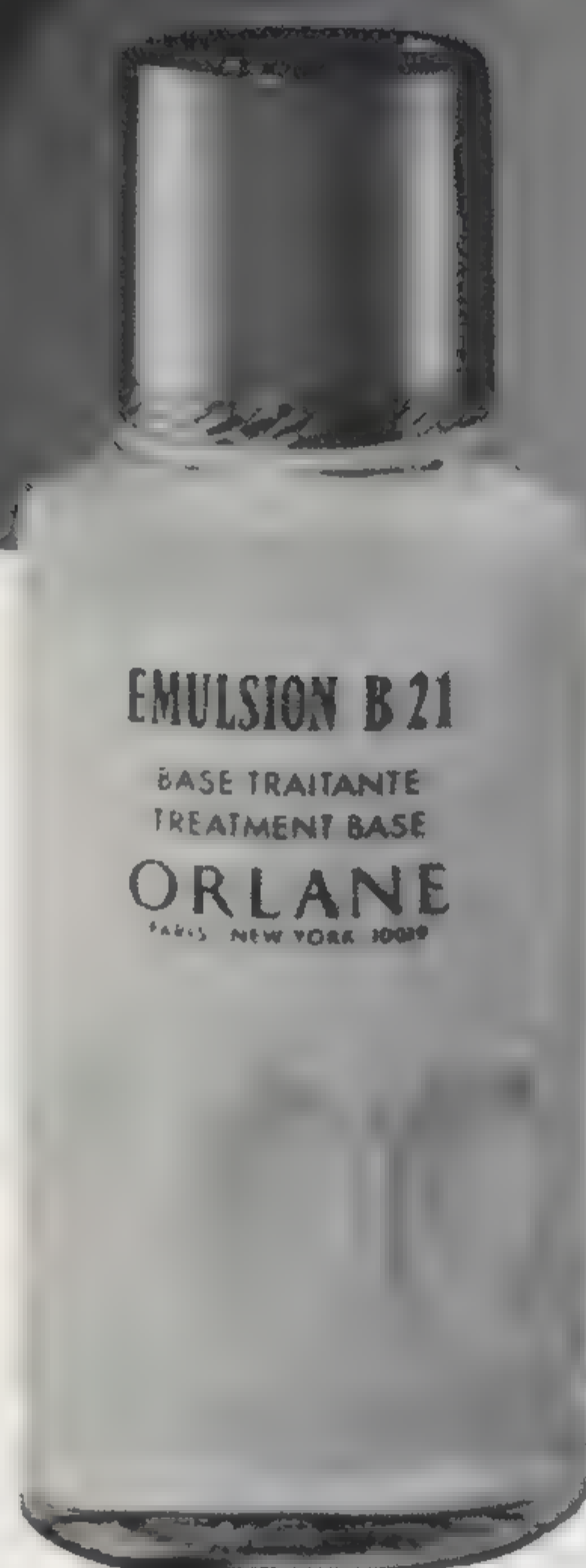
This newest discovery in the B21 series is a light cream that works to retain vital moisture normally lost from the skin by evaporation. Designed to combat dryness and dehydration, its special moisture-keeping elements help to balance the moisture content of the skin and bring a healthier, younger look to the complexion. 1.76 ounces, \$45.

B 21 EMULSION
A protective base under makeup.

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CRÈME B 21
A night cream you use only 2 weeks every 2 months.

Crème extraordinaire, B21 helps to give a younger, more radiant look to the skin, diminish the prominence of little fret and fatigue lines and replenish lubricants to skin over-exposed to sun, wind, and the drying effects of man-made climates. 2.5 ounces, \$85



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And so while we work very hard, and ski quite aggressively, we admire tremendously a term from your language: gentleman. Gentle... man. It says everything.

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Neither so sweet a woman might wear it. Nor so harsh only a lumberjack could.

Neither so effusive it is perceived at five paces. Nor so timid only you know you are wearing it.

We make such a cologne. It makes a man smell like he has nothing to prove.

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New summer colors—and a foolproof way to find them

Build a better mousetrap—and the customer has to benefit. . . . In the case of the **Face Factory**, a small shop just opened in New York at 754 Lexington Avenue, the customer benefits from an extraordinarily varied stock of makeup colors as easily selected as anything can be: 229 shades of lipstick, 108 shades of eye shadow, and 23 shades of makeup foundation are all spread out on a long table like a *smörgåsbord*. You are invited, even encouraged, to test them all freely.

The idea of Face Factory was conceived and developed by **Suzanne Grayson**, whose background includes many years in the cosmetic industry, thinking up and marketing new products for some of the biggest houses. "The basic method of selling cosmetics hasn't changed in thirty years," says Suzanne. "To get the shade of lipstick you want, you still have to go through all the different lines at different counters, at different stores." At Face Factory, all shades of face coloring, in Suzanne's own formulas, are there at a glance. Pots of lipstick are arranged in colors graduating from lilac to tangerine, with all the pinks and peaches in between, each in intensities from

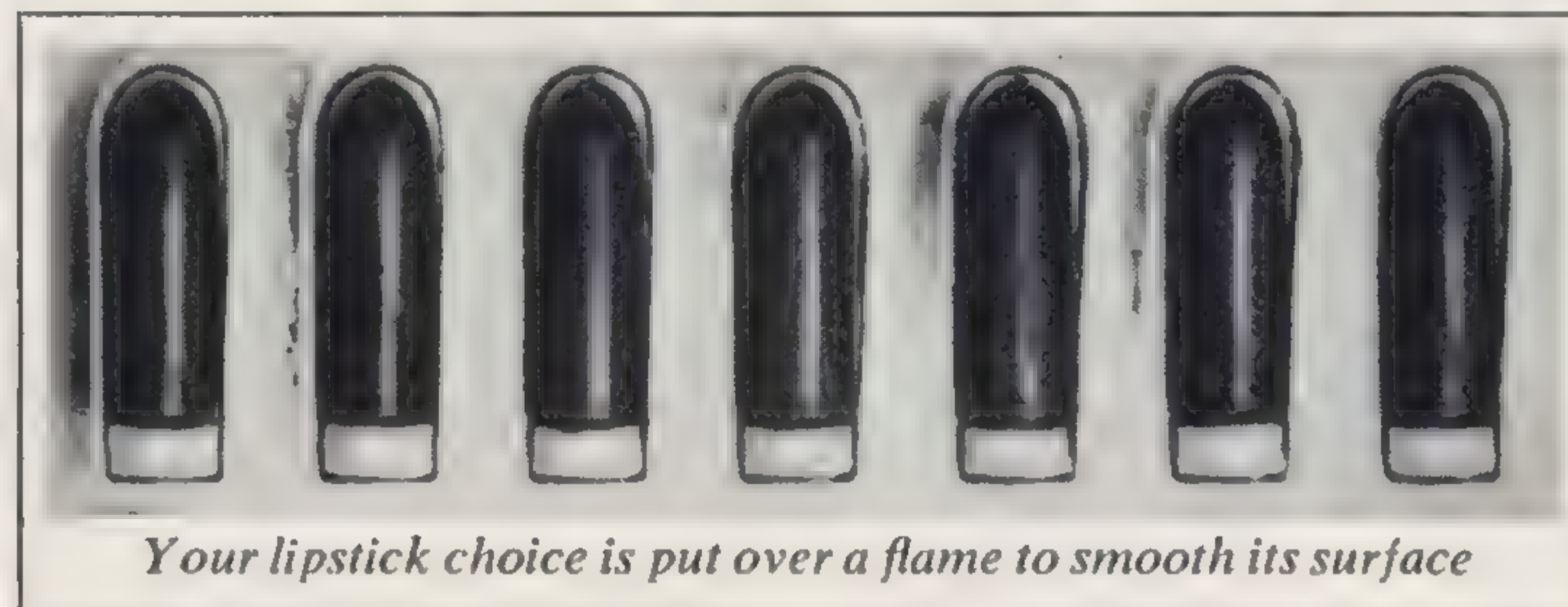
—there's another pleasant surprise: everything at Face Factory sells for just \$1.85 apiece—from base to lipstick to eye shadow—a budget-conscious store, indeed a "better mousetrap."

Germaine Monteil this month adds to its **Regime**—that collection of modern, simplified cosmetics for busy women. There were six in the Regime collection, now there are four more—the Uni-Color Blush, a colorless stick that produces glow once it's applied; Regime Water Base Face Color, natural-looking and fragrance-free, that helps prevent oiliness from breaking through; Regime Foaming Face Wash that leaves skin clean and gleaming; Regime Light Night Cream to circumvent problems that go with early-warning signs of dryness.

A little frost, a lot of color—that's the story of **Almay's new Spice Crystals**, a quintet of matching colors for lips and nails. The five shades are bright but earthy, go on easily, stay put, and are, of course, in keeping with the line's fine reputation, free of known irritants and unscented.

There are more lipstick news-

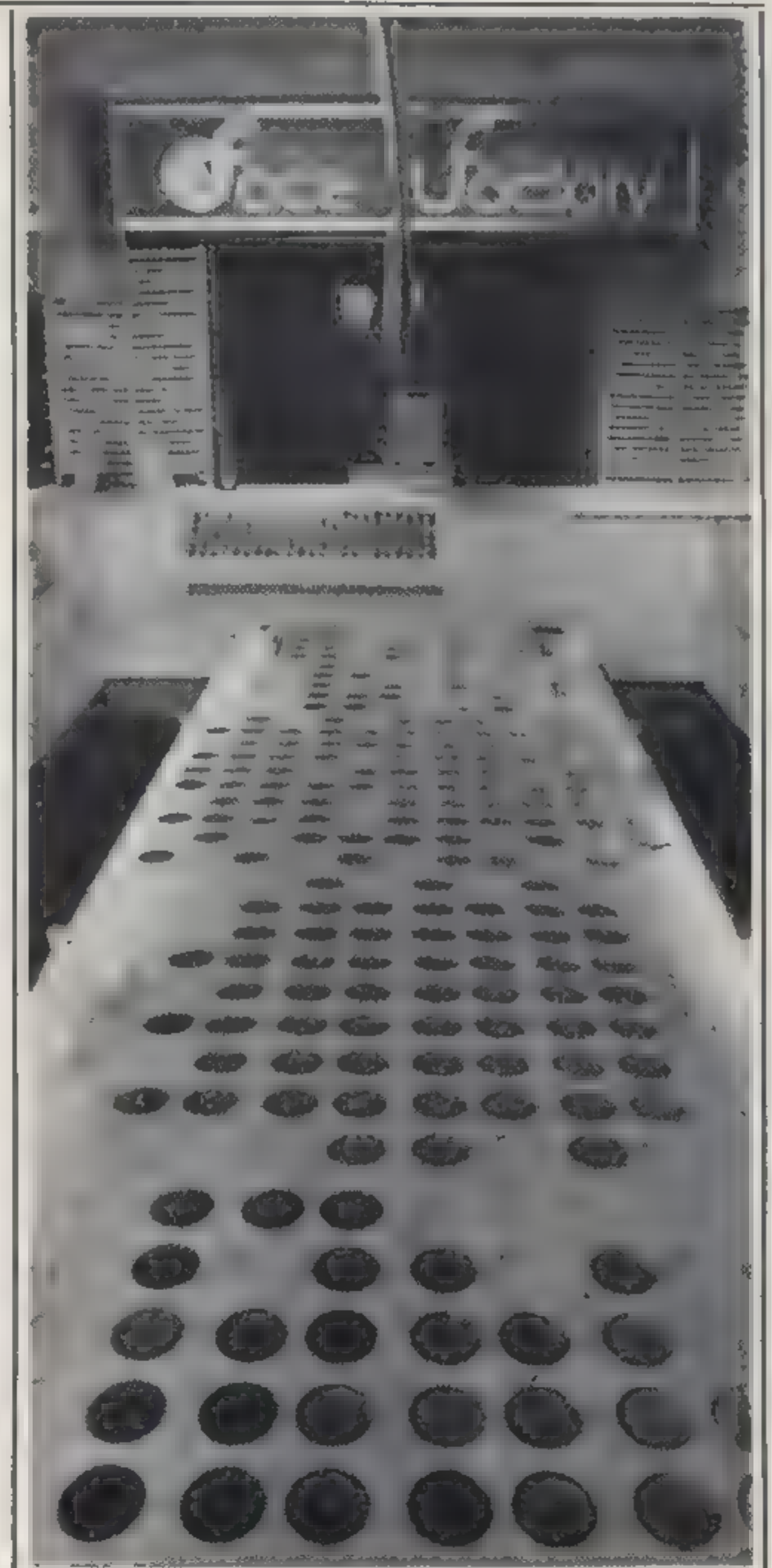
KEITH TRUMBO



Your lipstick choice is put over a flame to smooth its surface

dark to pale. The same idea is applied to eye shadow—there, easily seen and chosen, are disks of powder formula in every shade you could possibly think of, in all intensities. There is also a small bar at one side with tester bottles of foundation, pale to dark, all with handy little implements for testing—pick up a dab, turn to the mirrored wall, try it on. After you decide—which takes awhile

makers around. One that's just right for summer—big, cool, and fun to have around—is **Love's Big Frostee lip gloss crayon**. It combines not only shine, frost, color, and moisture but an effective sunscreen, too. Perfect for touch-ups on the beach. Twice the size of usual lipsticks, the crayons come in summery colors: Root Beer Float and Peach Fizz, to name two of the six.



The lipstick buffet: 229 different shades are spread out on a table 8 feet long—every shade you can think of is there and you are invited to test them.

Getting back to the wide-variety idea, you could spend the entire summer trying out the fifty-two colors that comprise **Frances Denney's new lipstick collection**. Included in this huge range are Stay-Ons, Creams, Frosts, plus two more ideas—a lip moisturizer and a moisturizing gloss that adds shimmer over lipstick.

What has happened to hair streaking? It's changed its name in self-defense. . . . In California, **Dusty Fleming**, at 275 North Cannon Drive, Beverly Hills, now has a process he calls Lurexing that adds highlights and shimmer to hair by lightening the tiniest strands all over the head . . . perhaps only two or three hairs at a time.

In New York, at **Pierre Michel** (6 West 57th Street), other hair-highlighters are called Icing, Spicing, or Glazing (all forms of hair streaking)—carried out with René Furterer organic products that offer hair health as well as hair looks. One of the Furterer ingredients is Persian Pamiran—a vegetable coloring that makes hair shafts fatter—so hair looks thicker. This is a process popular with Pierre Michel's male clients as well as with his female clientele.

—MARY KLEVE

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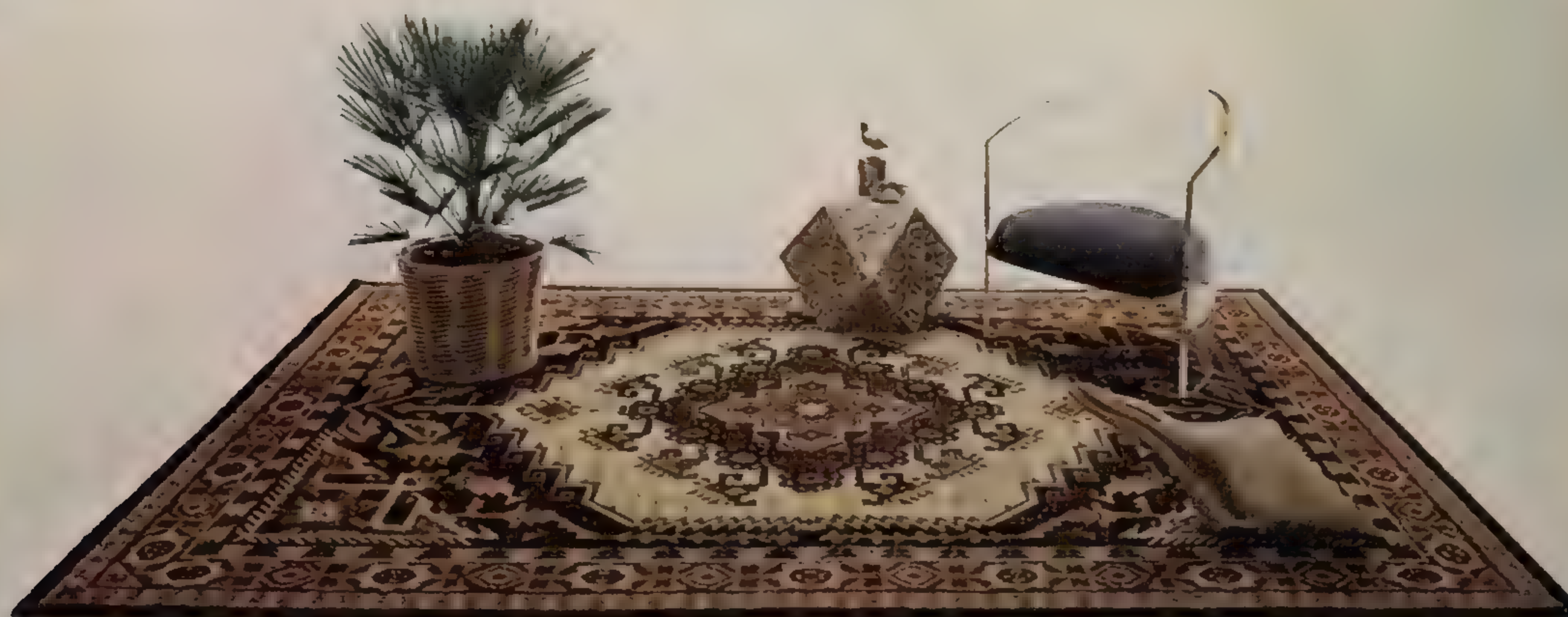
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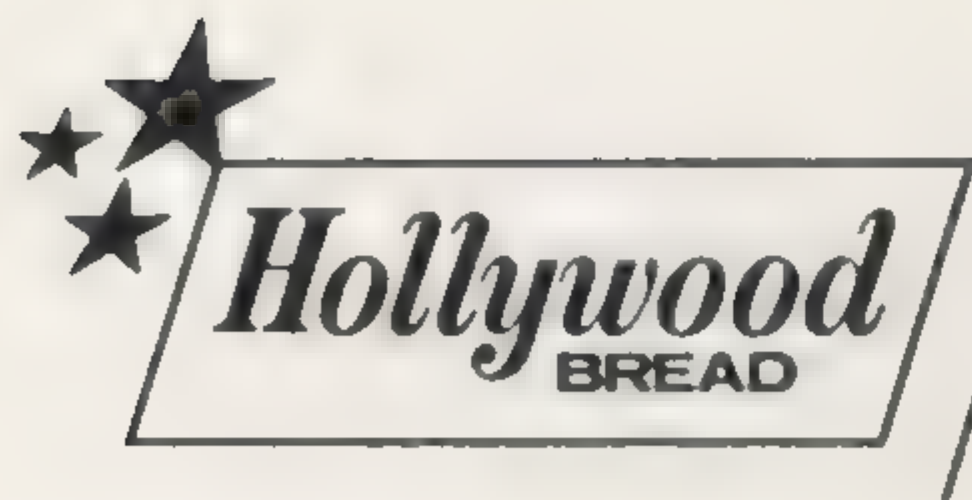
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On the go. Feeling pretty.

Off she goes with a completely modern dash about her in clothes designed for summer shifting about. In and out of doors . . . in and out of town in summer classics like these from the Mr. Dino Collection. A snappy way to get you where you're going in style . . . feeling fine, looking great. Top left, opposite page, off on a spree wearing a brown and white Qiana[®] comb print, soft-tie blouse under a Shirt-Jac in the reverse print. Blouse is \$32.00; Jacket, \$32.00. Classic summer-white pants in Dacron[®] polyester, \$20.00. Opposite page, right, the perfect spectator sport in a colorful green, navy, and white geometric Qiana[®]-print sun dress, the blouson top tied at the waist. Its own little jacket to slip on for drinks at the Clubhouse later, \$118.00. This page, a superbly tailored white jacket over the same snappy blouse you saw on the opposite page. Easy brown pants. Jacket and pants of Dacron[®] polyester, \$72.00.

Opposite page, bottom left, Eleanor Hansberry's latest creation . . . Hollywood Yogurt Bread. A special blend of yogurt, toasted wheat germ, honey, and unbleached wheat flour to help the American woman stay on the go.

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The Chic Around You— where to find it

(details for pages 72-79)

ON YOUR WAY/PAGE 72

the Lucite attaché

Designed by Gunther Lambert, with big and little compartments inside. \$70, Bloomingdale's.

very compact . . .

. . . the Dodge Dart Sport compact car (real dimensions: about 16½ feet long, 17-22 miles per gallon).

HOME ON THE RANGE/PAGE 74

classic coffee cup

Royal Copenhagen's Blue Fluted Half Lace porcelain—cup and saucer, \$26.50. Royal Copenhagen Porcelain, 573 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022

unbeatable beaters

Classic stainless steel French whisks, to have in several sizes, are at any good cooking store.

cooking clothes

Red-navy print apron by Maxime de la Falaise for Swirl. \$13. At Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

Little Italy

An authentic Italian espresso maker called Vesuviana. The 12-cup size, \$30 at Design Research, 53 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. 10022

pot luck

Finnish designer Timo Sarpaneva's stainless steel pot; the lid doubles as a server. \$46 at Bonniers, 605 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022

GARDEN PLOT/PAGE 75

Japanese gardening shears

Six inches long, nickel-plated, and about \$2.50 at Georg Jensen, N.Y.; Taylor & Ng, San Francisco.

ENTERTAINING/PAGE 76

new stein way

The Boda Nova beer (or anything) glass, of hand-blown crystal. Two for \$25, Bonniers, 605 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022

BATHROOM PRIVILEGES/PAGE 77

the best shaving brush

Pure badger bristle, five inches tall, \$40. From Caswell-Massey, 518 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. 10017

spine tingler

Abercrombie & Fitch's super shower head adjusts to any spray, fits almost any shower fixture. \$27.50.

NIGHT BEFORE/PAGE 78

jeweled cuffs

Left to right: Black enamel, gold, and diamonds from David Webb; white enamel, gold, and diamonds, also David Webb; silver inlaid with turquoise, American Indian Arts Center.

plastic hang-up

Molded plastic hangers to have in lots of colors. By Marc Barnett for Designworks, Inc. \$1.25 each at Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin.

spare time

"Tantelo," Richard Sapper's clean-cut table clock for Artemide. On a white base, \$55, Henri Bendel.

light with all the angles

The mobile Tizio lamp, balanced to use at any angle. By Richard Sapper for Artemide.

baby telly

Sony's 5"-diagonal screen television is white and blue, runs on a battery pack or electricity, has an ear-phone jack. About \$120.

the all-purpose goblet

Classic French wine glass—\$3.50 each at Design Research, N.Y.C.

MORNING AFTER/PAGE 79

breakfast coffee

The complete coffee service—Royal Copenhagen's Blue Fluted Half Lace pattern: coffee pot, \$45; creamer, \$13; sugar bowl, \$25; cup and saucer, \$26.50. At Royal Copenhagen Porcelain, N.Y.C.

hot and cold storage

Copco's chrome-plated vacuum coffee jug insulates for up to eighteen hours, also accommodates a coffee filter funnel. \$23, Bloomingdale's; Crate & Barrel, Chicago.

turntable in the round

The Weltron 2005 is a complete stereo system, with AM/FM radio, eight-track playback, self-enclosed speakers, matching white top with inset dust cover. About \$350 at Liberty Music, 450 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10017


Mr. Dino

Fashions shown on pages 31-35 are available at these fine stores:

CAROL AND MARY—HONOLULU, HAWAII
es de VELASCO—PUERTO RICO
RIZIK BROS.—WASHINGTON, D.C.
MARK FOY'S—SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA
J. P. ALLEN—ATLANTA, GEORGIA

ALABAMA
Mountain BrookBOUTIQUE BOOTERY
ARIZONA
ScottsdaleLORNA OF SCOTTSDALE
TucsonCELE PETERSON'S
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CONNECTICUT
DanburySYLVIA BARRY
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By Allene Talmey

VOGUE **POLITICS**

For weary Vietnam vets: a high-level hassle or total governmental amnesia

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Since this article was written, Donald E. Johnson submitted, under fire, his resignation as administrator of the Veterans Administration; his resignation to take effect this month. This article explains many of the reasons for Mr. Johnson's departure from Hog Heaven to which he was appointed by President Nixon in 1969.

At thirty-six, Pompey the Great knew that to hold his Roman veterans in 71 B.C. he had to deliver the allotments he had promised them. That's what the Veterans Administration in Washington, D.C., has not learned. "Everything's a hassle there," a twenty-five-year-old Vietnam vet told me. One of his feet was in a spattered cast; the other leg stopped at the calf.

To stop the hassle, widespread throughout the country, President Nixon announced on Sunday, March 31, 1974, that he had created a new panel to investigate and to coordinate Federal programs to aid veterans. He put in charge Donald E. Johnson, administrator of Veterans Affairs. To help him, the Secretaries of Defense, of Labor, of Health, Education and Welfare, and Roy Ash, director of the Office of Management and Budget. Their report is due now. The only trouble is that Administrator Johnson, a big, hearty, attractive man with arms like legs, faced by the pair of money hatchet-men of Ash and his Deputy, Fred Malek, has the same absolute command of his Administration as a Vietnam paraplegic has of his kidneys. Some thirteen former employees of the Committee to Re-elect the President burrowed into the V.A.: some are those whom Vice-President Ford recently called an "arrogant, elite guard of political adolescents" who ran CREEP.

Senator Alan Cranston of California, a thin, tanned, tall Army

veteran of World War II, with Representative Olin E. Teague of Texas, led the successful effort in the last four years to get \$1/2-billion more for all veterans, to get 26,000 more staff in the V.A. hospitals, but that is not enough. The Senator told me that while he and Teague and others pushed and pulled for more GI disability compensation, more drug and alcohol treatments, more money for education and training, more and better moves for jobs for Vietnam Era Veterans, the Veterans Administration kept saying plaintively "no, no, no." The CREEPers and their V.A. chums even tried a sweep around the back to cut down by \$160-million service-connected compensation to *amputees*. They failed. They managed, however, to politicize the formerly nonpartisan V.A. into an arm of the Administration.

Everyone I spoke to in Congress, the V.A. hospitals, the men in the outpatient clinics, the nurses, the doctors all said that something must be done. Above all, more money. Administrator Johnson in the summer of 1971, while the Vietnam war rumbled on, said to me: "There is *no* shortage of money." Last January, President Nixon recommended an 8 percent cost-of-living increase for education programs, but no more: in March, 1974, the Department of Labor said the cost-of-living is up 10 percent. Sometimes I think President Nixon and his helpers have no heads for figures. They think that increasing the amounts of money to Vietnam Era Veterans is inflationary.

As governmental rhetoric cascaded around me, I remembered an anecdote by John Mason Brown who told of a novice at a New York Drama Critics' Circle dinner. The new man heard dozens of marvelous stories of theater brilliants and drank only wine. Suddenly he rose; and, just before he passed out, he cried in a great voice: "Listen to me, you bastards." ▽



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STEVENS

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By Sandra McElwaine

VOGUE PEOPLE

Washington women don't hunger for power: they feast on it

The story on Capitol Hill is that "a girl could starve to death waiting for a Congressman to take her out to dinner"; but since most Washington women agree that "power is the greatest aphrodisiac," there are plenty of available females willing to suffer from a little malnutrition and wait for the mighty to come to them.

Now that Dr. Kissinger is out of the running as No. 1 bachelor in Washington's marital Kentucky Derby, the biggest game in town is guessing who will inherit the inside track. Smart bettors are putting their money on Iranian Ambassador Ardeshir Zahedi: "with all that oil and caviar, how can he miss?" A close second is Alejandro Orfila, the new Argentinian Ambassador, who likes to entertain almost as much as Zahedi does and recently threw a "Return to the Tango" bash that had half of Washington dipping and swirling Rudolph Valentino-style.

Parties have made Washington a woman's town, and if a woman can read the newspaper and speak halfway-intelligible English, she can get into the action. At the dinner table, it doesn't take much to get a diplomat, Senator, or columnist going; and if he's not making the news, he's usually leaking it.

The secret to soiree-success in D.C., says Susan Mary Alsop (separated from, but still best friend to, her husband, columnist Joe Alsop), "is simple food, a few new people, and a few lineless faces to add glamour."

"Washington is a town of names," says Joan Braden, and names insure a big draw. As columnist Tom Braden's wife and a Kissinger chum, Joan has few problems getting insiders to her Porthault-covered, fried-chicken-and-mashed-potatoes-laden table. "Our friends tend to be those names. I never give a party without asking the Henry Kissingers, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, or the Stewart Alsops."

Nabobs in the nation's capital are also turning up at parties given by public-relations and ad-

vertising woman Allison LaLand. Touted as the town's next Perle Mesta, Allison says she is "flattered by the comparison." After acquiring "a Ph.D. in gracious living in San Francisco," she decided she was ready for the big league and now entertains about every other month—"a month to plan and a month to recuperate." After her most recent shindig, even old-line Washington cave-dwellers were asking, "Just *who* is Allison LaLand?"

But parties aren't the only road to Washington clout: "The power of Washington women is now double-edged," says Liz Carpenter, now a Hill & Knowlton executive, "it's not just in partnership with their husbands but finally for themselves as well."

There's the power of the pen: Barbara Howar is back at her typewriter, concocting a novel about the things she knows best, "Washington and the lot of women"; Jayne Ikard, wife of the President of the American Petroleum Institute, after eyeing politics for *Newsweek* for ten years, is tapping out a play—a comedy about the U.S. Senate; Mary Jane Dellenback, wife of an Oregon Congressman, and Myra MacPherson Siegel, a *Washington Post* reporter, have teamed up to write a study on the ups and downs of political marriages; Mary Gibson Hundley, who was a teacher for thirty-five years at Dunbar High School (until desegregation, the only Black academic high school in D.C.), has written a book about the school and is spearheading a drive to save Dunbar and its history-filled past from the crunch of the city-wrecking ball.

Then there's the power of the office: Such Congresswomen as Barbara Jordan, Lindy Boggs, Yvonne Brathwaite Burke, and Patricia Schroeder; Jill Volner, assistant to the Watergate Special Prosecutor; and Jewel Lafontant, Deputy Solicitor General, are applying womanpower where it's needed most.

The women of Washington aren't really starving after all. ▽



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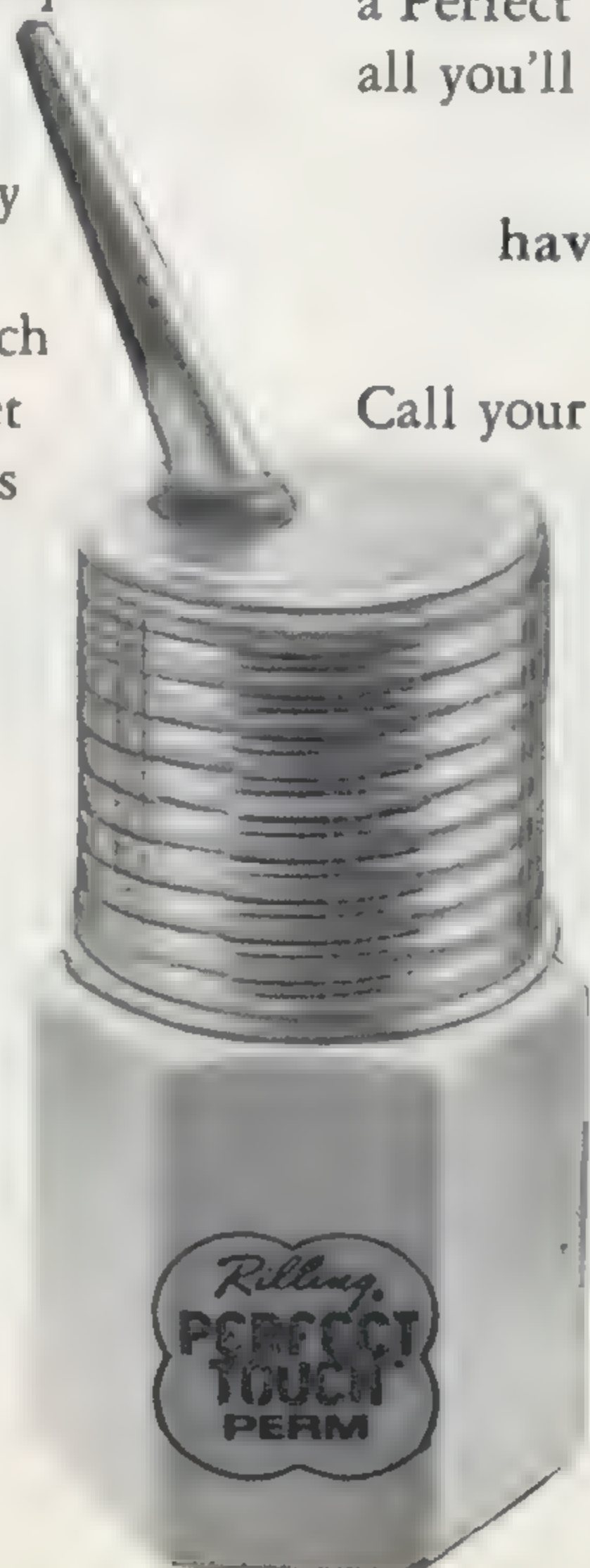
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By Despina Messinesi

VOGUE TRAVEL

In the California ranchlands, a new head-for-the-hills resort that pampers you Western style

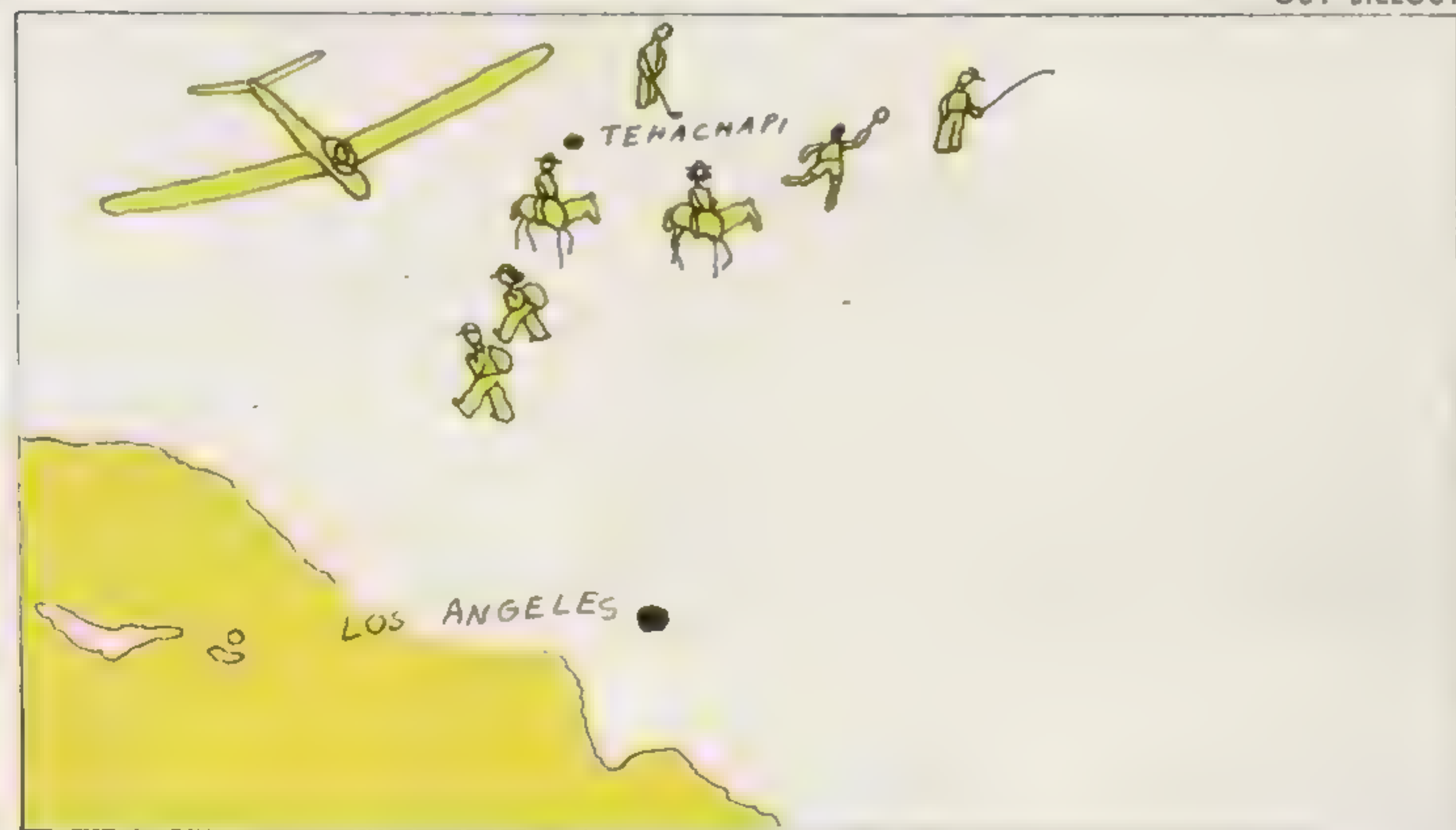
Stallion Springs stands in wondrous isolation against the blue-violet backdrop of the Tehachapi Mountain range in Southern California. A two-and-a-half-hour drive north of Los Angeles, you can see, breathe, and hear purity. The ranch look of this new resort—over twenty-six thousand acres—in the middle of riding country is no accident, it used to be a working cattle ranch.

At a height of four thousand feet, midway between mountains and valleys, Stallion Springs is a place to go to all year. Spread on a hilltop, the low contemporary span of the Lodge overlooks the pastoral wilderness of grasslands studded with black oak and hunks of granite the size of prehistoric monsters.

Inside the Lodge, the feeling of open space continues undiminished. Everything has a rugged look tamed for indoor comforts. The lounge and bar are large with tall ceilings, walls shingled with rough shakes, enormous stone fireplaces (of course, a stuffed buffalo head), islands of deep sofas, and coffee tables circled with black-and-white cowhide chairs with chrome frames. Instead of paintings, walls of glass frame the real thing—great panoramic views.

At Stallion Springs, the outdoors dominates. All the guest rooms have balconies. For most of the year, with the exception of midwinter months, the dining room is a large patio where all meals are served. The Lodge doesn't believe in pampering guests with breakfast served in the rooms, but it does prepare hearty pack lunches for hikers and riders.

The Stallion Springs Equestrian Center, which has a stable of thirty quarter horses—especially even and easy gaited—arranges guided trail rides as well as riding lessons for the guests and provides facilities for horse trailers. It's not unusual for guests visiting the Lodge to trail their own horses.



High enough to feel the bite of seasons, Stallion Springs reacts like a chameleon. In spring, California poppies—the gold-colored state flower—and lupine stain the lush green fields yellow and blue; in summer, everything turns toasted beige, in contrast to the fierce red fall spectacular. In winter, ink-black leafless oak trees stand out like lace against the denim-blue California sky and snow-whitened mountains.

In the rolling country circling the Lodge, the eighteen-hole golf course, designed without disturbing the lay of the land, uses black oak and granite outcroppings for hazards. In addition to a large heated pool at the Lodge, the new Spanish-y clubhouse has another pool, saunas for both men and women, a restaurant, a twenty-foot-long 1879 bar first used in

the Jenny Lind Dance Hall in San Francisco, plus two tennis courts and a pro shop.

There is fishing in the man-made lake—ten acres of clear blue—stocked with bass and, on weekends, lively square dancing with "how to" lessons.

The lure at Tehachapi, a small railroad town built in the 1860's during the heyday of the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific and sixteen miles away from the Lodge, is the good and reasonable shopping for things Western. Special: The Stockyard and Koutouris. For the fearless and adventurous, the Holiday Soaring School at Tehachapi gives gliding lessons. Because of the good soaring conditions, student glider pilots from all over the world come here to train and so did several of the United States astronauts. ▽

Good to know before you go

For the open-air life at Stallion Springs, the day uniform is, naturally, jeans and a Western hat. In the evening, the women do an about-face and go all-out feminine in long skirts or dresses, or in pants with pretty blouses. Men, particularly dudes who like to wear rancher pants, shirts, and even cowboy boots to dinner, do exactly that. No objections raised.

In the crisp fall, early morning riders start off with sweaters; for dinner on the patio under the star-crowded sky, women definitely need shawls; and men, jackets.

Single rooms at the Lodge range from \$18 to \$21 a day; with three meals—enormous ranch-hand breakfasts with flapjacks, steak, and potatoes—from \$32.50 to \$35.50. For the guests' horses, count \$5 a night for each horse including grain. To reserve, write: Stallion Springs Lodge, Inc., Star Route, Box 800, Tehachapi, California 93561; telephone (805) 822-5581.

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Summering in America: the choices are amazing; the arrangements, a snap

In the vast and still surprise-filled U.S.A., summertime is break-loose time: Try biking through the greenness of Vermont; sailing on a riverboat through America's grass-roots-land; cruising on Great Lakes as large as seas; meandering about serene California vineyard valleys. It all can be effortless, on neatly planned tours. Here, six samples of where, when, and how.

The Beautiful horse People

From July 29 through August 24, the best colts in the land will run in the Saratoga Race Meetings, on a pastoral, sun-speckled, and historic track. The Travers Stake, the oldest stake race in the United States, with a purse of \$100,000, runs at Saratoga on August 17. August 6-9, the Fasig-Tipton Saratoga Yearling Sales, four black-tie events beginning at 8:30 in the evening, attract horse fanciers from the United States as well as from France, Ireland, and England who come to bid for the 260 pedigreed yearlings to be put on the block.

On the Great Lakes, Greek luxuries

Seven years ago, the last of the Georgian Bay Line's big cruise ships—the S.S. *South America*—finally flunked its safety test and cruising of the ocean-sized inland waters of the Great Lakes came to an end. This year, Great Lakes cruising is back: Sun Line's streamlined M.S. *Stella Maris*—usually afloat in the Caribbean or Aegean—is summering in North America plying weekly between Chicago and Montreal through the waters and hair-raising locks of four of the Great Lakes plus the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Besides docking at big, gracious U.S. and Canadian cities, the ship visits smaller ports that include the charming one-hundred-year-old resort of Mackinac Island, Michigan, where no cars are allowed and historic forts and parks are sight-seen by horse and carriage or bicycle. Another

stop: Holland, Michigan, founded by Dutch immigrants over a century ago—tulips bloom and a factory makes wooden shoes.

On board ship, the expected luxuries: swimming pool, a whole deck-full of public rooms, good food, cabins with picture windows. Cost of a seven-day cruise: \$390 to \$665 for each of two sharing a cabin. For further information, write: Midwest Cruises, 6101 N. Keystone Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana 46220.

The Midwest from a deck chair

The steamboat *Delta Queen* offers a wistful retreat into the nineteenth century. As all-American as the nine Old Glories unfurling from her flat-top upper deck, she is the only overnight riverboat left in the U.S. (it took an act of Congress to save her last year). Straight from a \$1 million spruce-up, the *Queen* this summer will glide lazily (6 mph) past the historic river-fronting towns and green hills and pastures of the Ohio River and the Upper Mississippi.

Passengers can experience this rarely seen America while sipping a mint julep in a deck chair or, closer-up, on a shore excursion. Down-home dining: Southern-fried chicken, barbecued ribs, fried catfish. At night, a gilded Grand Staircase leads to drinks and Showboat entertainment—Dixieland music, vaudeville, banjo sing-alongs.

Summer cruises originate in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, St. Louis and range from weekend specials (\$114 to \$180 per person) to week-long floats (\$315 to \$553). For information, write: Delta Queen, 322 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

One-of-a-kind museum

Since 405 B.C., when *The Bacchae*, a drama written by the Greek poet Euripides was first presented in Athens, grapes and wine-making have been inspirations for sculptors, painters, glassmak- (Continued on page 50)

Let there be Stallion Springs

Tucked in the Tehachapi Mountains—118 miles from Los Angeles—is a new four-season resort community: Stallion Springs.



Let there be an imposing guest lodge at the 4,000 foot elevation with a leisurely atmosphere, expectedly Western—friendly, informal—with food and drink prepared with pleasant sophistication.



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ers, faience manufacturers, silversmiths, and tapestry weavers.

The six-month-old Wine Museum of San Francisco (appropriately—the wine valleys of California are neighbors) focuses entirely on the history of wine-in-the-arts—not one drop to drink. The collection, gathered from important wine-producing countries around the world, is grouped according to wine themes—grape and harvest, vintner at work, wine in mythology, and celebration of wine—rather than chronologically.

You'll see a sixteenth-century woodcut, a twentieth-century Renoir lithograph, some etchings of bawdy parties. The roundup of bacchantes also includes an impish bust by the French master sculptor Jean Baptiste Carpeaux and

Picasso's lithograph of "Dance of the Fauns" on a bender.

The Museum is at 633 Beach Street; visitors who build up a thirst for a glass of California wine can cross the street to Ben Jonson's.

California's Napa Valley: will it be wine, tennis, or golf?

The poetic vineyards and wineries of the Napa Valley—a thirty-five-mile strip that produces some of the top American wines—form the itinerary of a new three-day tour. Starting point and lodgings are in the attractive Silverado resort fifty miles north of San Francisco. (Robert Louis Stevenson, who honeymooned at nearby Calistoga, in the 1880's wrote the

book *The Silverado Squatters* about this region.)

In a minibus, the tourers visit wineries, observing and learning at each one about a special phase of wine-making beginning with vineyards, the crushing of grapes, aging, bottling, as well as tasting the finished product. They picnic—naturally wine is served—under the cooling shade of oaks; they visit the Silverado Museum and stop at Vintage 1870, an old brick winery converted into a complex of theater and shops. The last day, the winery circuit continues through redwood forests and hillsides of vineyards and ends at Silverado. Cost: \$99 for each person includes room, meals, and transportation around the Napa Valley.

Tailored to golfers and tennis players with three days for a workout in the peaceful Napa Valley, the program at Silverado is exactly that. Golfing arrangements cover greens fees for three days of unlimited play on two streamlined eighteen-hole Robert Trent Jones courses: the flatter and longer north course, the more hilly south one where skin divers retrieve golf balls from the man-made lake at the thirteenth hole. The tennis plan provides class lessons with the chance to study your own form on television instant replay and court time on eight courts for three days and two nights. Cost: \$68 for each of

two persons sharing a studio apartment—one could be a golfer, the other a tennis player—for three days and two nights.

For reservations for the three-day golf and tennis programs, as well as the Napa Valley wine tour, write: Silverado, 1600 Atlas Peak Road, Napa, California 94558; phone: (707) 255-2970.

Use your own energy—Vermont by bicycle

Vermont in summer promises the ultimate return to things natural: flawless air, burble-y mountain streams, pastoral valleys, placid fields of wildflowers. For the hearty traveler, touring Vermont open-air-style on a bicycle offers total immersion in the restorative pleasures of the state. An organization called Vermont Bicycle Touring has carefully mapped out a program of bicycle weekends geared for novice, middling, and expert riders—preplanned over country roads to avoid hills and at a leisurely pace to leave time for stopping, looking, shopping, picnicking. Price: about \$70 per person for a weekend . . . includes use of a ten-speed bicycle; breakfasts and dinners; two nights lodging in a Vermont country inn—all with pool, lake, or river swimming; some with tennis. For further information, write: Vermont Bicycle Touring, R.D. 2, Bristol, Vermont 05443.

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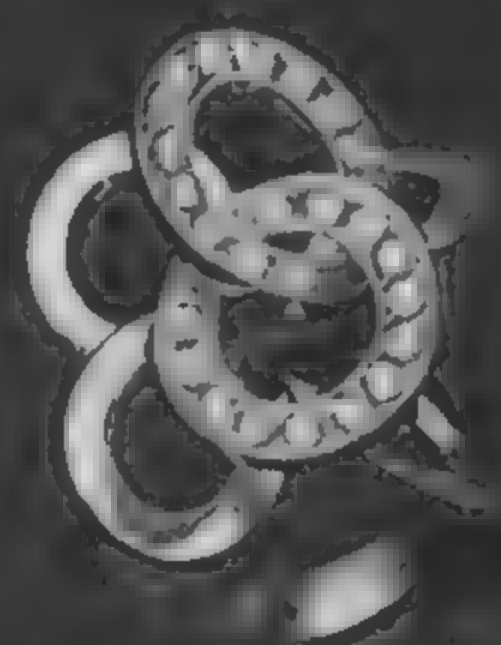
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By Francesco Waldner

From June 1
through June 30

VOGUE HOROSCOPE

IF YOU WERE BORN WHEN THE SUN WAS IN GEMINI: Avoid risky experiments during the next few eventful months; Jupiter won't be helpful and neither will Neptune whose influence could bring confusion to your affairs and personal relationships. Keep to a fixed program and guard against disorganization in your everyday life. Uranus will bring important changes, and Pluto's favorable aspect will make you very creative. Your social life will be glamorous and international. Happy times in your emotional life are June 26 to July 21 and October 3 to 26. July 28 to September 12 is a critical period.

Aries MARCH 21—APRIL 20

A complex situation: Saturn advises to watch finances which may be inadequate to cover your extravagances; Mercury could cause confusion resulting in a loss or trouble with property or old people. Choose carefully the work you do and the people you do it with. Keep a check on yourself on the 6th-8th when you'll be tempted to rush ahead and resent anyone who stands in your way. From the 10th, a forceful Mars aspect will help travel and new contacts. Good Moon aspects for emotional life on the 4th, 5th, 22nd, and 23rd. **My advice:** Don't sign anything of importance on the 20th or 21st.

Taurus APRIL 21—MAY 20

Venus enters your sign on the 1st, bringing domestic happiness and, for many, a new romance. On the 6th-8th and 24th-26th, you can turn any situation to advantage. An improvement in your finances seems certain. Keep a check on your temper from the 10th, when a bad Mars influx could make you tense and impulsive. Avoid discussions with the person you love on the 2nd, 3rd, 9th, and 10th and with family the weekend of the 22nd-23rd. Successful business opportunities arise, particularly with property. **My advice:** Make an important decision now. Consider what is best for your health.

Gemini MAY 21—JUNE 21

Look for ways to expand and to be with people who encourage fresh ideas. New elements could make your everyday life more interesting. Correspondence and all communications become important: a telephone call from abroad could give you great pleasure. Unexpected presents and a lovely invitation for your birthday. During the second part of the month, Mars will bring activity you enjoy. Spend your best days—the 1st, 9th, 10th, and 26th-28th—with the person you love, and avoid trouble on the 11th-13th and 24th-26th. **My advice:** Change your environment from time to time, but too many interruptions and distractions could be bad for your work.


Cancer JUNE 22—JULY 22

A good measure of luck will come to you, thanks to your intuition. You can make a decision at just the right time. Business and financial success on the 2nd, 3rd, and 11th-13th. Elderly people will help: show them gratitude. They are a bit touchy, so don't ignore them. June is a good time in your emotional life: expand, launch out, and fear nothing—you must succeed in a big way. Don't speculate on the 14th, 15th, 27th, and 29th. **My advice:** Go more than halfway to cooperate with others.

Leo JULY 23—AUGUST 23

Startling news on the 2nd or 3rd could make you change your plans. There will be an argument over your decision, causing a rift in the family. You have no reason to mistrust the person you love. Jealousy doesn't become you. Go slowly in putting your trust in someone you may meet on the 16th, 17th, or during the weekend of the 29th-30th. June is not a good time for holidays. Good days for your emotional life are the 4th, 5th, 14th, and 15th. **My advice:** Take extra care of your health.

[Continued on page 54]



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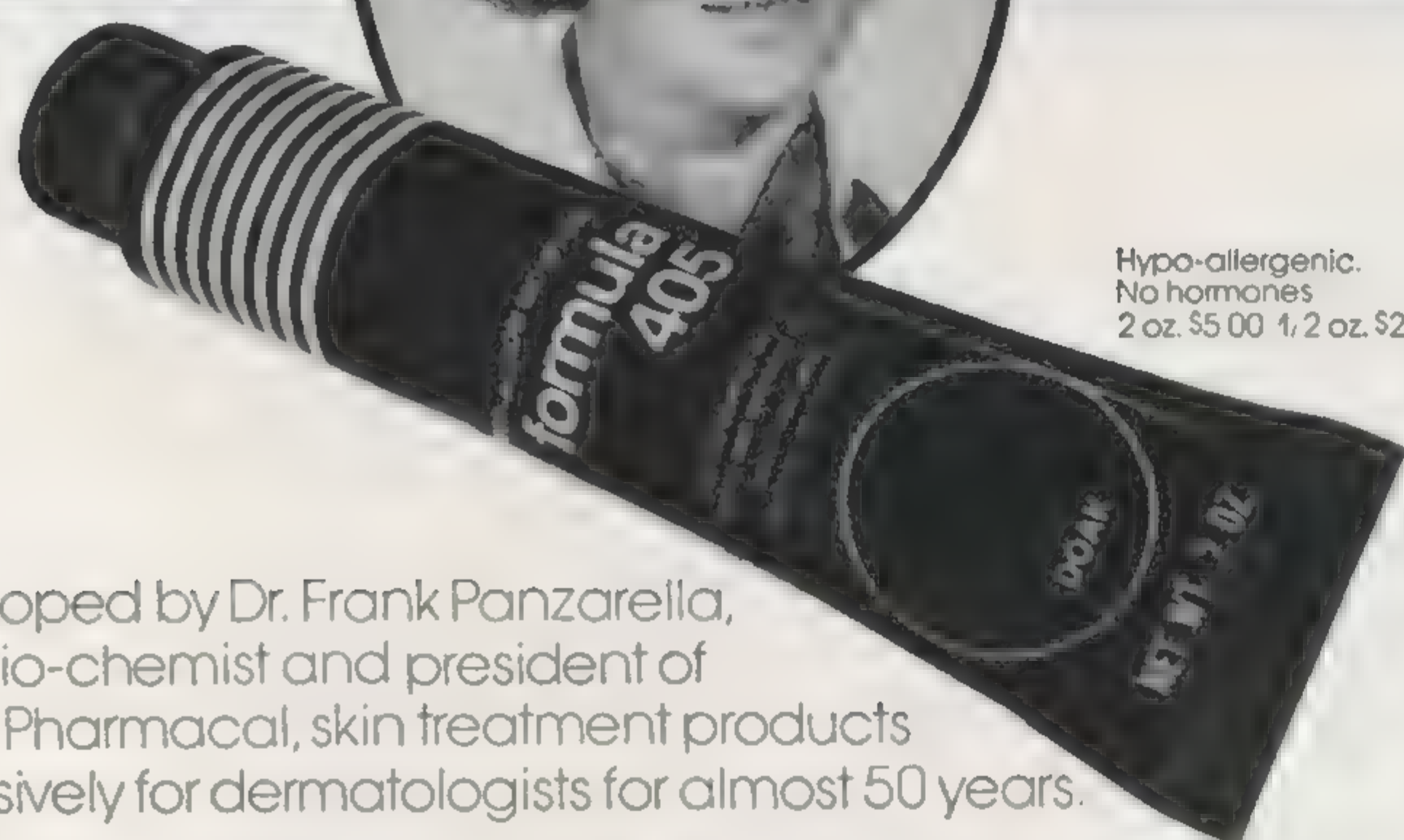
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VOGUE HOROSCOPE Continued from page 52

Virgo AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23

You are on the way to making a success of your work, but take extra care on the 4th, 5th, and 11th-13th. Keep your sense of humor on the 18th and 19th, and see the funny side of things. A secret romance could bring you happiness on the 6th-8th, 16th, and 17th when Venus and the Moon are helpful. Be careful with speculations and financial affairs: Jupiter warns against making errors that could be avoided. **My advice:** Don't be surprised at the behavior of someone you had thought of as a friend.

Libra SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23

You could be disappointed by a project you thought was going well. Don't undertake any hazardous business. Even after an encouraging Mars aspect on the 10th, you need to be very careful to avoid trouble both socially and financially. Things improve on the 9th and 10th, and the weekend of the 22nd-23rd could bring new opportunities. On the 6th-8th, if someone makes trouble for you, ignore him. You could have money difficulties on the 14th and 15th. Try to reach an agreement on the 20th and 21st. **My advice:** Keep calm in the face of great provocation.

Scorpio OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

Jupiter together with Mercury brings excellent business opportunities and cleverness in handling money. You may realize your ambition suddenly, due to unexpected circumstances, or get a promotion. Don't overreact emotionally from the 10th, when you have a negative Mars influence. Excitement and stimulation from friends and loved ones on the 11th-13th. Good news about long-term plans and business connections on the 20th and 21st. Concentrate on daily routine and everyday matters on the 9th and 10th. **My advice:** Your emotional life is in jeopardy—don't upset someone who loves you.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 21

Your sign governs world commerce, but Jupiter is not helpful at present. Don't take risks or make sudden changes in your career. You must work extra hard for success but will enjoy your work, and good Uranus and Pluto aspects will bring unexpected opportunities. Don't complain about difficulties on the 11th-13th and 24th-26th—days under negative Moon influences. In your emotional life there will be some happy hours on the 14th, 15th, 22nd, and 23rd. **My advice:** Control vague longings and aspirations.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 20

A rather tricky period; so many contradictory influences make decisions difficult. You have Jupiter and Venus—the best planets—helping you, so don't get anxious or gloomy when progress is slow and Saturn causes restrictions. You get on well with your family, neighbors, and colleagues. Finances improve, and you could make money through investments. Uranus and Pluto could bring disorder to your orderly life and some worrying moments. Best days for your emotional life are the 16th, 17th, and 24th-26th. **My advice:** Don't make changes on the 1st, 14th, 15th, 27th, or 28th.

Aquarius JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 18

A complicated month, but remain your usual calm self. An emotional mental state could make life difficult. Try to be above reproach in your dealings and to overcome the critical and upsetting Mars/Venus influences. Be constructive in your work, and try to be at your best with friends and colleagues. Avoid family arguments the weekend of June 2nd and misunderstandings with the person you love on the 16th, 17th, and the weekend of the 22nd-23rd: he could feel neglected because of your strange behavior. Make up for it on your good days of the 18th, 19th, 27th, and 28th. **My advice:** Rest as much as you can. Take extra care of your health.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20

Venus and Jupiter are very powerful this month and ensure success. All you need is determination. There will be opportunities for rapid advance and a happy love affair. After a run of good fortune on the 2nd, 3rd, 11th-13th, 20th, and 21st, you mustn't sit back and get lazy—or there will be a reversal in spite of the favorable outlook in your emotional and private life. Try to settle an outstanding dispute on the 4th, 5th, 18th, or 19th, before the critical days of the 24th-26th. **My advice:** Use your intuition to solve a problem on the 29th and 30th.

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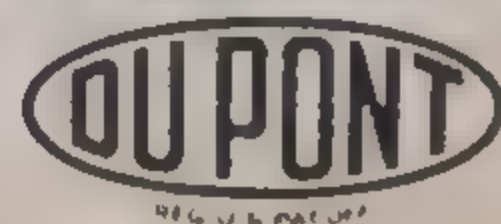
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What to
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VOGUE-RATED tip-offs UPFRONT

books

★★★★**Type A: *Behavior and Your Heart***, by Meyer Friedman, M.D., and Ray H. Rosenman, M.D. (Alfred A. Knopf). Lucid, simple, and frightening, this book by a pair of cardiologists ought to slam the brakes on any sensible Type A's who, in their stress, suffer from a chronic sense of urgency, an excessive competitive drive, and undirected hostility.

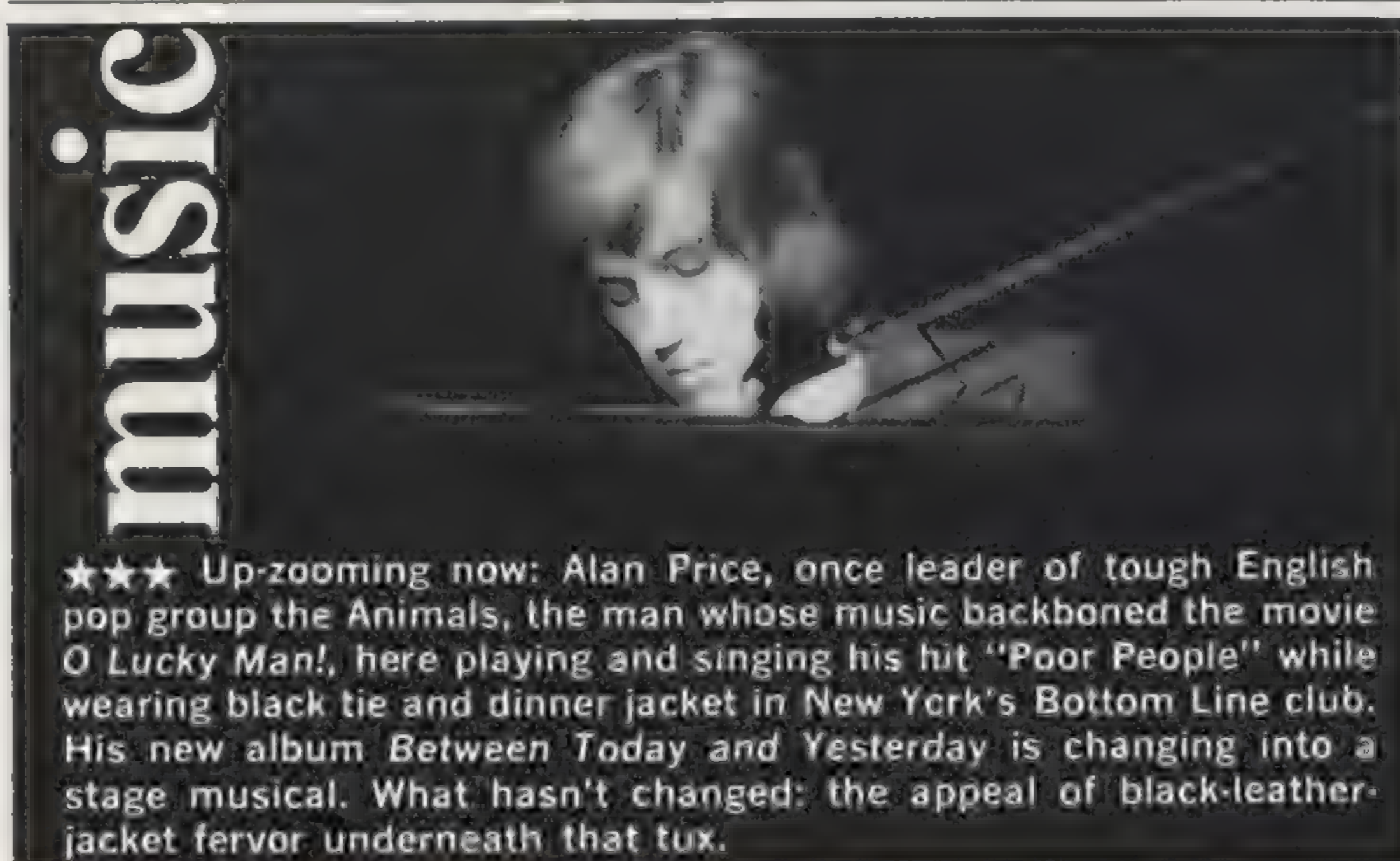
Even if a Type A gives up smoking, cuts down on alcohol, and lowers cholesterol, a coronary may ensue unless new habits are formed. Friedman and Rosenman suggest three sets of improvement drills for A's: Among the drills against "Hurry Sickness" is the difficult one of listening, patiently, without interrupting. A drill like that could save a family as well as a heart. The drills against hostility are even harder, including: show appreciation immediately, looking straight into the eyes of anyone who has done a service for you. The third group of drills takes in a warning against gulping down books on "culture." Of course, then, there's Type B in the book, too. For Type A's, it's better to truck with Drs. F. and R. than wake up dead.

★★★★**The Uneasy Chair** by Wallace Stegner (Doubleday). This satisfying biography of Bernard DeVoto has the same snap as its subject. A pugnacious literary critic who believed his opinions were unveiled truth, DeVoto struggled as a novelist, for his characters always seemed to me ripe for a coroner; but his history books had the crackle of life.

★★★★**The Supermarket Handbook: *Access to Whole Foods*** by Nikki & David Goldbeck (Harper & Row). Marvelously opinionated, the Goldbecks are fighting for the consumer in this book of advice, recipes, and shrewd preferences. They are against chocolate milk, as chocolate inhibits calcium absorption; warn against margarines, especially those with

cottonseed oil; are leery of frozen Southern fried chicken as the oils may be low quality. They are against aerosoled whipped cream as it is not as fresh as home whipped. They believe in buying plain yogurt or making your own. (I make my own—cheaper and better.) They push whole-grain brown rice, buy only *unwaxed* cucumbers, deplore the taste of market tomatoes, and they always *eat* their parsley. Invaluable.

—ALLENE TALMEY



★★★ Up-zooming now: Alan Price, once leader of tough English pop group the Animals, the man whose music backboned the movie *O Lucky Man!*, here playing and singing his hit "Poor People" while wearing black tie and dinner jacket in New York's Bottom Line club. His new album *Between Today and Yesterday* is changing into a stage musical. What hasn't changed: the appeal of black-leather-jacket fervor underneath that tux.

BARBARA BERSELL

movies

★★★**The Conversation**: The best way to overcome paranoia is to give in to it: everywhere someone is listening, recording what we say, filming us during our most intimate moments. Once we realize this, we can adjust our lifestyles . . . give up our privacy. When everything is public, what can there be to spy on? Perhaps the insides of our bodies. Our bodies that reveal more to the machine than our words.

However, the time has not yet come for that. The professional eavesdropper is satisfied to bug your phone, chandelier, or clothing. He is a cold, calculating, impersonal worker; he does not interpret, he just gets the goods. Like the hired gun's, his work is sometimes used to kill, but that is no concern of his. Gene Hack-

man plays such a man, a man whose only obsession is to do the job better than anyone else. He is great in this role—repressed, unsmiling, perfect. The picture is imperfect, but should be seen by those interested in the technicalities of the trade.

★★★**The Great Gatsby**: Beautiful cars, beautiful clothes, beautiful mansion, beautiful Robert Redford. The movie should be cut up and re-edited then rushed through the projector at a great speed: what *The Great Gatsby* needs is the splice of life.

★★★★**The Three Musketeers**: Lively, funny, star-studded studs and beautiful, funny ladies of the court. Lots of dueling and intrigue . . . brilliantly directed by Richard Lester. . . Lester we forget, he also directed *A Hard Day's Night*, with the Beatles, who also became embroiled in courtly intrigue, though not during the film.

—ROSALYN DREXLER

art

★★★★★ **Keeping Up With American Art**—While most critics and curators are throwing up their hands at the apparently anarchic hybridization of American art in the 'seventies into a potpourri of post-abstract styles and modes, The Art Institute of Chicago is determined to continue surveying the scene in its 71st Biennial American Exhibition. One of the last big omnibus exhibitions that attempts to encompass *all* the prevailing types of painting and sculpture being done today in America, the Chicago Biennial is one of the most venerable Midwest cultural institutions, originally intended to bring the latest in American art to middle America.

In the past, the exhibition has been a proving ground for paintings later purchased by the Art Institute for its outstanding col-

lection of contemporary American art; two celebrated selections from previous Biennials: Grant Wood's "American Gothic" and Willem de Kooning's "Excavation." Chosen by curator A. James Speyer, this year's Biennial is open from June 15 to August 11 and includes post-Minimalist works in fashionable new categories: a heavy dose of Photo-Realism with Ben Schonzeit and Richard Estes and Neo-Surrealist Joseph Raffael. Other prominent exhibitors include Pop artist George Segal, abstractionist Ralph Humphrey, realist Philip Pearlstein, and Nancy Graves, a young artist whose paintings of outer space, maps of the moon and Mars are attracting attention.

★★★**Fords and Medici**, Detroit Meets Florence—So glamorous has the name "Medici" become through its association with great art, we tend to forget that Michelangelo's major Florentine patrons made their money banking, plundering, and taxing the public to death. A timely reminder of the appalling conditions in which great art was often made is the current exhibition "Twilight of the Medici: Late Baroque Art in Florence, 1670-1743" at The Detroit Institute of Arts.

While the Fords are not exactly American Medici, they have played the principal role in bringing the art treasures of Florence to Detroit—the only American city where the exhibition will be seen. Florentine gratitude for aid given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, II, to restore art damaged in the flood of 1966 plus four generous foundation grants, including one from the Ford Motor Company Fund, have made possible the unique showing of over three hundred bronze and marble sculptures, paintings, tapestries, furniture, drawings, porcelains, jewels, and fabulous objects like an elaborately carved knife handle in the shape of a sinuous Eve.

At the peak of their decadence, while the political chaos that finally ended their reign in Florence raged, the Medici under Cosimo III employed over 100 artists and craftsmen, whose job it was to create fantasies and furnishings to amuse the court. Some of these ornaments, like a jewel created for Medici Princess Anna Maria Luisa consisting of a figurine of a shoemaker holding a giant baroque pearl, were absurd; many were gaudy baubles, but some had the elegance and refinement recalling the great days of Renaissance Medici patronage.

After the show closes in Detroit, it will reopen in Florence at the Palazzo Pitti in late June, where it remains through the end of September.

—BARBARA ROSE



Lead
him
on
like
a
lady. Lead him on with Bellodgia.



A classic fragrance from Caron
Parfum • Cologne • Sprays • From \$6.

VOGUE HEALTH

Vitamins: be a know-it-all... Pain-killers: tried is true... Contraception: news of two kinds

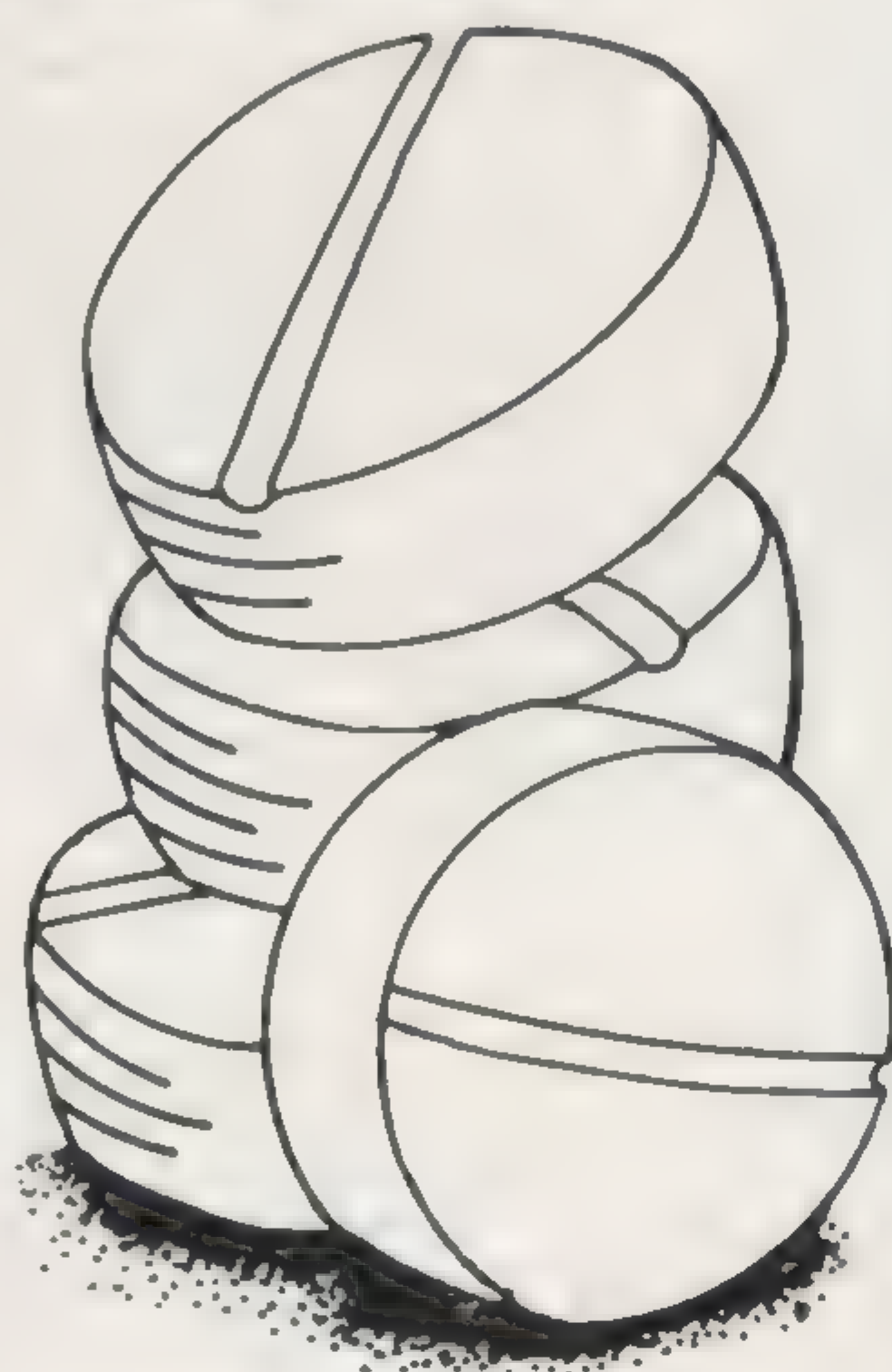
Vitamins: the whole truth

You can become an instant expert on vitamins and minerals, make sure that the food you eat is healthily supplying both with the help of a new book *The Vitamins in Your Life* (Simon & Schuster). The author, Dr. Erwin DiCyan, is a pharmacologist and the author of numerous wise and readable books on health. About much more than vitamins, *The Vitamins in Your Life* informs and counsels on the other nutrients in foods and pharmacy. It can be your authoritative guide to the "trace" minerals, substances that are absolutely necessary, in tiny amounts, for life and health. The *big* minerals—calcium, phosphorus, potassium, sodium—that are needed in greater quantities are described and explained. So are enzymes, those virtually undefinable substances that make things happen. And always, throughout: the what-to-do, the foods where each element is best supplied, the daily need, the word on whether you should take supplements in pill form. There's much more: The relations of nutrients with diseases; the signs of nutritional deficiencies, the excesses that will result in toxicity. Dr. DiCyan's sound lessons come wrapped in clear, bright prose. You'll become a practicing expert on nutritional health, you'll toss away some doubts, some myths, some popular notions that just aren't scientifically so.

A pain in the pocket

If the man in your life complains of pain in the lower back or hip, by all means urge him to see his doctor; but first find out whether he habitually loads his back trouser pockets with wallet, golf balls, or other cargo. Dr. Nathaniel Gould of Brockton, Massachusetts, recently diagnosed three cases—including his own—of painful sciatica that were caused simply by sitting against a lumpy back pocket.

The friendlier pain-reliever



ALFRED DE LA HOUSSE

Following dental surgery, the most effective pain-reliever is that old friend aspirin, according to Dr. Steven A. Cooper at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. "Both doctors and patients have underestimated aspirin's effectiveness for postoperative pain," he said. Aspirin's anti-inflammatory properties probably account for its superiority in reducing pain and swelling. The effects of aspirin were compared with codeine, an opium-based drug, in 128 persons who had dental surgery for impacted wisdom teeth. Although codeine might have been expected to be stronger medicine against pain, the research team found that aspirin actually relieved pain more effectively.

Drug for drinkers may help divers

Disulfiram, the drug used to treat alcoholism and known as Antabuse, may be a serendipitous find for deep-sea divers. At the University of Kansas, Dr. Morris Faiman does research for the Navy on ways to bring divers more quickly and safely to surface atmosphere pressures. He has found that test animals first injected with disulfiram can safely be given oxygen to speed up the decompression process that follows the high-pressure conditions of a deep dive. Before human divers can be given disulfiram for this purpose, the doctors must learn what effect large doses may have, what the drug's protective action really is and does. One predictable side effect: disulfiram helps alcoholics to avoid drinking by causing extreme nausea if any alcohol is taken; while the alcoholic practices teetotal abstinence, there's no effect. Divers given the drug during decompression would have to avoid alcoholic drinks for a week after the treatment.

The Pill vs. ovarian cysts

Women taking oral contraceptives have a lower rate of surgery for removal of one kind of benign ovarian cyst that occurs mainly in child-bearing years. Dr. Howard Ory of the Government's Center for Disease Control in *The Journal of The American Medical Association* reported facts from the Boston Collaborative Drug Surveillance Program, a huge study that gleans medical data from the thousands of patients who enter any of twenty-four Boston-area hospitals. Use of the Pill appears to reduce the number of this one kind of ovarian cyst requiring surgery by about thirty-five cases per 100,000 women, but the incidence of the other type of cyst, including malignant ones, appears neither increased nor decreased with Pill use.

T (for tiny) disease builders?

Urinary tract stones that form in the bladder or kidney can be severely painful and may require surgery. Doctors have long felt that knowledge of how such stones are formed could lead to prevention and cure. Now, Dr. Arthur M. Friedlander and Dr. Abraham I. Braude at the University of California Medical School believe they may have a clue. They found that tiny organisms known as T mycoplasmas can produce bladder stones in rats. The mycoplasmas are the smallest known free-living organisms. Up to now, only one of their kind—*Mycoplasma pneumoniae*—has been found a human disease-causer. The T (for tiny) mycoplasmas inhabit many human urinary tracts, they can attach themselves to human cells, and they are able to aggregate the substance mucoprotein, which forms much of the unwellcome stones. The evidence grows.

IUD hits its lucky number

Newest of intrauterine devices, a copper-wrapped contraceptive, has cleared clinical testing by more than ten thousand women and three years of scientific development. It is now available for prescribing and placement by physicians. Some basic facts to help you decide whether this IUD is for you:

- The flexible plastic Cu-7, as its name suggests, is in the shape of a numeral 7 and has part of its stem wrapped in fine copper wire (copper's chemical symbol is Cu); it works through the continuous release of tiny particles of copper into the uterus, producing a contraceptive effect. The amount of copper released is only a fraction of a percent of the copper we normally get from our food and water.
- The Cu-7 is small in size, so that many women who have never been pregnant—and who cannot comfortably use larger IUDs—may use it.
- The Cu-7 has a high efficacy rating. Says Dr. W. Scott Smith, medical director of Searle Laboratories, makers of the Cu-7: "It is 99 percent effective in preventing pregnancy within a twelve-month period, and that efficiency rate is maintained for at least two years."
- The new IUD was found in tests to have a much lower rate of expulsion and other problems than other intrauterine devices.

LOVE THAT 1 CALORIE.



Sugar Free Diet Rite Cola.

Love its great taste.
Its less than 1 calorie
per 16 oz. bottle.

On you it looks good.

DIET RITE® IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ROYAL CROWN COLA CO., COLUMBUS, GEORGIA



OUR TOWEL.

Since we loomed our first Martex® Luxor towel a quarter century ago, there has been none lusher. Denser. Softer. Or, if pure function is what you demand, more absorbent. With a little patience, you can prove this to

yourself by counting the tiny loops of thirsty, combed cotton in every square inch. No other towel has as many.

True, what you see here amounts to nothing more than what a perfect towel should be.

Yet, more than any other product we make, this simple length of terry expresses our belief that the necessities of life should be as beautiful as the indulgences.



THE LUXOR TOWEL BY MARTEX 100% COTTON. 24 COLORS.



Pewter news— out of the museum, onto the table

Pewter has been a warm, lustrous part of the American tradition from the earliest, bitterest days at Plymouth Plantation. Émigrés traveled with precious cargoes of English or European pewter. Around 1750 they began making their own—of tin, antimony, copper, lead. Now, pewter is prized more than ever for its toughness (it bends but never breaks—collectors find that battered pewter is beautiful pewter); ease of care (lukewarm water and soap); and the fact that it travels well. Once, it went west from Missouri in covered wagons. Today it goes in all directions . . . picnic table to dinner table, lunch on a boat, a beach. . . . Try it with silver for a play of gleam against glitter, or alone . . . pewter (now lead-free by law) is newly available in flatware with an appetizing matte glow. Pewter works from sun to sun, and then some. Here, a day in the life . . .



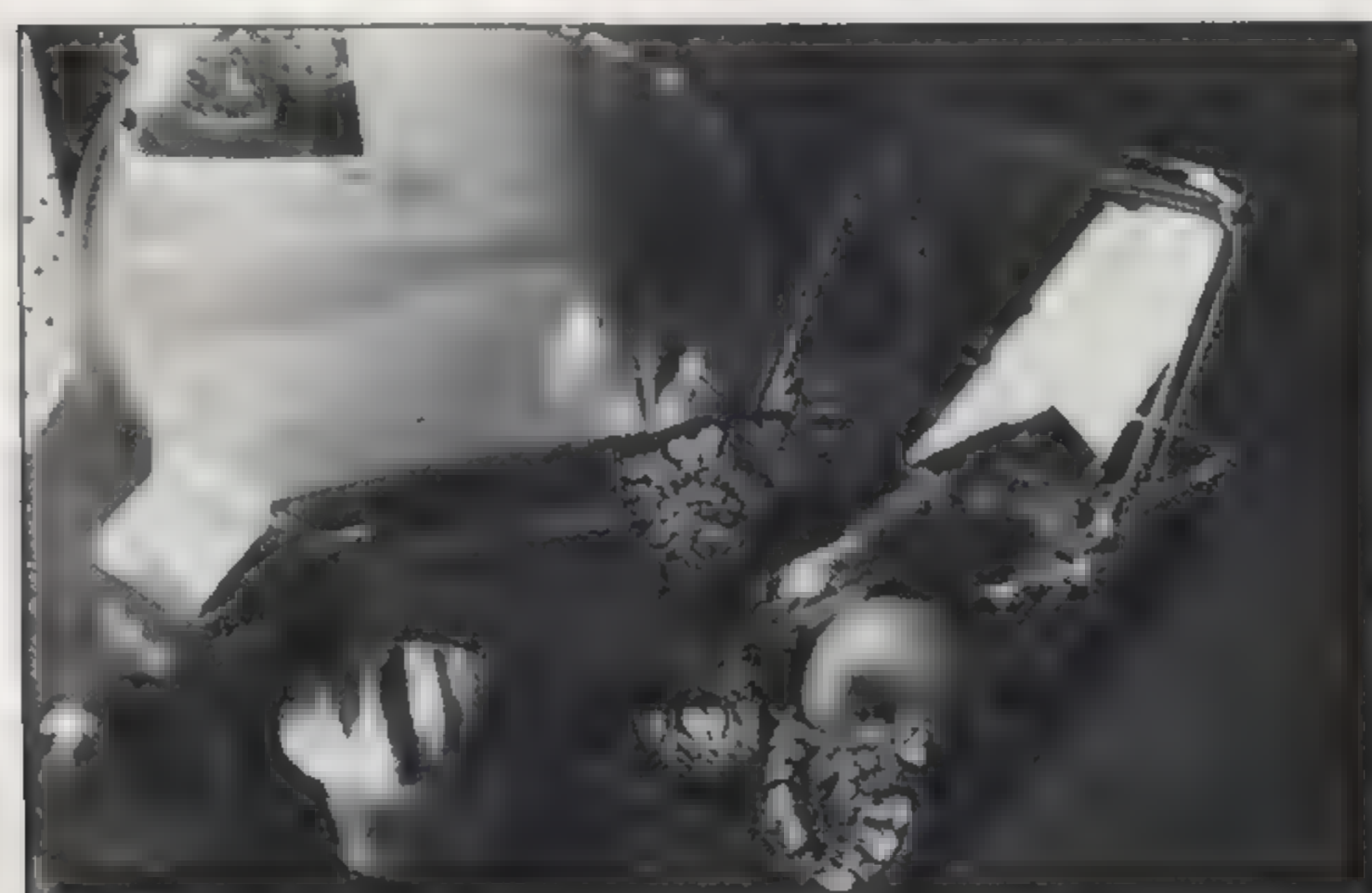
AFTER DINNER . . .



PEWTER TO START THE DAY



PEWTER ON A PICNIC



. . . IN THE LUNCHBOX




PEWTER AT DINNER

KEITH TRUMBO

Pewter to start the day . . . breakfast eggs in Oneida's Portuguese pewter porringer (\$15.50), cream and sugar in miniature pewter milk pails by Reed & Barton (\$18.95 the set), a pewter napkin ring by International (\$4.50), and spoons from the first modern pewter flatware, Gorham's Octette (\$37.50 for a five-piece setting). White china cup and saucer, Harmony by Spode (\$7.50), linen napkin, silverplated berry basket (\$12.95), all at Plummer McCutcheon. Under it all: a clear Lucite tub tray (\$29.50). At Hammacher Schlemmer. . . . Next stop: the kitchen, where pewter goes into the **children's lunchboxes**. We packed a box for St. Ives or P.S. 86, and in it we put Wallace's pewter copy of an 1810 Jefferson cup for milk (\$6.50),

red apples bright as the bandanna napkin (\$3.50) lining the clear Lucite lunch box (\$30) from Cache-Cache, 27 E. 67 St., N. Y. C. Directions for something-divine-for-dinner enlarged by a Lucite cookbook stand with attached magnifying glass. About \$25. Abercrombie & Fitch; Sakowitz. . . . Once the children are off, take **pewter on a picnic** in a jeans-blue duck-bag (\$50, Cache-Cache) with a cutting board bottom that serves as a table, too. All around the gingham-checked lining of the bag, pockets to hold napkins and flatware of (you guessed it) pewter—Gorham's Octette again. Pewter beakers (\$8.50 ea.), Colonial, by Reed & Barton. Pewter plates, reproductions of 18th-c. Portuguese chargers (\$22.50 ea.), from Oneida's

Mansion House Collection. . . . Magic combination for **dinner at tray tables**, the gleam of pewter, the glow of candlelight. Small pewter candlestick (\$12.50) by Oneida. International's Royal wine goblet and water goblet (\$14 and \$17.50). Pewter plate, by Reed & Barton (\$12.50 each). Shimmery wire place-card holder and napkin ring tied in a bow. \$18.50 for a 6-piece set of either. From Plummer McCutcheon. Perfect backdrop for pewter: the dark shine of a smoke-tinted acrylic snack table on clear acrylic legs (two, on a rack, \$225) from Lucidity, 775 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. . . . **After-dinner espresso** in a pewter cup and saucer (the cup-within-a-cup, a cobalt-blue-and-white one of Bavarian china). By Oneida, \$12.50.



Mama's little brain child.
The rule book's torn up. Now you can be
as spontaneous as a baby in where and
when you play with diamonds.

A diamond is for now.

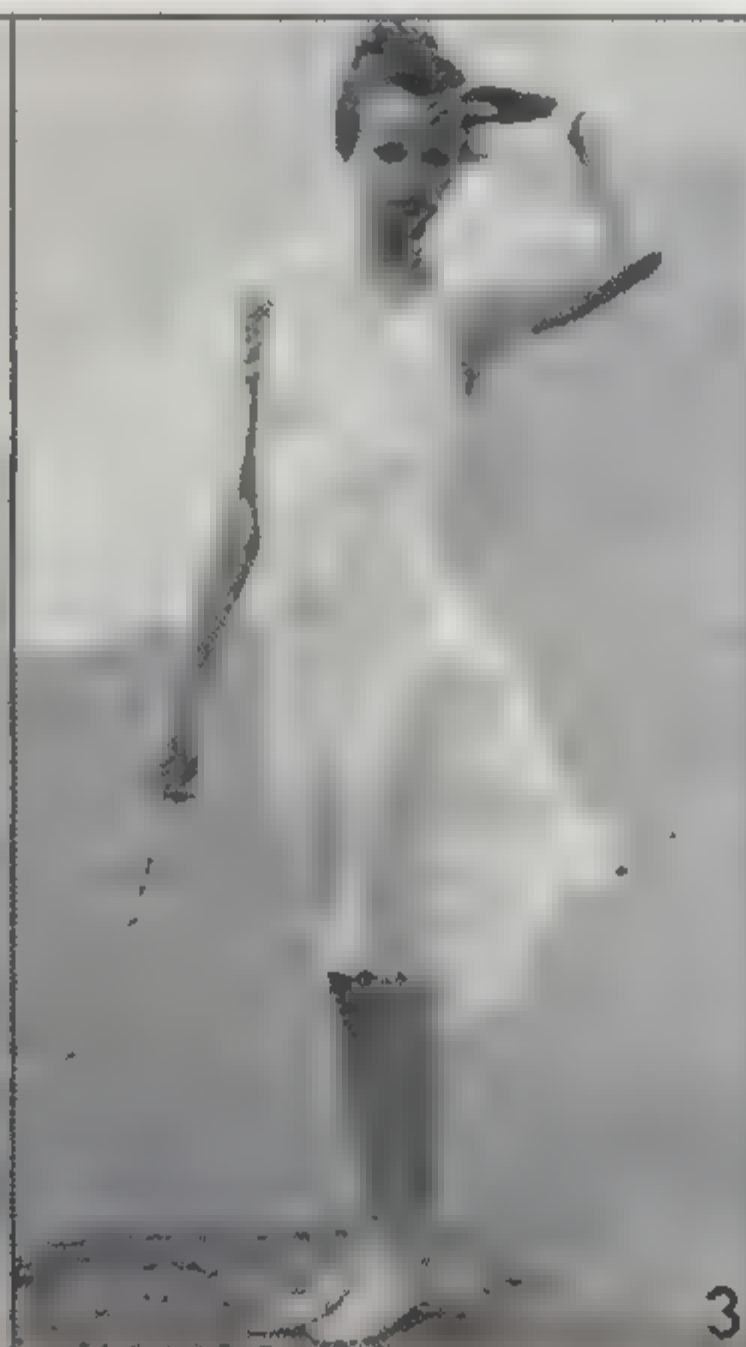
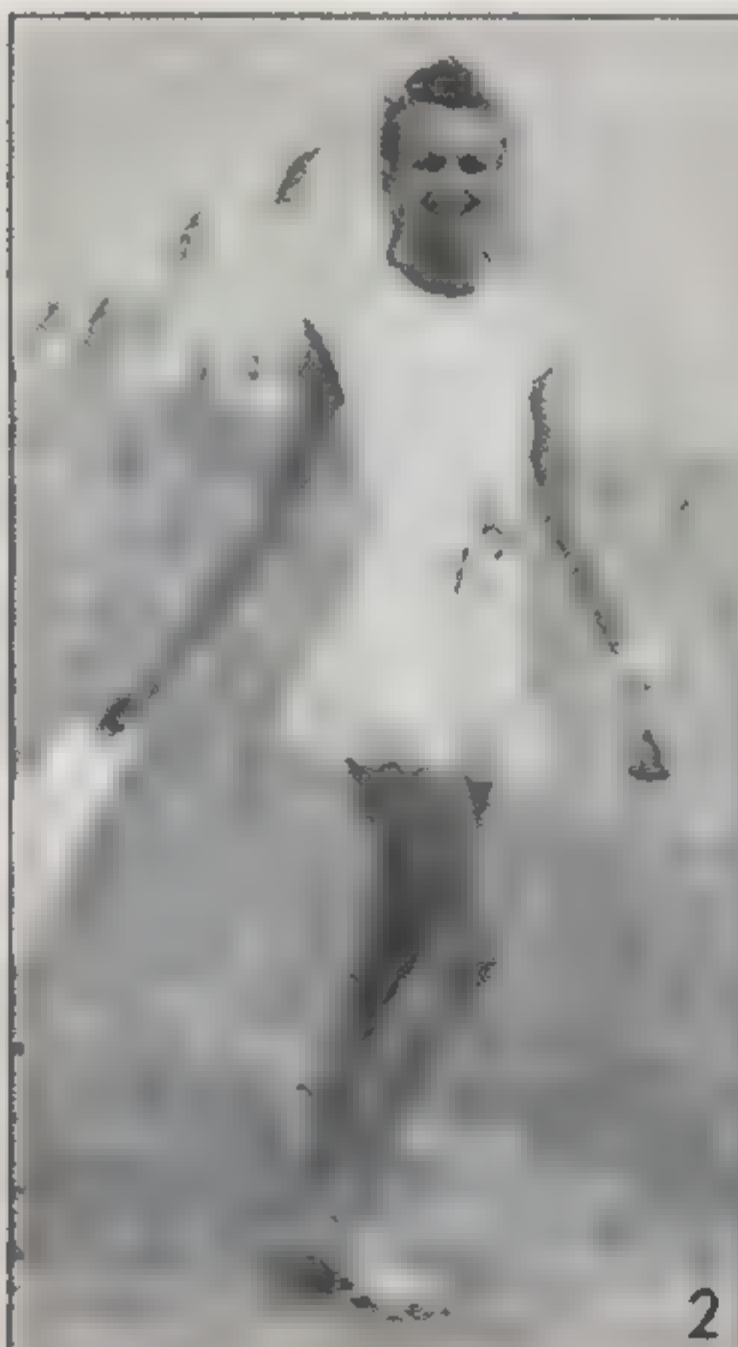
Your jeweler can show you many exciting diamond pieces starting as low as \$100.

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VOGUE BOUTIQUE

JUNE WEEKENDS

FOR COUNTRY... BITS OF UNEXPECTED CHARM. 1. *New Edge to Romantic*... lacy string crocheted "T-shirt" to wear with white cotton shorts, a lace-edged batiste neck-wrap. Pull, \$60. Eve Lost Ltd., 956½ Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. Shorts, \$11. D. D. Dominick, 220 E. 60th St., N.Y.C. 2. *Delight!*... White cotton lace-edged shorts, \$45. Genevieve Tarka. Country Club Fashions, 10250 Santa Monica Blvd., L. A. White cotton T-shirt. \$7. By Trousers Up, Bloomingdale's. 3. *Bikini Cover*... antique Victorian batiste camisole-slip, tucked, scallop-edged. From a one-of-a-kind collection. \$35. Lune en Papier, 1100 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 4. *More lace-pretty*... mint and white flower-crocheted summer pull, \$25. Chor Bazaar, 801 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.



THE SEXY SARONG... ruffle-edged navy-and-white bandanna-print cotton "bikini wrap" (or how about summer evenings with a bare T-shirt!). \$20. At Las Mariposas, Bridgehampton, N.Y. Navy cotton knit barest bikini, \$30. DeNoyer, 219 East 60th Street, N.Y.C.

BEACH HAT

5. Natural-colored Milan straw to-the-brow fedora scarf-banded with a bias of navy-and-écru silk from the '30's. \$25. Grand Hotel, 471 W. Broadway, N.Y.C.



CHEESECAKE!



6. **PINUP!** The sexiest summer shorts... white cotton terry. \$8. Partout at Honeybee, 7 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. 7. **THE CHEESECAKE MAN**... Spartacus Bernstein, 126 E. 83rd St., N.Y.C. He makes the best cake in town in his tiny kitchen-shop. You can sit awhile and sample varieties with a perfect cup of coffee—and that's real charm!

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

BEACH WEEKENDS



8. **48-HOUR FOOD BASKET**... Eli Zabar calls it his "survival" basket or "living well is eating well."...The point: avoid hours of grocery shopping on precious country weekends... a Shaker basket filled with every need from Friday evening dinner to Sunday brunch on the luxury delight-level of stuffed baked ham to quiche to duck paté to smoked salmon and bagels.... Order 3 days ahead. \$95. E.A.T., 1064 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. **BEACH LIVING**... 9. Three tiered Chinese wicker basket (\$35, Ffolio 72, 888 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.).



FOR READING, WRITING... Fill one layer with books (Proust?), postcards, Pentels, and pretty pads for "thoughts" (from Chocolate Soup, 249 E. 77th St., N.Y.C.). FOR SUNNING... one layer with beauty needs (suntan cream, glasses, a cotton headscarf, etc.). FOR PLAY... one layer with games (playing cards, a chess-checkers set, etc.). A super house present! 10. **THE SUMMER BACKPACK**... White ash and rattan basket pack (capacity, 2 pecks)—for picnic food, beach supplies—and what a smart way to go vegetable shopping! \$10. L.L. Bean, Inc., Freeport, Maine.

Women who use Pantene look like they don't need it.



Pantene does its job subtly, but with stunning effect. Works its magic on every strand of hair for that rich, full body—the unique presence of Pantene.

The Shampoo, the Treatment, the Set; the Spray. Each product functions beautifully alone—and they function together as a total hair care program. Developed by Pantene specialists with exclusive Swiss* conditioners.

Not the easiest hair care products to find. But well worth the effort. Because the better your hair looks, the better you look. **The Presence of Pantene®**

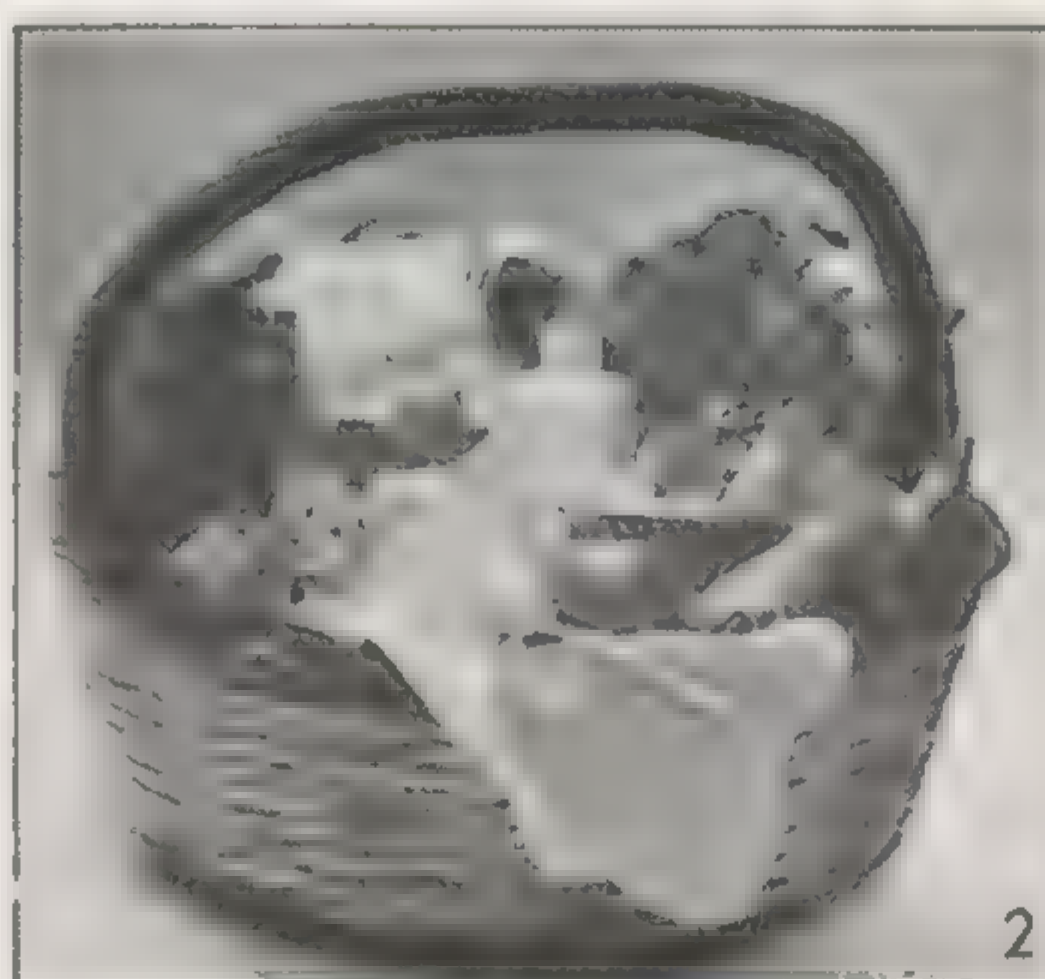
VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

PRESENTS or how to get re-invited for summer weekends...

fill baskets



with potpourri...



herbs and scents...



knapsacks of soap...

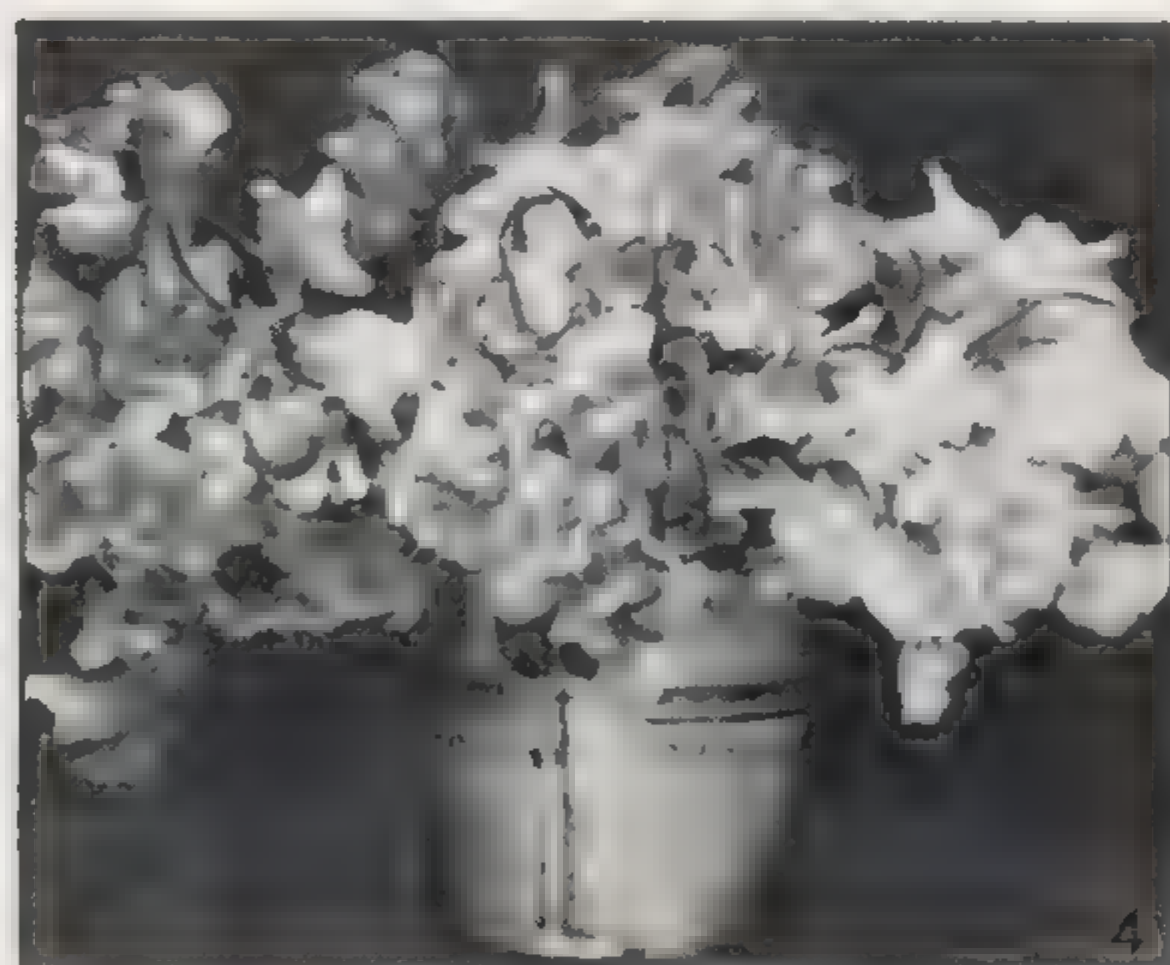


● JUNE SURPRISE ●

A straw basket, filled with *FRESH* (we have to repeat, *fresh*) strawberries, grapefruit, oranges, and grapes dipped in dark chocolate... **UNBELIEVABLY BEAUTIFUL! \$28.** Kron Chocolatier, 126 E. 83rd St., N.Y.C.

1. PURE SUMMER. . . Covered straw basket (13" in diameter) filled to the brim with English rose potpourri. Basket, \$20, Bailey Huebner-Henri Bendel and Southampton, N.Y. Potpourri by Cherchez!, available at Bendel's Scentiments. 2. PURE JOY. . . Fill a large basket with every kind of scent from herb-filled sachets (Provence de Pierre Deux) to lavender and potpourri ones from Cherchez! and Scentiments, Lubin drawer flannels, mint and lemon bath powder (Soap Opera), a loaf of tangerine soap, peach moisturizer, and strawberry bath oil ("i" Natural Cosmetics), Rigaud cypress candle, Shelley Marks sandalwood oil (to saturate on cotton, wool and tuck into corners of chairs), a huge jar of Agraria potpourri (an extraordinary mix of citrus peel, cloves, cassia, and Bulgarian rosebuds, at Bendel's Scentiments and I. Magnin), etc. Basket, \$20, Greek Islands Ltd., 215 E. 49th St., N.Y.C. 3. DELICIOUS. . . A basket filled with herb- or fresh-fruit-scented soap tied in handkerchiefs of checked, striped, pin-dotted, calico, and lace-edged cotton. 9"-long covered basket, \$2. Design Research, 53 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. Soaps from Soap Opera, 51 Grove St., N.Y.C.

to give



a pail of flowers...



fresh fruit...



vegetables...



an herbal bouquet...

7. THE SUMMER BOUQUET . . . an armload of fresh herbs and field flowers—branches of mint, tarragon, rosemary, and lavender mixed with garden roses, snap dragons, Queen Anne's lace, swamp candles, ranunculus, and California poppies. To order: Jean-Jacques Bloos, Ltd., 1025 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. (Try farmer's markets for local herb-and-flower mixes.)

GOOD PLACES FOR

...herbs and spices

N.Y.

Aphrodisia
Ye Olde Herb Shoppe
Soap Opera
Caswell-Massey
Henri Bendel
(Scentiments)
"i" Natural Cosmetics
P. Fioretti
Cherchez!
Kiehl Pharmacy
Shelley Marks

L.A.

Propinquity
Living Herbs Inc.
(N. Hollywood)
Chequer West

ETC.

The Herb Farm,
Granville, Mass.
Caprilands Herb

Farm, Silver St.,
N. Coventry,
Conn.
The Potpourri Shop, P.O. Box
108, Redding
Ridge, Conn.
All I. Magnin stores

...baskets

N.Y.

Azuma
Bloomingdale's
E.A.T.
La Tienda
Greek Island Ltd.
Sermoneta
Henri Bendel
Robert Webb Inc.

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David Jones
Skilletts
Waldo's Design

ETC.

Antique Shops
across the country

THE WHOLE WORLD CATALOG



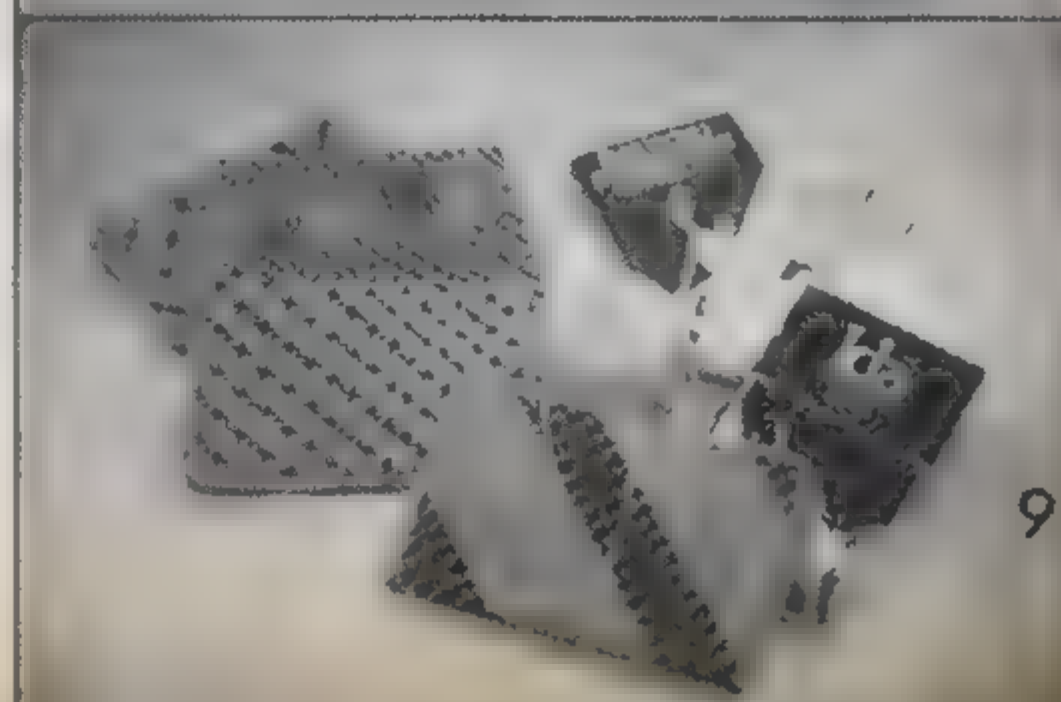
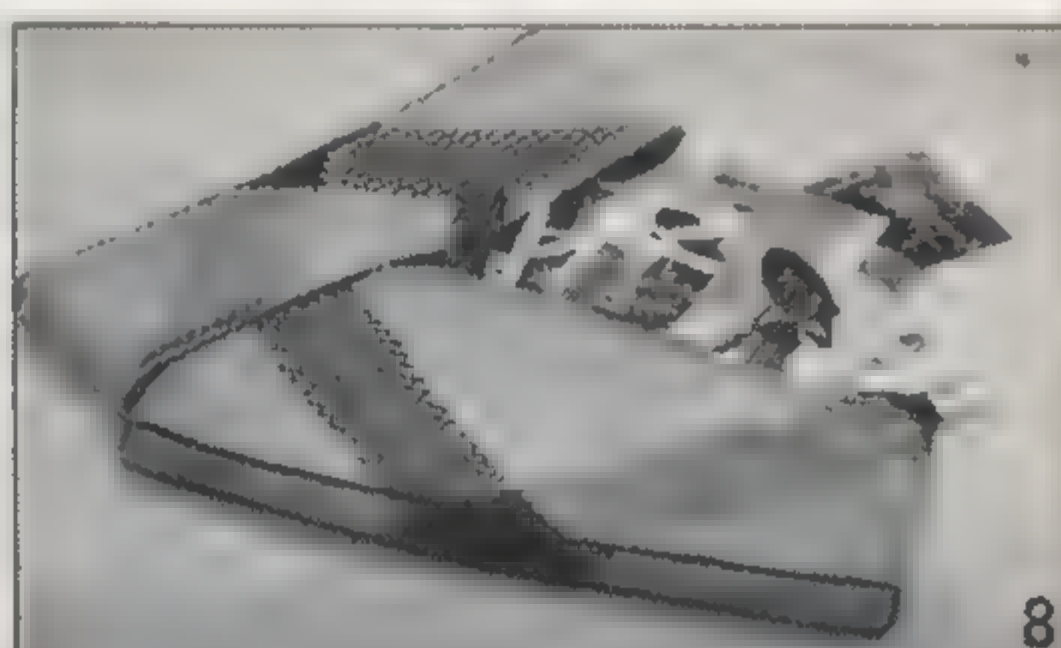
TO KNOW ABOUT

The word is everything! A fabulous catalogue of catalogues—or how to mail-order anything from herbs to English cashmere blankets to seashells to boats to American Indian antiques! The Whole World Catalogue. By Delphine Lyons (Quadrangle/The New York Times Book Co.). Available at bookstores around the country.

8. SUMMER PAPER . . . woven straw Indonesian "money carrier" the size of a large envelope handbag (\$15, Robert Webb)—filled with 200 postcards of Impressionist summer and beach scenes (in N.Y.C., at Untitled Postcards, 159 Prince St., Brandon's Memorabilia, 1 W. 30th St., Room 202), a stack of felt-tipped pens. . .

9. SUMMER LIBRARY . . . natural-and-brown Indonesian woven straw book covers (\$6 each; Robert Webb, 900 First Ave.) to cover a stack of "I've been meaning to read . . ." paperback books. Bind them all together with twine!

straw!





EQUAL PAY. EQUAL TIME.

BULOVA ACCUTRON®
For men and women.

Both watches are equally accurate to within one minute a month.* Hers is #24901 His #23700. Both are \$150.

*Timing price will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase.

The American woman... AT HOME

● How is it that, at a time when food costs are climbing, we are nevertheless sitting down each day to the best meals we have ever eaten? . . .

● How come that on spice shelves of everyday supermarkets, where once were only prosaic parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme, we are now able to find the exotic likes of cumin, saffron, and tumeric . . . and the neighborhood liquor dealer turns out to be as well-stocked (and as well-versed) in wines as in spirits? . . .

● How, in the servantless 'seventies, does it happen that we are entertaining at home more frequently than we did back when, and with so much more spontaneity and so much less fuss? . . .

● Why is it, do you suppose, that top designers are getting deeper and deeper into the at-home scene. Not just in their evening collections (in which, by the way, at least half the clothes are for wearing in rather than out at night); we're speaking of a whole new feeling in fashion for how women want to be when they've closed the front door behind them, no matter what their plans are.

Interesting . . . this surge of interest in the home at this particular moment, when the single most advertised fact about American women is that they are at last, finally getting out of the house. Or is it really such a paradox, after all; isn't it simply that our perspectives have changed—to a woman who isn't chained to a stove, the preparing of food is more pleasure than chore; to a woman on the go all day, an easy evening in comfortable surroundings with good friends, good talk, good food and wine is far more inviting than a charity ball. The truth is, the greater our involvement with life outside the home, the more seductive the life within. . . . This issue is about that life and the way it's lived most attractively today—not with the leftover standards of other eras but casually, flexibly, with our own dreams of comfort and luxury. In 1974, we don't dream of rooms filled with Louis Quinze. In the heyday of the pyjama, comfort is a deep-cushioned chair that you can relax in without worrying if your feet are going to ruin the upholstery; luxury is what simplifies our life and gives us time to enjoy it with people we like . . . so sing no sad songs for the passing of the full-time laundress or the live-in cook; cheers, instead, for the oven that tempers its heat to the cooking at hand and turns itself off when finished, and for the dishwasher that cleans up afterwards (on the next page, one of the most impressive in any woman's kitchen). . . .

FASHION

NOW





HOME WORK

The big changes in American life are right at home: new roles for men and women and everybody in the kitchen

The new age in the kitchen

It's no longer "the woman behind the man" but the man behind the woman. And today, each can play the other's part. Here, Vice-President Gerald Ford becomes the household hired hand. Obviously, he gives a certain distinction to the kitchen sink . . . and he certainly knows how it feels to be flipped from frying pan to fire.

HARRY BENSON

It's not just the "heart of the home," it's the Mission Control Center, it's Kitchen Karisma bringing minds and mouths together. We can't escape it. And why should we?

Usher black-tie guests into your luscious living-room bar, and they end up by the kitchen sink with white collars undone and caftan sleeves rolled wringing the towel. Why is it that we can relate so much better slouched over the kitchen's Formica counter top than we can sitting cross-legged by the study's \$40,000 coffee table? And what drives young lovers from their water-bed wonderlands into such a fluorescent and stainless-steel setting? Why is it the only time I actually have a meaningful exchange with my father or mother is on Sunday morning when our kitchen schedules overlap? And our kitchen colloquy isn't one of those banal banterers just to get through the awkwardness of having to sit across from one another's silent swallowings, it's a lengthy luxurious "lowdown." We call it our "Deep Dish."

Actually "Deep Dish" may be the key to this mysterious clutch the kitchen has over the household: the wide appeal in the eclectic nature of the kitchen, with its brazen butcher blocks, its conforming copper pots and pans, its simmering stoves and mighty microwave ovens, to say nothing of that indestructible institution—the Kitchen Table. The kitchen no longer is considered the "domestic's domain"; and kitchen klatching isn't looked down upon or sniffed at as "mixing with the help"—mainly because the family have become "the help." When people congregate in kitchens they not only chew—and cut—the fat, they create. With all those wall-lining gadgets (even if they are left untouched), you feel you must generate something even if it is your own hot air.

There's a miraculous built-in warmth about the atmosphere of a kitchen, and it's not necessarily generated by the indoor grill or the yellow-and-orange calico colorcombo. Then there's always the psychiatrists' kitchen theory that people who "stuff faces together stay together." They can also grow large together. Actually, the kitchen transcends mere food gratification. The quickest way to get to a person's soul need not be via his stomach.

Most important . . . you must be yourself in the kitchen. Only the phonies float to the top and would dare show their discomfort in the presence of the S.O.S. pads or the packages of Hostess Twinkies. Isn't it interesting how you can fantasize which personalities are real if you picture people either naked or sitting in your kitchen? For instance, there's something natural about the thought of dunking a doughnut and having a little tea with Golda Meir, although I'm not so sure about the idea of Kissinger Klear-mopping his own floor (and could his children and wife Nancy eat off it as well?).

But being yourself doesn't mean you can't put on a good show in front of the stove. How many nights I've spent watching friends cooking (instead of watching their televisions) and botching up a *boeuf bourguignon* with all the star quality of Dinah Shore. But at least it gave us something to talk about instead of the usual "rise of impotency and unemployment" (Continued on page 147)



very compact, the great American
dream machine

a Lucite attaché
(it makes everything perfectly clear)

Starting here, fashion for the life the American woman lives in summer—in, out, and all around the house. The best new clothes you can put on right now. And the best things you can have around you—from a perfect cup of coffee to a car for the country! They're all part of how to look great, live well in the summertime—anytime!—which is what this issue is all about....

THE CLOCK AROUND YOU

YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY

City house/country house, wherever you go, whatever you do, what a way to go! *Left*—the silvery-buttoned sweater-blazer in thin navy wool, sharp and snappy over ivory cashmere pants—your great summer getaway uniform (your cool-country-evening classics!). Gucci sweater, \$115. Halston pants (Agnona fabric), \$250. To order at Halston Ltd. Fashion accessories, next to last page; car and attaché information, page 36. Makeup, Sandra of Kenneth (the bright dash of lipcolor is Christian Dior's Scarlet Magenta 1).

TOSCANI

WALK RIGHT IN,

below: terrific little dress for getting out and about your place in the city (or just going for a catwalk!)—navy and white stripes, cut straight across the top like a chopped-off French sailor's shirt, on the bias skirt to swirl around your legs like a cool breeze. Kasper for Joan Leslie, of Daeron and Antron nylon (National Looms fabric). About \$85. Altman's; Garfinckel's; Halle's; Dayton's; Neusteters; J. W. Robinson. The big entrance, in New York: 91 East End Ave.

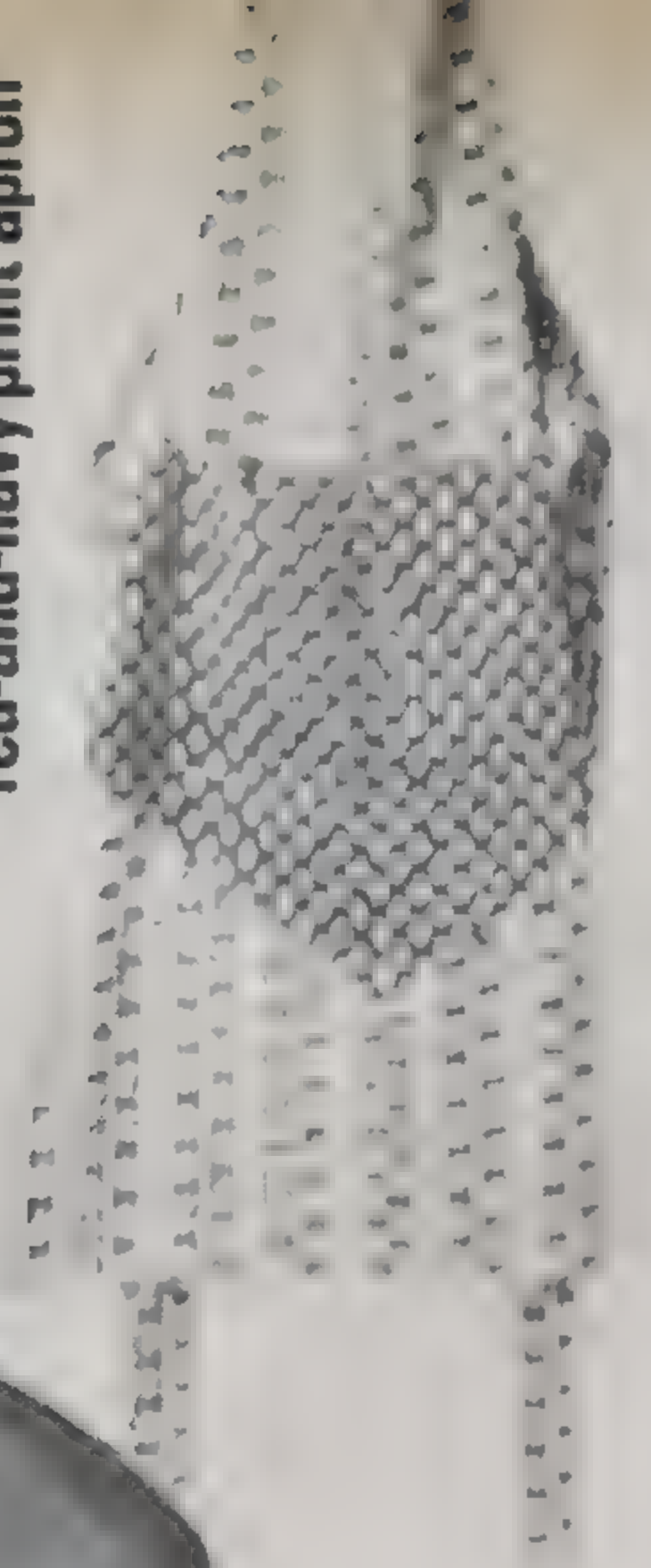




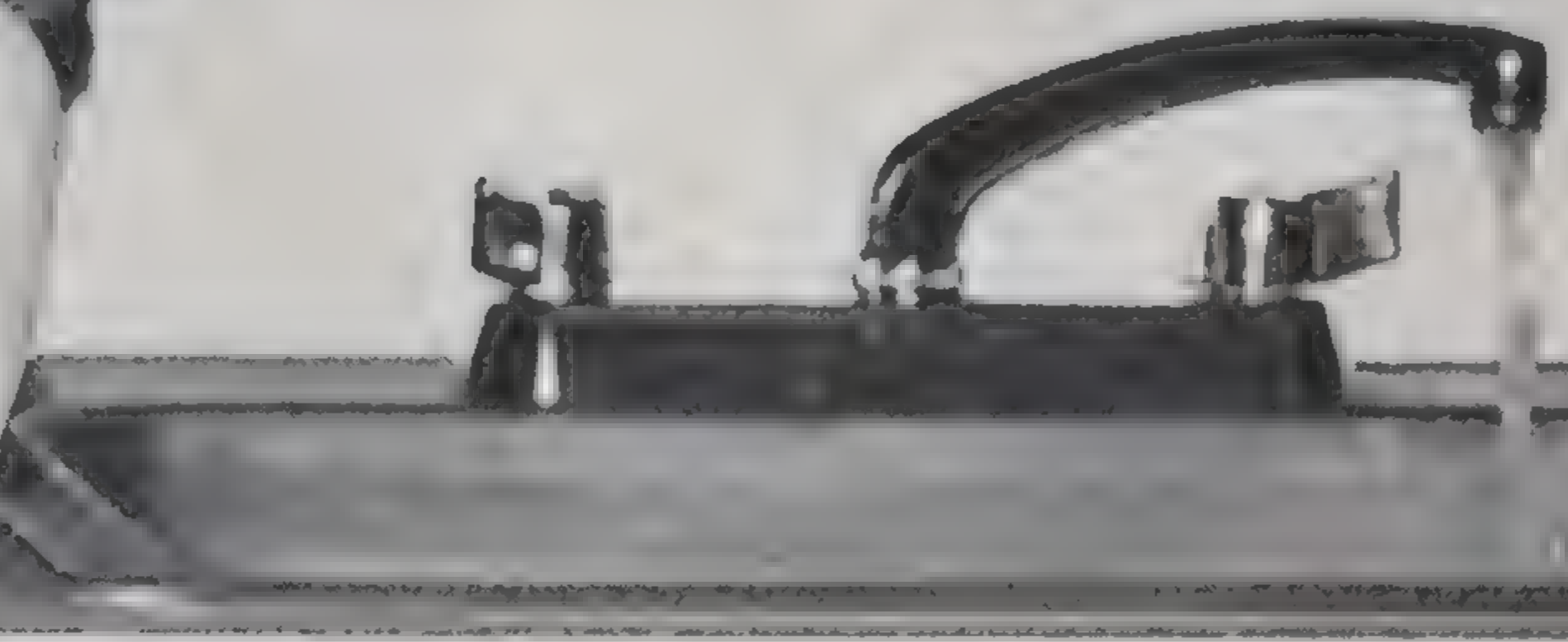
coffee classic

unbeatable beater —
the French wire whisk

cooking clothes —
red-and-navy print apron



Little Italy — espresso machine,
family size



THE CHIC AROUND YOU KNOW

pot luck —
a stainless steel beauty

...one is not enough!



GARDEN PLOT

For clipping flowers on a cool damp morning (or tennis warm-ups), *left*: a summer-sky-blue knit jacket and pants; white cotton knit camisole underneath. Wear-Dated jacket and pants by Chrissie Evert for Puritan, of Acrilan acrylic (Armtex fabric). About \$20 each. Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Higbee's; Jacobson's; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

portable garden—
a blooming
African daisy

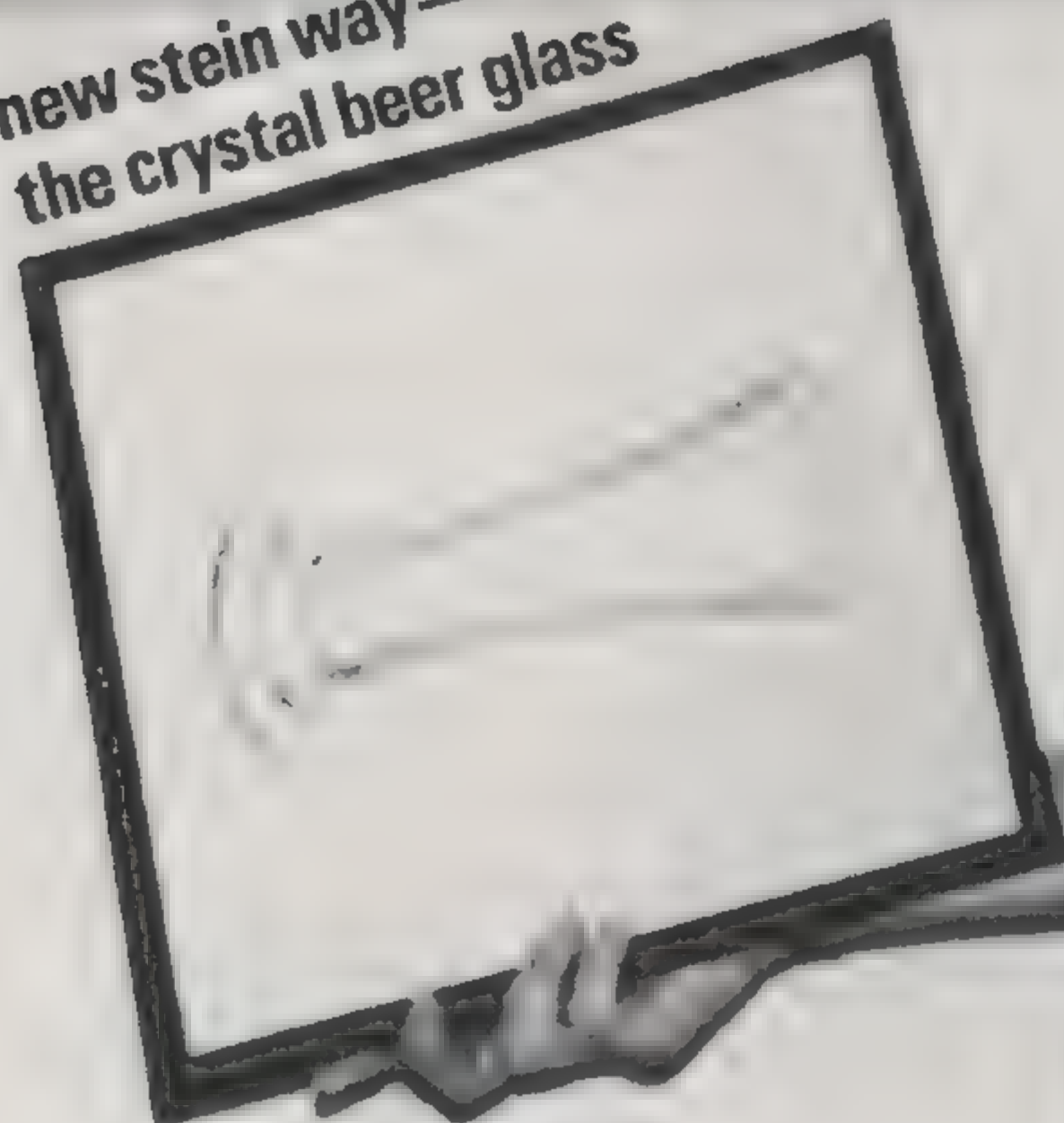
HOME ON THE RANGE, *left*,

or: how to beat the heat when you're roasting!—super-short white terry shorts and a thin knit shirt in brown-and-white stripes. Partout cotton-and-nylon shorts, about \$8. Cotton-and-rayon shirt, St. Clair for Crissa. About \$32. Both at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Top, also at Marshall Field. Concord watch, Van Cleef & Arpels; other fashion accessories, both pages, next to last page. All house accessories, page 36. Interiors by Klein & Kolbe, Architects, New York.

Japanese gardening shears
(larger than life!)

THE CHIC AROUND YOU

new stein way—
the crystal beer glass



ENTERTAINING...

Cool, pretty, relaxed—the way to be when the party's at your house—a breeze of halterdress in tobacco-brown cotton gauze, reed-slim to the hips, soft unpressed pleats falling from there. By Ronald Kolodzie for Concept VII. About \$110. At Elizabeth Arden Salons; Wanamaker's; L.S. Ayres; Bullock's. Fashion accessories, next to last page; house accessories, page 36. Interiors by Klein & Kolbe, Architects, New York. Hair, Maury Hopson; makeup, Sandra of Kenneth.



best shaving brush—
thick as a raccoon's tail

spine tingler—
the super shower head

BATHROOM PRIVILEGES

At the start of a big evening (which can mean just you and a man and some music), hop out of the shower . . . into a soft terry robe . . . and then: start small and sexy—with two wisps of black stretch ribbon and lace. Bra (\$6) and bikini (\$4) by Vassarette; Helanca stretch nylon (Stern & Stern lace). July, at Lord & Taylor. Ivory robe by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo; Acrilan acrylic and nylon (Armtex fabric). About \$250. At Martha; Nan Duskin; Giorgio.

CHIC AROUND THE YOU

plastic hang-up

spare time—clean-cut clock

the lamp with all the angles

to wrap
a summer
wrist—
the jeweled cuff

baby telly—7 lbs. 8 ozs!

NIGHT BEFORE...

For a very private evening, a long wrap of electric-blue jersey, with matching blue pants, a bit of bright orange to tie the waist. By Stephen Burrows Loungewear. Nyesta robe (about \$58) and pants (about \$38) of Antron nylon (Don-Nel Fabric). Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; Marie Leavell. Fashion accessories, both pages, next to last page; house accessories, page 36. Interiors by Klein & Kolbe, Architects, New York.

red, white, or rosé—
the all-purpose goblet

MORNING AFTER

What goes with coffee and the Sunday papers?—this kind of easy-day-in-the-country (or wherever you are) dressing: oversized shirt and matching pants in pretty Oxford-y blue. Blousecraft by Maxime de la Falaise, of Dacron and cotton (N. Erlanger Blumgart fabric). Top and pants, about \$28 each. At Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Nan Duskin; Burdine's; I. Magnin. The gloss of lip color is Apple Polish; eye color, Gold-Lit Bronze—both by Estée Lauder. Makeup, Sandra of Kenneth. Hair, François of Suga Salon.





Three top trend-spurring decorators tell

What American women want in their houses right now

VINCENT FOURCADE

Surprise can be expected—in team-ups of patterns, objects, or colors—in the influential interiors by Frenchman Vincent Fourcade and his New York partner, Robert Demming. More Fourcade constants: ease, luxury joy for the senses.

"Comfort is the word we use when describing the trend in decorating," says Vincent Fourcade, who has designed some of the most sumptuously informal houses on the East Coast. "There is a change from the very modern look, which has become almost too fastidious. The change is toward an old-fashioned, almost Victorian mood. People who were dead set against it a year ago are suddenly interested in it. The nineteenth century was a period when people were very rich and very eclectic. It was the first time that comfort was of prime importance in decorating. The Victorians made things more exciting and more human. They mixed colors and mixed patterns. They did it with great taste.

"Part of the trend is the demand for more flattering, more romantic lighting in houses; and the two rooms where it has changed most are the bedroom and bathroom. In the bathroom, the trend is to two different kinds—a realistic lighting for makeup and shaving and a pleasant, flattering light from shaded lamps. In the bedroom, the lighting luxury is two- and three-way switches. Switches that can turn the lights on when the woman walks into the room and turn them off again after she gets into bed. It's also very pretty to have painting lights on dimmers over the artworks in the bedroom, so when in bed she can admire them in a strong or soft glow depending on her mood.

"The bedroom is almost becoming a public room. With every extra room in big-city apartments costing between \$200 and \$300 a month, families are cutting down space to the minimum. Often the only refuge parents have is their bedroom. It's the room where they work, dine, and entertain, as well as sleep. The trend is to have it furnished luxuriously with sofa or chairs, bookshelves, and a desk or small table for dining or working. The woman then has to find another place to put her commodes, chests of drawers, and other things she needs for dressing. The bathroom is the logical place for these things; and so it is also becoming a multi-purpose room.

"The woman who likes to cook is more serious now about her equipment. She likes restaurant-type stoves because they give better heat, can boil water in a minute. Other musts in her kitchen are a garbage compactor—whether she lives in the city or country—a toaster oven for making delicious sandwiches, and a blender-that-heats for making sauces and pureed vegetables.

"At dinner parties she serves fewer dishes but makes them very, very good. Interesting salads are increasingly popular. Champagne on the

rocks is the trend in drinks. The ice keeps the champagne bubbly and fun to drink, it's glamorous, and it simplifies life. You don't even have to chill the champagne, and you know people are going to have a good time."

MICHAEL TAYLOR

All-white rooms bounced Michael Taylor to fame in San Francisco twenty-six years ago. Since, he's popped up all over the country with fresh, airy often-copied houses that join antique and brand-new furniture styles.

"The American woman now realizes how rich America is in design. She is being inspired in her choice by her American heritage, especially the incredibly beautiful art and crafts of the American Indians," said Michael Taylor. "Enhancing her life-style is her aim when she decorates. She has completely freed herself from tradition, fads, and fashion. Before she starts, she decides what is flattering and important for her and her family's way of life, and she proceeds from there.

"She loves natural things. She's using bamboo blinds instead of heavy curtains, straw matting instead of carpeting, wicker with leather pads instead of heavy pretentious furniture. She is filling her home with plants, because they make rooms seem alive and growing. And she chooses a plant as carefully as she would a piece of sculpture.

"Her living room is no longer a showcase for a decorator's art. She knows that guests are most flattered when they are entertained in a room that is used as part of the family's daily life—a room where music is often listened to, where the family gather around the fireplace to talk or play games. But she also insists that guests do not have to sit on the floor or move furniture when forming groups.

"She wants her bedroom to be personal and inviting, with shelves for books, plants, and her treasures, as well as comfortable seating for reading or talking. She is no longer ashamed of watching television in bed, and she has the set in the most convenient place.

"As the bathroom is the first room she enters in the morning, she wants it to be beautiful and stimulating. A picture is just as important there as in her living room. And she wants it all to function. The shower must be large, the tub easy to clean.

"Her kitchen is now a much less mechanical room. If she has servants, she makes the room functional, comfortable, and pleasant for them—so they won't find their work tedious. If she uses the kitchen herself, it is as appealing as every other room in the house. She softens it with a wooden floor, plants, even an important painting or piece of sculpture. And she keeps electrical appliances out of sight. She insists on comfortable seating so family and friends can relax and chat to her while she cooks."

SISTER PARISH

Mrs. Henry Parish II is the most famous of all living American women interior designers. In her forty-two working years, her ideas have influenced the life-style all over America. This elder stateswoman of decorating is seen almost as often in Washington, D.C. (she helped Mrs. John F. Kennedy in her redecoration in the White House) as at her New York base, Parish-Hadley, where she is shown opposite, centered in her favored and flattering patterns; their new-again appeal (it never stopped, really) is the leading edge of 1974's romantic revival.

HORST

"The trend is moving away from ultra-modern back to romantic chintz patterns and the eighteenth-century English and French furniture," said Mrs. Henry Parish II.

"Eighteenth-century furnishings are supreme—both for the beauty of their design and the quality of their workmanship. And that is what women want today—beauty and quality.

"That does not mean we will not mix the old with the new. I love a modern silver wallpaper or rough white plaster as a background for antiques. Luxury has never been more important; it increases comfort and adds gaiety to life. Real luxury comes from the craftsman; a hand-woven mohair throw for the sofa, one-of-a-kind batik pillows with a strong pattern on one side and a softer one on the other to change the mood of the room, the absence of noise, a custom-designed parquet floor, a closet designed and built just for your needs."





The new romanticism... a nineteenth-century feeling, in the New York apartment of a very contemporary young woman

Jean Vanderbilt

Jean Vanderbilt lives in a "garden"—on two high floors of a New York apartment building, but a garden nonetheless: a garden of colors, patterns, prints—flowered linens, flowered and figured cottons, boldly-patterned rugs, Chinoiserie panels with birds, flowers, trees—all mixed together in a joyous profusion. It's all warmth and brightness, rich in pure reds and blues, lit by streams of sunlight—delighting the eye like an English garden in high summer. What's expressed here is the new romanticism, the new humanism in interior surroundings—a nineteenth-century feeling for comfort, cheerfulness, and a certain reassuring solidity. There's no rigid, imposed decorating "plan," but an eclectic mixture of periods, sizes, shapes, patterns, colors. ...Into the mix, in Jean Vanderbilt's new apartment, go contemporary Dutch and English fabrics, Portuguese wallpapers; English Victorian, Regency, and French Empire furniture; Chinese mirrors; Italian marble tables; old stone garden figures, real flowers, ferny plants. "It's a mish-mash," said Mrs. Vanderbilt. "Some things came from the country, some from a previous apartment—and we got a lot of things at auction." ("We" being herself and her ebullient decorators, Denning and Fourcade.) "I love rugs—I like to start with the rug and develop a room from there. The first (Continued next page)



1. The spacious living room, two stories high—with classic pediments over doors, mirrors; an immense gilt-bronze chandelier. Lower down, a cheerful tumult of prints, patterns.
2. A pillow-strewn sofa in front of the dining-room fireplace. The table (rear) seats twelve; "if I have more, I spring up a little card table."
3. Painted panels flank the mantelpiece in the living room.
4. Jean Vanderbilt—at home in blue jeans, navy pullover; silver Indian belt from Aspen.



**Jean
Vanderbilt**

In her New York apartment, the feeling of a nineteenth-century English country house

(Continued) thing we bought for the living room was the carpet—that started us off.” Her bedroom also developed from the ground up. . . . Tall, reed-slim, with long dark-blond hair, Jean Vanderbilt looks as though she should be accompanied by a jewel-collared greyhound—or a milk-white unicorn—as she strolls through her garden-y, *mille-fleurs* rooms. But here the medieval-tapestry analogy ends, because there’s nothing medieval about this young woman. She likes plenty of space around her, a feeling of freedom—and she likes rooms, and objects, that are big and bold in scale. “I hate persnickety rooms,” she said. “I love big, massive pieces of furniture. Somewhere inside me there must be a perfectly enormous person.” . . . The apartment shown here played right into her hands. A roomy duplex, it’s in one of New York’s most oldy-but-goody apartment houses—the kind with high ceilings, handsome proportions, fireplaces that work. What it has that’s unique is a two-story living room (shown on preceding page), lighted by (Continued on page 147)

1. In the stair hall—French wallpaper, English stair carpet made from a Tibetan design.
2. What looks like blue-and-white tiling, in the kitchen—really a contemporary Portuguese wallpaper.

ARTHUR ELGORT





3. Jean Vanderbilt in her bedroom, in blue jeans, Azuma cotton blouse. "I think skirts are pretty—but by habit, I often jump into pants."
4. The bedroom—a glorious outburst of color, design: boldly-patterned carpet flowing into flowered walls, covered with printed English linen. Unpatterned (surprisingly) sofa, easy-chairs, glazed-chintz curtains. "Victorian Chinese" mirror.
5. Set in a flowering alcove, the enchanting oval bed—this, "Edwardian Louis XVI."
6. Chinoiserie print with egrets covers chairs in the mirrored dressing-room. Chinoiserie window-shade.



Modern romanticism...
a young American writer, mother,
and community sparker
in her calm white environment

Lally Weymouth

BY JEAN STAFFORD

While Lally Weymouth at thirty belongs very much, in most particulars, to these immediate times, in other ways, she is an anachronism. In the eighth decade of a century that is not aging gracefully and when membership in a coterie is very nearly universal, she remains unclassifiable, easily and naturally in full possession of her personal idiom. Impressively beautiful, she would be out of place among The Beautiful People; eminently well connected and astutely aware, she is light years away from Radical Chic.

Though immediate community causes have stirred her, Lally's lifelong interest has been in history. The first fruits of her involvement and enlightenment appeared this spring, a collection of monographs by luminous scholars which she commissioned and edited: *Thomas Jefferson: The Man . . . His World . . . His Influence*. The idea of the book was proposed to her some years ago by a friend, the English publisher George Weidenfeld, as a part of a series he has brought out—on the worlds and influences of Dickens, Proust, and Orwell—and, attracted to it, she set about enlisting, among others, Henry Steele Commager, Dumas Malone, Garry Wills, Christopher Lasch to write on the diverse talents, the public and private powers and vagaries and profundities and vanities of our most complicated President.

During the compilation of the book, Mrs. Weymouth spent a good deal of time in Charlottesville, Virginia, with her former Radcliffe tutor, Walker Cowen, who is now head of The University Press of Virginia. With Monticello on its princely hill above the town, and within the town, the Lawn, the campus—the most handsome in America—of the University of Virginia founded by Jefferson, the impeccable buildings designed by him, Charlottesville is the right place, it is the inevitable place to ponder the Hellenistic and the Romantic diplomat, statesman, agrarian, architect, reader, writer, inventor (Continued on page 145)

Without being in any way sparse, Lally Weymouth's living room has an extraordinary simplicity: white walls, white surfaces, irreducible fabrics—white muslin and beige-white ticking. NO: draperies, chromium or glass, distractions, or self-consciousness. The room is almost a city. The parquet floor is repaved with grass matting; the sofas look like marble blocks, softened and pillowed to deep comfort. Orchids and palm trees are the arches of this architecture; color slides in with Rodin watercolors (out of camera range here) and the ancient hues of a Chinese scroll painting over the mantel, a Japanese screen, on the far wall, summing up the room's serenity.







The 'seventies kitchen isn't a sterile meal-making laboratory, it's a welcome-matted room to live in, to entertain in. The warm-hued spot above is the kitchen of the Burlington House Award-winning Palm Beach house of Mr. Enrique Rousseau and Mrs. Rousseau, who—as Lilly Pulitzer—designs clothes, and fabrics, of equal cheer. The popularity of this room has opened up the rest of the Rousseau house to new uses as well: the once-dining room is now That Room, where family gin-rummy games rage on uninterruptedly.



The personal stamp of the Long Island weekend-and-summer house below comes from its designer, Anne Klein, who found the top floor of a three-story mansion deposited by a storm on a beachfront plot, promptly acquired and re-structured it. Like the clothes she designed before her death this spring, her Burlington House Award house is handsome, easy, and expertly tailored to the tastes of its creator and her husband, Matthew (Chip) Rubinstein. This focus room—a place “to put your feet up”—is also the place to eat, drink, talk, and see a straw-hat collection.

ERNST BEADLE



America's live-in

BY BLAIR SABOL

Is it true that Americans are staying home more—and loving every house-plant of it? A cross-country competition gives the real in-house story

EDITOR'S NOTE: For seven years, Burlington Industries, Inc. (the largest textile company in the world) has been inviting the men and women of America to send them their houses—in photographs, in notes, swatches, any way that shows their “taste, imagination, and inventive solutions” to decorating problems. This year thirty-seven houses (or apartments, or dwellings) won the Burlington House Awards; and all of the entries provided insights to how Americans live right now. Rooms from two winning houses are shown, opposite.

Face it . . . all of us can and often do fake personalities via our visuals. Clothes can still “make” the man or woman or even a man into a woman; they have that kind of communicating power. Then again, fashions come and go; and nowadays we can wear whatever costume suits our particular role for whatever day—so clothing is no longer the last word in character analysis. Instead, how a person lives and what a person lives in can tell what he/she is all about. Seeing where a person sleeps, eats, and spends his leisure time is “hitting very close to home” in personality delineation.

When people have you over to their houses, you are asked (or it is implied) that you will “make yourself at home.” “At home” means “be yourself.” It's true that even with today's casual living and plenty of at-home entertaining, it's still an honor to be invited into someone's home (remember the popularity of Edward R. Murrow's *Person to Person* television show?); probably because for many the home is not only the center of activity but the most private example of their own creative force. A home tells all (check the hall closet or sneak a peek into the medicine cabinets). It may be the only place people can truly express their fantasies or artistic taste and simultaneously make them mesh with their practical sense in routine living. Sitting in any room, you can pick up vibrations not just from the choice of furnishings and the color of the carpeting but from the smell, pictures, plants, books, and the overall use of space. There's so much to learn from an environment. And thanks to Burlington's Annual House Awards we can actually see some of America's significant sociological changes. We can clock the entire country's rhythm just by the selected cross section of hearths and homes.

For seven years, Burlington Industries, Inc., has had both individuals and newspaper/magazine editors submit photographs and descriptions of homes—from Palm Beach mansions to small efficiency apartments. Each winning House Award entry provides a lesson in home decorating and some inventive solutions to common living problems, but more than that each represents a statement of self. The home has become *the* fashion focus, because there are so many choices and configurations. The field is wide open and there's no sizing problem. The American woman already became aware of this “housepower” this year when “at-home” wear made its sweeping Loretta Young entrance from the bathroom to the ballroom. Suddenly it was acceptable to wear caftans and lounging pyjamas *everywhere*. Not only is the woman expressing her home by wearing it on her back, but she's now into the same kind of expressions through her choice of cups, saucers, ashtrays, and coffee table as she was via her shoes, jewelry, hat, and bag. As one winner explained, “Listen . . . I was always a loser in clothing. Always a fat 14 and couldn't get involved in my body. But my house is something else. I may not be a fashion feature, but I'm a dynamic decorator and I take all of my frustrated fashion sense out in my three stories. I guess the way some women love to get their once-a-week hairsets is the way I feel rearranging my dining room every five days.”

Since there has been this swing of interest back to the home life-style (some people felt the end of the Vietnam military involvement and the bringing of our “boys back home” was the beginning), we can see how people are dealing with the energy crisis, the money crunch, and even with Women's Liberation in the changes in kitchen or bedroom design. Letitia Baldrige, project co-ordinator for The Burlington House Awards, spots the trends immediately:

“There's no question that people are more into their homes. For some it's their only source of sanity. The country's cash and gas may ebb and flow, but people still have their flats to come home to day after day. What with dining and entertainment out becoming so pricey, we all have had to learn to do it at home. And though fewer people are buying homes, more people are redecorating with smaller budgets. There's been a tremendous surge in practicality and the ‘do-it-yourself’ (Continued on page 144)

Letitia Baldrige (above) is somewhat of an expert on styles of living and entertaining; she's seen houses the world over as personal social secretary to our ambassadors in Paris and Rome, as a U.S. intelligence officer, as publicity director for Tiffany & Co. in New York and as social secretary in Washington to the wife of President John F. Kennedy. Now President of Letitia Baldrige Enterprises, Inc., a New York firm that specializes in projects for women—she serves as director of the Burlington House Awards, a job that has given her a country-sweep on Americans' newest ideas about their houses. What she learned from all those contest entries is told at right.

at

HOME

many moods for many evenings

Beginning here, the looks we love most for all the private hours of summer: a whole spectrum of at-home dressing—and undressing—starting with the best new dinner pyjama in town and winding up many hours (and eight pages) later with a good book . . . and a pretty nightgown. . . . The girl of the hours: model/movie actress Cristina Ferrare—at home on all these pages; on screen next in *Mary, Bloody Mary*.

The smash—the white pyjama, *right*—this summer's knockout way to go to dinner at someone's house. Cristina in Geoffrey Beene's two-piece crêpe with the most beautiful overblouse—full-blown sleeves and a poet's collar falling open at the neck, the waist wrapped in black crêpe de Chine with long silken tassels. To wear with a bare white sandal, ultra-wide silver-and-gold cuffs; nothing at the neck—it's ravishing as is. Of rayon (Abraham fabric); about \$445. At Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's; Dayton's; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; Neusteters. Hair, these 8 pages, Suga of Suga Salon; makeup, Way Bandy. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



CRISTINA FERRARE



Tobia Scarpa's voluptuous cushion
of a chair, shaped with
chrome braces. Atelier International.

THE CHIC AROUND
YOU



AT HOME

in an entertaining mood

Prints charming—flowered
chiffons to drift around in when
the evening's at your house. . . .
Plunged to the waist, *above*,
the dress you wrap yourself
into and tie—a long, gauzy stem
of printed silk chiffon.

By Sandy Cole for Aurita,
about \$125. At Bonwit Teller.

The pyjama blooms on, *right*, in
brown-and-white chiffon—
pants as flou as a skirt and
a butterfly-sleeved overblouse,
with a soft little butterfly bow of
matching print tied at the neck.

Pyjama, by Luis Estévez for
Gabor Estévez, of rayon; about
\$100. Bonwit Teller; Woodward &
Lothrop; L. S. Ayres; Hovland-
Swanson; I. Magnin; Liberty
House, Hawaii. Van Cleef & Arpels
bracelets. Wiles of a summer
night, *far right*—a fragile ruffling
of orange and yellow on cream
silk chiffon, wrapped like a tea
gown. By Scott Barrie
for Barrie Sport, Carjer Looms
fabric; about \$260.

Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak;
Stix, Baer & Fuller; Neusteters;
Giorgio. Accessories and
chair details, next to last page.

FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



THE CHIC AROUND
YOU

The sensuous chair—undulating curves
of polyurethane foam, by
Studio 65 for Gufram. Stendig, Inc.



AT HOME

in a casual mood



After a day at the beach—or a scorcher in town—this is our idea of heaven; a shower, a cool drink, and the ultimate refreshment here. . . .

The classic wrap-robe, *above*—key this summer—white Oxford cloth piped in blue, to wrap over matching pants.

By Fernando Sanchez, of Dacron and cotton. Robe, about \$60; pants, about \$24. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Swanson's; Lou Lattimore.

The dress you walk right into, *right*—a halter of stripes buttoned (and unbuttoned) to the floor, in blue-and-white cotton Oxford cloth, tucked in front.

By Albert Nipon (matching scarf, not shown), about \$110. Bonwit Teller; Charles Sumner; Montaldo's; I. Magnin.



CRISTINA FERRARE



Pieces of terry, *above*—everybody's favorite hot weather thing—goldenrod tank top and matching flared skirt to the calf. Alley Cat by Betsey Johnson, of cotton and nylon. Top, about \$10; skirt, about \$32. Junior sizes at Bloomingdale's. These pages: hair, Suga of Suga Salon; makeup, Way Bandy. Accessories, next to last page.

The pieces idea comes home!—Otto Zapf's Pillorama of cotton pillows to tie together in a zillion varieties of waking or sleeping arrangements. Knoll International.

THE CHIC
YOU
AROUND

AT HOME

in a retiring mood



Looking almost too fragile to breathe on, *left*—a cloud of white organdie caftan, ribboned in satin . . . to wear as the most delectable summer negligée. By Josefa for Pan American Phoenix, of cotton organdie; about \$85. At Pan American Phoenix.

Happy ending, *right*—the perfect nightgown, simple and sexy in the softest of soft blues with edgings of écru lace. By Olga of nylon crêpe tricot (J. P. Stevens fabric); \$18.

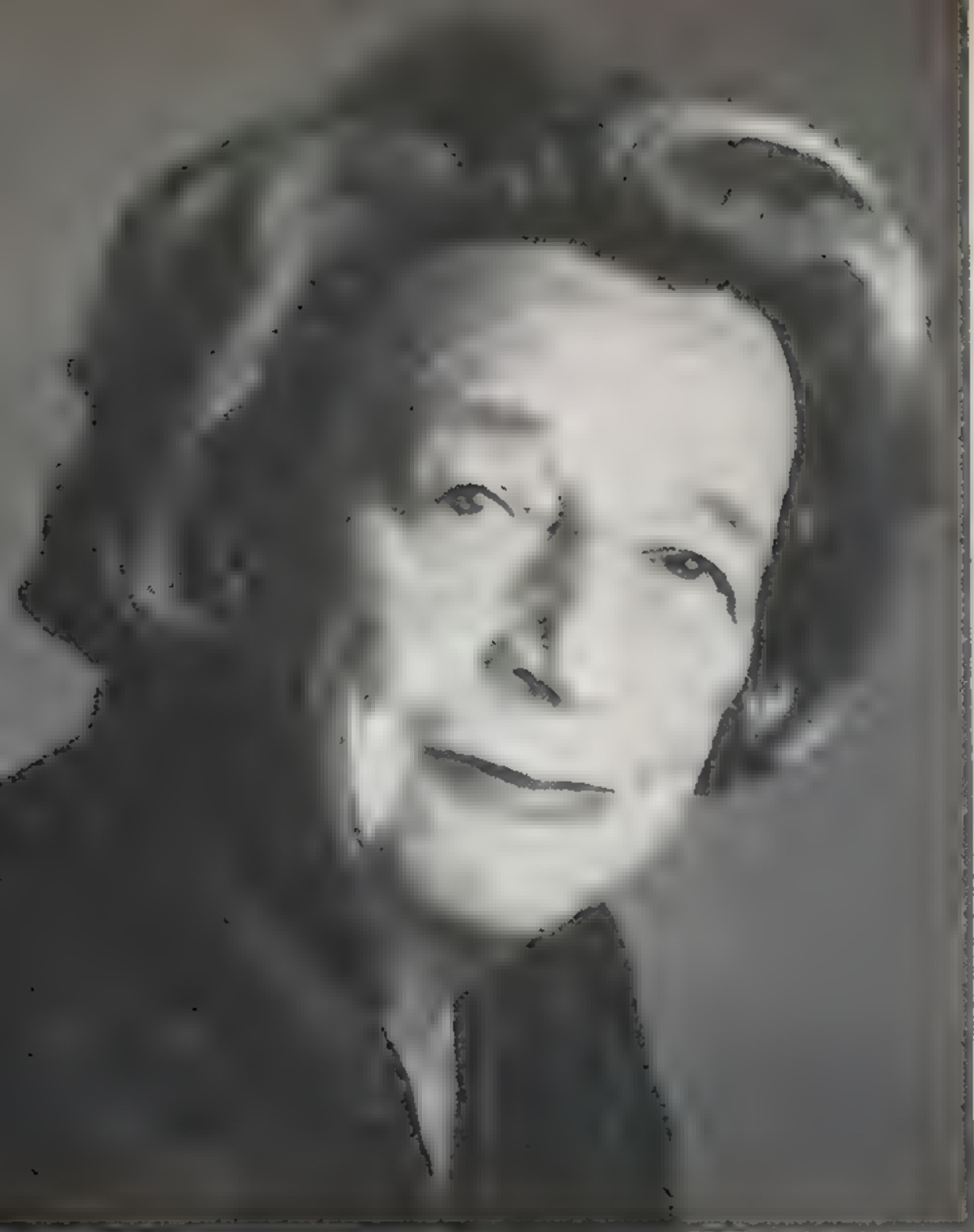
At Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's; Rich's; Foley's; The Emporium; Bullock's. Accessories, next to last page.



CRISTINA FERRARE

THE CHIC AROUND
YOU

Islands of comfort, in upholstered foam.
By Gae Aulenti for Knoll International.



Lillian Hellman's Creole cooking

RECIPES FROM AN AMERICAN WOMAN PLAYWRIGHT
BY ARTHUR GOLD AND ROBERT FIZDALE

Wandering about the New Orleans French Market in the early years of the century, a pretty, soft-mannered woman held the hand of a tiny young girl. Street hawkers' cries filled the air as they walked among the stalls of food; rows of brilliant red hot peppers, piles of green okra, barrels of white rice, fragrant bunches of fresh thyme and tender young sassafras leaves, glistening gulf shrimp, oysters, crawfish, and crab—all the ingredients for that glory of Creole cooking, the gumbo, were spread out before them, fresh and tempting.

The child, of course, was Lillian Hellman and the woman protectively holding her hand was her Aunt Jenny, who is so touchingly described in *Pentimento*, Miss Hellman's extraordinary book of memoirs that everyone should read and almost everyone has.

On a recent visit to us, Miss Hellman recalled the opulent meals of her childhood. "My aunt," she said with a fond smile, "was a very great cook. There were three or four people working in the kitchen of her boardinghouse, but she really did the cooking. She'd make me help, which was a very bright thing to do, and I liked being in the kitchen. I still do. In fact, if you like, tonight I'll make my Rich Man's Gumbo." (Recipe, right.)

Lillian Hellman lived for years with the man she loved without what she considers the doubtful benefits of marriage. While she was making the gumbo, she reminisced about her life with Dashiell Hammett. She spoke of the fourteen years that they spent on a farm near Pleasantville, New York. "We bought nothing on the farm except sugar, flour—the staples. We raised all the beef, pork, and lamb. We were really an egg farm and we preserved all the vegetables for winter. We made marvelous pickled eggs (recipe on page 150) and pickled tomatoes. We were good sausage makers, too. It was so bloody and greasy everybody got sick except me. We smoked the best ham I think I ever had in my life and the best bacon.

"The place had 140 acres with something like ten acres of flower gardens, but I was really running a boardinghouse. It wasn't entertaining people, it was just an old boardinghouse. People came and stayed and stayed."

While Miss Hellman is no longer "running a boardinghouse" and claims to be conserving her strength, she still seems like a whirlwind of energy to us. In addition to her writing and her teaching ("I've made some wonderful friends among my students. I love this generation"), she entertains a good deal both in her New York apartment and in her new modern house in Martha's Vineyard. There she joyously cultivates her garden, swims, fishes, and cooks.

We had begun our breakfast at nine and at noon we were still at table having coffee. We spoke of mutual friends, none of whose foibles escape Lillian's sharp intelligence, of her love of fishing—"Why didn't I bring my fishing pole this weekend?"—of literature and of cooking. Lillian gave us recipes, menus, and food tips with the enthusiasm and the knowing aplomb that people from New Orleans share with the French.

"The food in Hollywood was mostly not very good," said the author of *The Children's Hour* and many other plays that wound up as movies. "It was usually dreary fancy 'French' food or delicatessen food flown in from New York, but I remember one very funny dinner. I had worked for Sam Goldwyn on and off for ten years with (Continued on page 150)

PARTY CHANGE-UPS:

RICH MAN'S

GUMBO

ten to twelve servings.

6 tablespoons flour
10 ½-inch cubes of salt pork (or half a small package of salt pork, coarsely chopped)
1 stick butter
2 medium onions, finely chopped
2 pounds okra, ends trimmed, cut in halves
1 large can Italian-style tomatoes
Juice from 2 dozen shucked oysters
1 green pepper, seeded and finely chopped
½ red (hot) pepper, seeded and finely chopped (or dash of Tabasco sauce)
3 cloves garlic, finely chopped
Seasonings: 3 cloves, ½ teaspoon oregano, 1 teaspoon thyme, 4 bay leaves (finely crumbled), salt, pepper, Cayenne pepper
2 chickens, cut in eighths
Sausages, enough chorizo or linguica to make 12 1-inch slices or 24 ½-inch slices of pepperoni
2 pounds raw shrimp, shelled
24 oysters, shucked
1 pound crab meat, carefully picked over
Rice

Brown flour in a heavy skillet with no fat over low heat, stirring constantly till it turns dark nut-brown in color. Reserve. In a large heavy deep pot, brown pieces of salt pork in 3 tablespoons of the butter; remove pork and reserve. Put 3 tablespoons of the browned flour in this pot, making a *roux* by cooking gently and stirring until flour and fat are well combined. Add onions and simmer 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add okra and simmer 5 minutes. Add tomatoes with their juice, the oyster juice, green pepper, hot pepper, garlic, and all the seasonings. Simmer 30 minutes.

While gumbo base is simmering, in another skillet sauté chicken pieces in remaining butter till light brown. Season with salt and pepper, add to gumbo. In the skillet in which you sautéed the chicken, fry sausage slices over low heat for 3 minutes. Remove with a slotted spoon, add to gumbo.

The gumbo can be cooked ahead of time up to this point. When ready to serve, reheat gumbo; 10 minutes before serving add the shelled shrimp. After 5 minutes add oysters. This gumbo should have the consistency of a stew with a thick gravy. If too thin, add *beurre manié* (made by combining the remaining browned flour with equal amounts of butter, mixing it with your fingers) 1 teaspoon at a time until desired consistency is reached. Sprinkle with crab meat. Spoon gravy over crab meat to warm it. Serve in large soup bowls over mounds of boiled rice, seeing that each guest is given some of everything.

MORE RECIPES FROM LILLIAN HELLMAN ARE
ON PAGE 150





Summer-afternoon drinks — back to our romantic traditions

COOL-DRINK RECIPES FROM AMERICAN WOMEN
BY ARTHUR GOLD AND ROBERT FIZDALE

"Summer afternoon," said the great American novelist Henry James, are the two most beautiful words in the English language. To heighten the pleasure of a summer afternoon, nothing is more reviving than a cool, light, and fruit-scented drink. Visually the most amusing summer-drinks

FRUIT-JEWELED

CLARET CUP

(From Tanaquil LeClercq)
about eight servings

- 2 tablespoons brandy
- 2 tablespoons Maraschino liqueur
- 1 bottle claret (Bordeaux wine or Cabernet Sauvignon Paul Masson)
- 1 pint club soda
- 2 slices fresh pineapple, cut in pieces
- 2 ripe nectarines, cut in half (or ripe peaches)
- 2 nectarine stones
- 1 orange, sliced
- 1 lemon, sliced
- 10 strawberries
- 2 strips cucumber rind
- 2 tablespoons sugar

In a large pitcher put pineapple, nectarines, nectarine stones, orange, lemon, and cucumber rind. Sprinkle with sugar and macerate for 3-4 hours. Add brandy and Maraschino and let stand another hour. When ready to serve, remove nectarine stones and cucumber rind. Add claret and soda and fill pitcher with ice cubes. Stir and serve garnished with sprigs of fresh mint. When serving put a bit of fruit in each glass.

table we've ever seen is the one the captivating American ballerina Tanaquil LeClercq sets out in her garden in Connecticut on summer weekends. This year, she's planning well in advance, her patriotic July Fourth party, a send-off for the American Bicentennial coming up.

THE RED DRINK

one serving

- 2 ounces Campari
- Soda
- Ice cubes

In a tall glass, put Campari, add ice cubes, and fill with soda to taste.

THE WHITE DRINK

one serving

- 1½ ounces white rum, chilled
- ½ glass milk, chilled
- ½ ripe banana

Put all the ingredients in blender and blend on highest speed till pureed. (Without the rum this makes a perfect diet lunch.)

THE BLUE DRINK (Also called "The Windex")

one serving

- 1½-2 ounces Bols Blue Curaçao liqueur
- Tonic
- Ice cubes

Put Blue Curaçao in tall glasses, add ice cubes, and fill with tonic to taste.

THREE SIMPLE THINGS TO SERVE WITH DRINKS

- Broil slices of salami in a hot oven for a few minutes until some of the fat has run out and they are crisp. Serve warm.
- Drain a can of chick-peas. Dry on paper towels. Season with salt, pepper, curry powder, and paprika to taste. Heat in a low oven for 20-30 minutes. Serve warm.
- Put 1 cup walnut meats in an oiled baking dish and bake for 10-12 minutes at 350 degrees. Spread on a large sheet of waxed paper. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon curry powder, and a dash of paprika. Gather up ends of waxed paper and shake nuts till well coated with seasonings. Serve warm.

HOPPER Our own invention, a frothy fruit-rum concoction:

one serving

- 2-3 ounces white rum
- ⅓ of a ripe, medium-sized honeydew melon, peeled and cubed
- 3 ice cubes

Blend rum and melon on high speed till frothy. Add ice cubes to blender and blend till ice is just crushed. Do not blend too long.

G. and F.'s Tip: Add a dash or two of Grenadine before blending.

(Continued on page 152)



Cher



Top pullover for pants

TOPS

for summer

The best summer tops in black and white—two of the best colors for summer. And for Cher who has the sultry, knockout looks to really turn them on. More Cher on the next two pages and on a new album, "Dark Lady," due later this month.... Oversized, *left*—a super black top with big, big sleeves—to plop over a bikini, short shorts. And bare tanned legs. By Anne Klein, of Nandel acrylic. About \$60. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Swanson's; Makoff; I. Magnin. Perfect summer sweater, *above*; black-and-white striped pullover that's extra long, extra lean. What goes with it: an extra long, extra lean midriff—like Cher's—and black pants. Sensational! Sweater: Karen and Sherrie for Sherena for Traina International, of acrylic. About \$34. At Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny; Makoff. Cher's hair, these four pages, Ara Gallant; makeup by Way Bandy. Accessories, both pages, on next to last page this issue.

Big top for a small bikini

AVEDON

Cher



The top bathing suit wrap

tops
for summer

Dynamite beach-dressing, *left*, with the newest beach top—a large fringed black shawl wrapped like a sarong over the best-fitting black strapless maillot—Cher loved it! By Calvin Klein. Maillot and shawl, of Antron nylon and Lycra (United Elastic fabric). About \$80, Saks Fifth Avenue; Neusteters. The cat's pyjamas!—the classic top, *right*—the wrap robe in black-and-white stripes sashed over black cotton pants—a pyjama you can put together yourself and be at home in all summer. Robe by Clovis Ruffin for Keyloun; of Arnel (Indian Head Knits). About \$45. Pants by Cinnamon Wear. About \$26. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Accessories, both pages, next to last page of this issue.





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



people are
talking about...

Nancy Kissinger

BY LORRAINE DAVIS

American women heard the wedding announcement on prime-time newscasts: Henry Kissinger is married. So discreet were the arrangements, so dignified had been the courtship that—though the United States Secretary of State has said that for three years *he* had been ready to take these vows—only those who knew the couple were sure of the name of the bride: Nancy Maginnes.

What kind of woman has this world-mover chosen to end his ten years of bachelordom and take on for him the duties of top diplomatic wife? It would be feckless to try to imagine a better choice. By birth, training, education, and experience, Nancy Maginnes Kissinger is superbly prepared, and she brings to her new role invaluable intelligence and spirit.

Facing an unknown situation with only the tiniest flick of apprehension (a girl doesn't sit for a top fashion photographer every day), Nancy Kissinger presented herself to the camera's eye with gravity and dignity, no false bridely flutters, much natural grace. The world knows that Mrs. Kissinger is nearly six feet tall and Mr. Kissinger is five-foot eight. Her figure, though well-proportioned (she says her weight varies in-and-out eight pounds), is unremarkable; her features are well drawn but not organized into classic beauty. There is some hint of sadness or wistfulness in her face; some clue that she has lived her youth and not laughed all the way. But her streaked-blond hair is thick and springing, her lashes long and curving, her hazel-green eyes so full of interest in her surroundings (while falling into useful poses, in her light, clear-head-tones voice she quizzed Richard Avedon about his equipment, his methods, his past sitters, his life) that she has a subtle inside-to-the-outside appeal.

Mrs. Kissinger does not "come on strong," she is not overwhelming anyone, she does not push. But neither does she retire, retreat, equivocate, nor avoid. Every question gets an answer; and every answer is serious, thought-about. Before all else an intellectual, with a brilliant grounding in history and philosophy, she could put into one of-course-it's-obvious sentence why she married Henry: "He *does* have an excellent mind." Her husband can't chat at the dinner table about his day at the negotiating table ("That's classified information, after all"), but they can and do discuss the history that led to those negotiations and the goals he is negotiating toward.

Henry Kissinger in his wife's view is a warm, almost ebullient man with an intensive interest in other people. As much as the ideas that occupy them both, he cares about the human beings affected by those ideas. He talks with animated curiosity to foreign minister and road-paver alike: "No matter what you say to him, he finds it important." Mrs. Kissinger said, "I know that some people find Henry arrogant; they say that he is an egomaniac. Well, he *does* have a *great deal* of self-confidence; but you can always disagree with him. He will listen to you, as long as you have a knowledge of where you want to go. I don't think you *could* disagree with a real egomaniac."

Self-knowledge means much to Nancy Kissinger. She met Henry when they both worked for New York's former Governor, Nelson Rockefeller, and got to know Kissinger well during the 1968 campaign. But there was nothing impulsive, across-a-crowded-room about this romance between an Established, all-advantages, Epis-

copalian lawyer's daughter and the son of German-Jewish immigrants: "It just grew," she said. "It takes time for two people to get close to each other. Everybody knows [just a sprig of rue here] how old I am. I waited a long time to marry, but this was the right time for me. Marriage could have been disastrous any earlier." This right-time bride celebrated her fortieth birthday two weeks after her marriage to a divorcé then fifty years old. Maturity surely adds to her evident appreciation of Dr. Kissinger's children—Elizabeth, fifteen, and David, twelve—who live with their mother, also remarried. "I was touched," she said, "by how pleased the children seemed by our marriage. Of course, they knew me. It might have been different had I been a stranger." Occasionally, in the past, the Secretary of State's choices of female companions did seem if not strange at least lightly considered; but, of the passage of various starlets and newlets, Nancy said: "They were all interesting people. They're friends." Top-level diplomacy.

Top-level tact, top-level consideration for others, and a thoroughly ladylike refusal to "complain or explain." Nothing in her past now appears as a problem. Almost the only mishap Nancy will discuss is her failure to complete her doctoral thesis. So much time has slipped by that other writers have gobbled up her subject. Since she doesn't, as she said, want her obituary to read "Eighty-year-old Ph.D. candidate dies," she will have to begin work on a new topic, which will be drawn from French history. Though her family background is English-Scotch-Irish, she found English history too linear to be interesting. "France," she said, "went this way—" and the long, graceful fingers moved in one of her few gestures, inscribing the air with a wavy twist. "Only France had a Talleyrand," she said with a sparkle that included a dimple in her right cheek.

An earlier mishap, an injury that kept her from her loved horseback riding for a while, was responsible for the burgeoning of her second interest: music. She enrolled at the Manhattan School of Music; studied piano, voice, harmony; gained the knowledge that backs up her present passions: "I'm an opera nut."

Clearly a person to whom "lazy" is pejorative, Nancy has worked in Nelson Rockefeller's office since 1968 and during her graduate studies functioned as a teacher at every level from fourth grade through college. The teacher's life seems to attract this wife of former college-professor Kissinger, but for the present she will pack her job for the Commission on Critical Choices for America (she specializes in foreign-policy matters) along with her as she globalizes with Henry. "My boss, Nelson Rockefeller, doesn't nag," she said. "You could go to the Arctic and write your report while riding a dogsled, as long as you got it done. I can work anywhere."

A bride of a few weeks can be allowed such optimism, along with her conviction that she *will* find a Washington house, preferably to rent and with furniture *in situ*, that will suit. That Henry has in his office Abstract Expressionist works (on loan from New York's Museum of Modern Art) when she longs for Impressionist paintings ("no hope of buying a really good one now") or that he would favor the Marcel Breuer kind of furniture while she cares not at all for that style causes her no qualms. "It's not important," said this clear-brained woman who obviously knows what is. And she is in charge of her life. "Events affect you, but I believe you can control your life, if you have a knowledge of yourself and can test yourself through change."

MRS. HENRY A. KISSINGER

This wife wears no wedding ring. "I know I'm married—and so does everybody else. I felt that if we did have a ring, we should choose it together; and had we done that, I wouldn't have had a private wedding."

people are talking about...

The Dance Theatre of Harlem, our first Black classical troupe, and its sensation-triggering on-Broadway debut season. Audiences blew their minds at the spectacular balletics, very Bolshoi, in war-horse *Le Corsaire* and stood up cheering at choreographer-composer-designer Geoffrey Holder's *Douglas*: fabulous, elegant bodies, near nude and/or fantastically costumed (right, a typical Holder sketch—huge white skirts, firehouse-red ornamented—on women and men; below, *Douglas* in action) moving magnificently to the relentlessly sexy ritualistics of drums spiked by flutes.

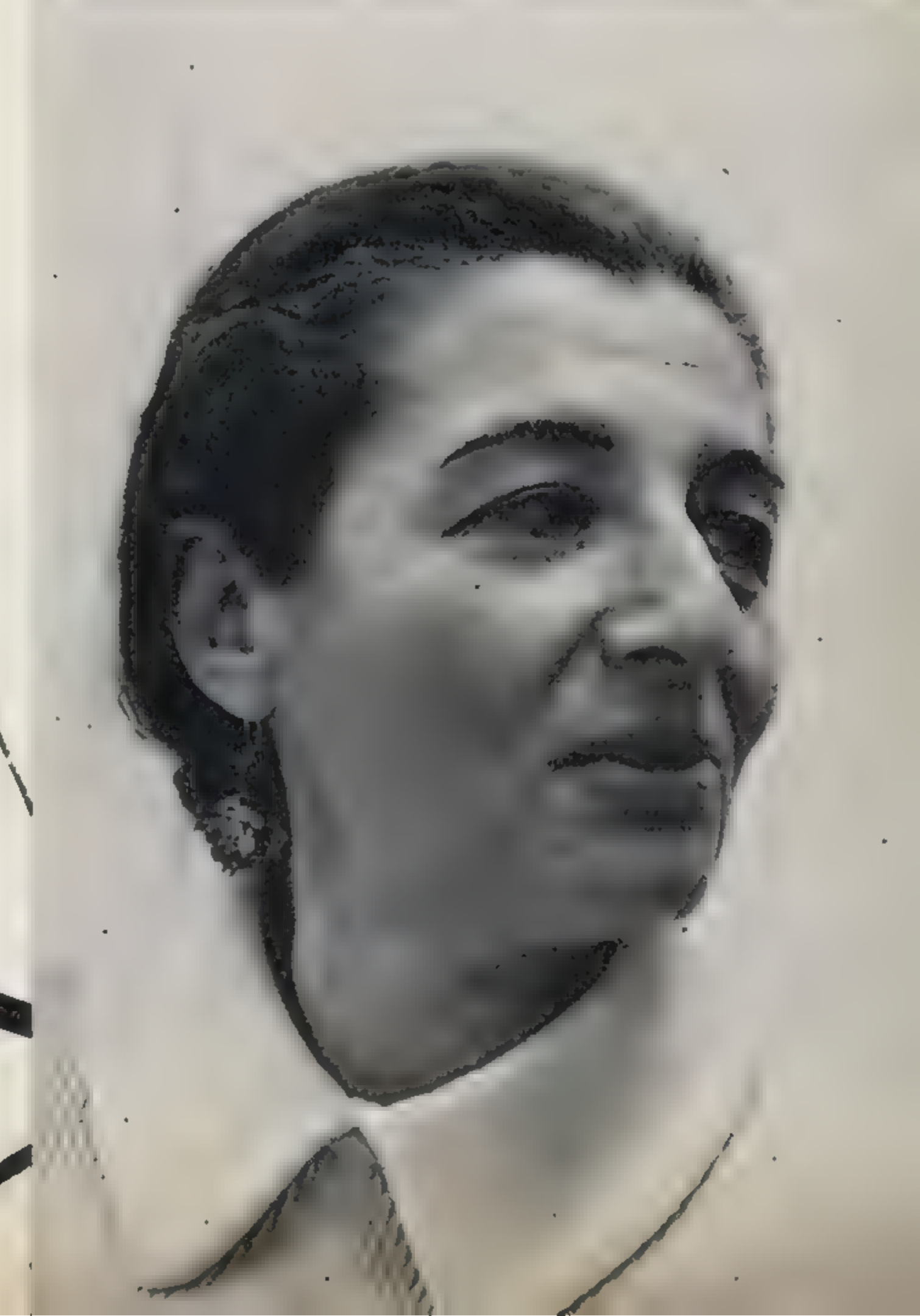


DUANE MICHALS

"Girls and their mothers ought to have an intimate experience—touching, feeling, wiring computers, learning to repair a car. This... would change women's feeling that technology is a big male monster." Laya Wiesner (below right) and Edith Ruina (below left) reported this observation from their Massachusetts Institute of Technology workshop on "Women in Science and Technology." No surprises: it's discrimination all the way. But revelation did come to Edith and Laya. Concerned only about the 50 percent of human brainpower not being used by science, they stumbled right into the unknown-to-them Women's Movement: "entrenched, growing, and exciting."



MARTHA SWOPE





The Negro Ensemble Company was an improbable dream seven years ago. Now, some 27 plays later, its production of *The River Niger* won a Tony for Best Play of the 1974 season, and coming up: NEC's first production for TV, its teary-laughy *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men* (ABC). Left: NEC's mainspring, Douglas Turner Ward, artistic director, principal actor (a monument of a man with a voice more moving than Olivier's and an acting technique which puts him right up there), surrounded by NEC forces: actors, technicians, administrators, teachers, a board member—a sampling of skills, powers that sustain the dream, make it triumphant, helped train some 4,000 would-be-in-the-theater, no-tuition people. Great hope: to move from its Off-Off-Broadway housing to space it desperately needs. Says Ward, "What we want to do is just keep on keeping on."



For years, Richard Adams (left) was a civil servant, becoming chief of the Clean Air Division of England's Department of the Environment. Then he wrote his first novel, *Watership Down*, "the rabbit book," after telling it to his little daughters. Agents, publishers turned it down, finally a modest man-of-letters English publisher took it. Now it's best-selling internationally; and Adams, a compact, intensely civilized man, deeply religious, has finished his second novel, *Shardik, the Power of God*. In this mystical, fantastical, miraculously natural book, a bear is believed to be God.



That's Entertainment! is 130 minutes of film exhilaration, an all-singing, all-sweet-talking, all-dancing panorama of the Hollywood musical heyday as invented by MGM from 1929 to 1958. What do you get? Joys culled happily from some 100 movies and arranged dazzlingly in themed segments, each narrated by appropriate stars, eleven of them: Fred Astaire (that's him, above, with flip-hip partner Eleanor Powell in *Broadway Melody of 1940*) to Liza. Surprise: James Stewart telling how nonmusical comedy stars had to go musical: he did in *Born To Dance*.

PHOTO COPYRIGHT © 1974, METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, INC.



Kelly Garrett (right) has a singing voice like a natural force: she can ghost a sound into a roar of music. And that's why this midnight-haired beauty is the surprise hit of Sammy Cahn's *Broadway Words and Music*. Says Kelly, who got there on the nightclub, TV up-path, "Romantic songs are coming back. People today are really interested in what's being said. Loud music is passé."



KEITH TRUMBO

MARTHA SWOPE

People are talking about... Parapsychology and the burgeoning canniness about the uncanny, now gone rigorously scientific what with academe rife with research into psychic healing, clairvoyance, telepathy, psychokinesis, precognition. The National Institute of Mental Health and the Defense Department, both Washington, D.C., have put hard cash on the dowsing line, hoping for answers to questions about psychiatric disorders such as schizophrenia or to make common working sense of "seemingly authentic psychic phenomena" at the Stanford Research Institute. Meanwhile back at the White House....

People are talking about... *Lord Richard's Passion*, Mervyn Jones's (he's master Freudian scholar Ernest Jones's son) quietly written novel of the way high-borns lived, loved, lost, and politicked in late-Victorian, pre-Kaiser's War England. The most romantic novel in years, it's positively therapeutic. No brats vomiting pea soup, and the only blood you hear about is true blue to royal purple.... Knight Education, Inc., a downtown L.A. mite of a shop that—from a backlog of about 9,000 LP's, tape cassettes—can smooth, maybe even help solve, root concerns such as *How To Generate Love Energy*, *Music To Grow Plants By*, *Getting To Know the Ghosts in Your Home*.

People are talking about... The surge to dealing in art privately, with a vanguard of Manhattan entrepreneurs closing their galleries and setting up to handle sales without the formalities of big show-and-sell. Our woman on the Saturday Route reports, "Very clique-y, private dealing. You're in trouble if you're not an 'in' person."... Laura Antonelli, a cool-hot Italian movie-screen beauty. In *Malizia* she has a touch of Alida Valli's class, makes the blatant hokey-pokey miraculously worthwhile even when chasing about a Sicilian apartment in the buff.

People are talking about... The probable insights, possible revelations on the upcoming, June 5, ABC-TV one-hour news (very) special *Kissinger: An Action Biography*. ABC news crews traipsed along with Dr. Henry—Middle East, Moscow, even turned up in honeymoon Acapulco.... A sleeper thriller-novel, *The Sunday Woman*, written by Carlo Fruttero and Franco Lucentini, a brace of sly-eyed, witty Italian writers hitherto unknown in the U.S.A., who take the social structure of Turin, in north Italy, swizzle it merrily until it froths with treacheries, trickeries, and murder most fascinating... Industrial Archaeology, a legitimate busybody hobby now booming into an international endeavor, with the hunt on for old, old "business" structures such as post offices, factories, stables, depots, warehouses, frequently yielding genuine architectural beauty, almost always yielding superbly fashioned bits and pieces—hardware, brickwork, beams.

People are talking about... Graffiti as eulogized in *The Faith of Graffiti*, a good-looker picture book of the flamboyant scribbles, scrawls on New York transport and walls. Hymns Norman Mailer in his text, "Graffiti is the expression of tropical peoples living in a monotonous, iron-gray and dull brick brown environment, surrounded by asphalt and concrete and clangor.... Graffiti is the expression of the ghetto."... The New Woman's approach to restroom labeling, as indicated by the way it was done at a tenth-grade girls'-school dance: one door declared WOMEN; the other, BOYS.... Maggie Bell, from Scotland, and her lullingly wild Glasgow way with a song. Rock-to-ballads-to-blues, she's ringing them out starrier and starrier on her current U.S.A. tour, her debut album, *Queen of The Night*.... *Zandy's Bride*, a memory-bank movie, as accurate and touching as a family album. In this one, Gene Hackman, a Big Sur pioneer, mail-orders his bride—Liv Ullmann—and all is made into True Cinematic Art by director Jan Troell who knows precisely what to put into our melting pot and exactly how to mix it.

People are talking about... The most johnny-come-lately compliment: "You're clonable!" Some scientists claim that cloning is definitely possible, and that means you can be reproduced exactly and in duplicate and that the next generation can have fifty of you if you are that spectacular, I mean clonable. —LEO LERMAN

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ROBERT REDFORD





ROBERT REDFORD

The fans screamed,
"We want Redford!"
Here he is

BY LIZ SMITH

In the cinema *smörgåsbord* currently offered up by *The Sting*, *The Great Gatsby*, and—soon to be seen—*The Great Waldo Pepper*, the living-doll centerpiece, "ham-what-am" with pineapple chunks, is an improbably authentic American hero named Robert Redford. This paradoxical paradigm doesn't smoke, seldom drinks, and—in the view of his legion of admirers—is inconsiderately, inappropriately, and inexplicably faithful to his wife. (The same one he started with fifteen years ago.) But it is not the private Redford who makes mouths water. It is the movie-star fantasy flickering-in-the-dark Redford. If some actors indeed look good enough to eat, then Redford is the Butter Crunch ice-cream sundae that starved-for-stars fans have been waiting for since Paul Newman peaked.

As idol-star-hero, Robert Redford is neither the tragedy F. Scott Fitzgerald asked to show us nor the bore Emerson predicted all heroes to be at last. He is simply a tough, tender, controlled, handsome (but not too pretty) man of action and a very good actor with lots of sensitive thought hiding deep in those blueing-bottle eyes. American women, increasingly inured to male propaganda, turned off by *machismo*, and self-conscious about reverse sex symbolism or object-making, are no longer the screamer-fainters of the Valentino days nor the jumper-touchers of the Kennedy era. But still, there is a vast, accumulating, significant, sighing, souging hero-worshipping wind in the land. The signs are all there—in the publicity stampede that sometimes happens but can never be manufactured . . . in the "what is he really like" question put to anyone who might know . . . in the unmistakable crinkle of inflated currency at the box office where marquees bear Redford's now-magic name. It all spells STAR! in a time when stars and heroes are in even shorter supply than happy headlines.

James Cagney, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable were all he-men other men didn't have to resent. Redford, too, fits the rugged iconoclastic masculine image that makes him a suitable myth for both sexes; one part of the audience seeing him as a fantasy projection of the attractive male self and the other part of the audience desiring him. The magic is as old as the magic lantern. A link in the strong bond created between the Star (who gives each film a concentrated interest) and the audience. Like Gable, Redford comes "ready-made and unanimously elected by the people." He answers some deeply felt human need for a beautiful, but not-too-beautiful, hero.

The essence of true stardom, they say, resides in those who really want it. Redford is a true star who seems not to care so much. He has an assured God-given talent, having turned with facility from serious post-college attempts to be a painter to acting—because it just felt "natural."

Aside from a brief hard stint, with a working pregnant wife in a one-room walk-up, he began early to make contact with his bitch goddess. Three flop plays led to a hit, *Barefoot in The Park*; and he took the trip west to repeat his performance on film. From then on, there were some not-so-great movies but nothing like the credits that live on to shame many actors.

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid made Redford a big name. He appeared in that movie out of a sinister dusk, to place a gun in the beautiful belly of Katharine Ross and to order her, through his quincey-colored moustache, to disrobe. Since then, Redford has been burning up female imaginations. His preoccupation in offering a number of thoughtful *oeuvres* based on the dangers of winning or surviving (*The Downhill Racer*, *The Candidate*, *Jeremiah Johnson*) failed to damage his image as every woman's secret golden boy. By the time he got around to reaffirming what had been so dashing and sexy in *Butch Cassidy* and showing (Continued on page 146)

Top-pop, folk-it, gently rock-it Carly Simon's got a baby, Sarah Maria; she's also got a new album, *Hotcakes*, of her songs, in her world-famous, honey-thick voice. Carly's strictly a '70's woman: she's in love with her husband (top-pop James Taylor—he's currently concert-touring such star-stops as the Nassau Coliseum, there now, June 1); in love with her home, her child (Sarah Maria was three months old when Richard Avedon took this photograph, right), her work. At thirty, Carly's mellowed into very, very special success as woman and artist. Her songs were always as direct and honest as her brilliant blue eyes, but she sang misery and neurotic self—all 5'9" of her: now she hasn't . . . got time for the pain/ . . . for the pain/Not since I've known you. . . .*

"Now I'm happy about being happy." About Sarah Maria: "She's a music baby. When she was two days old, her face lit up as if she recognized the song being played on the radio: it was 'Mind on My Man,' from *Hotcakes* which I'd been recording until my ninth month! Now James is rehearsing, at home, for his concert tour: she really listens. Baby's so incredible, I don't mind boring people, talking about her."

—LEO LERMAN

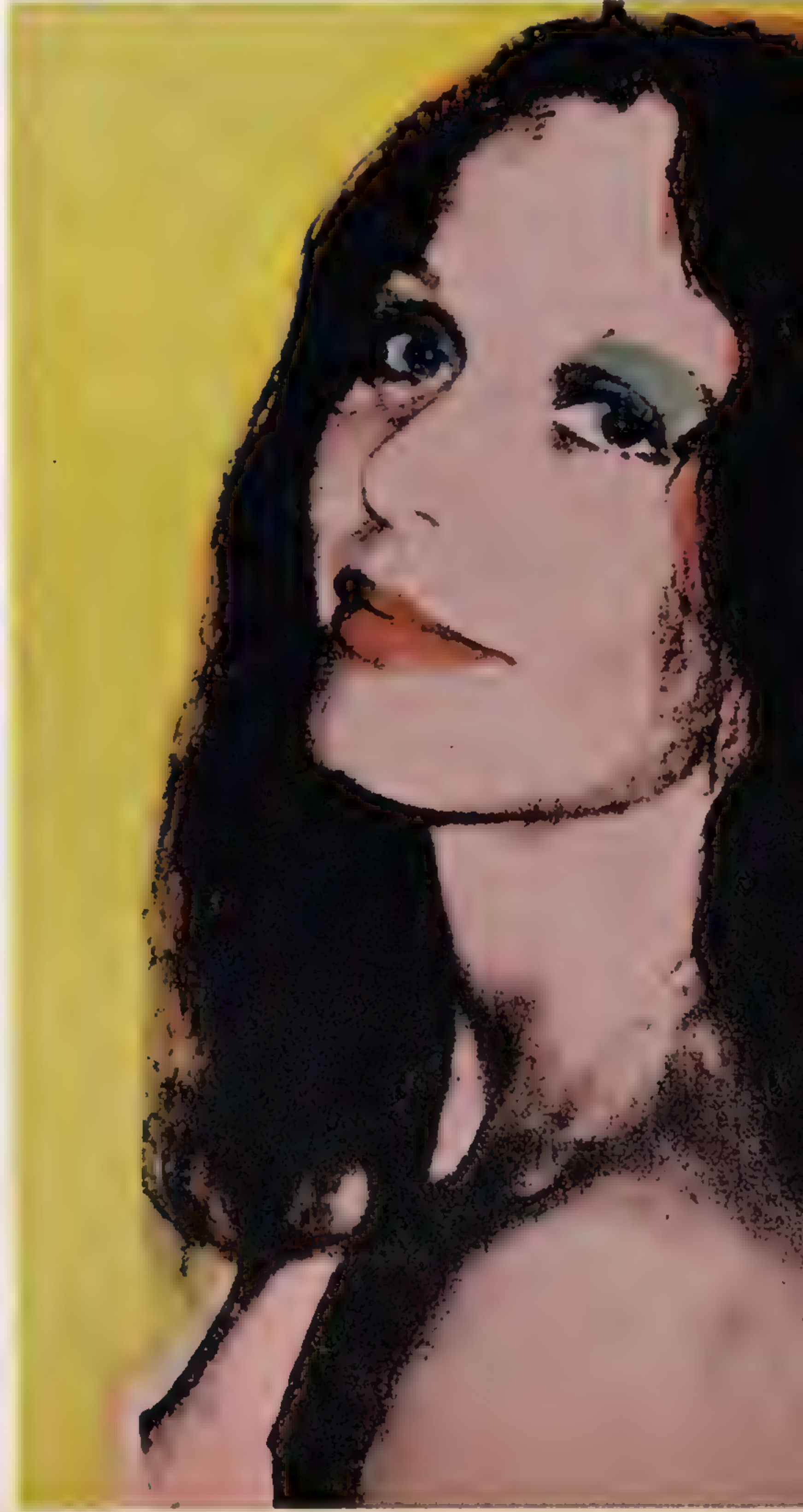
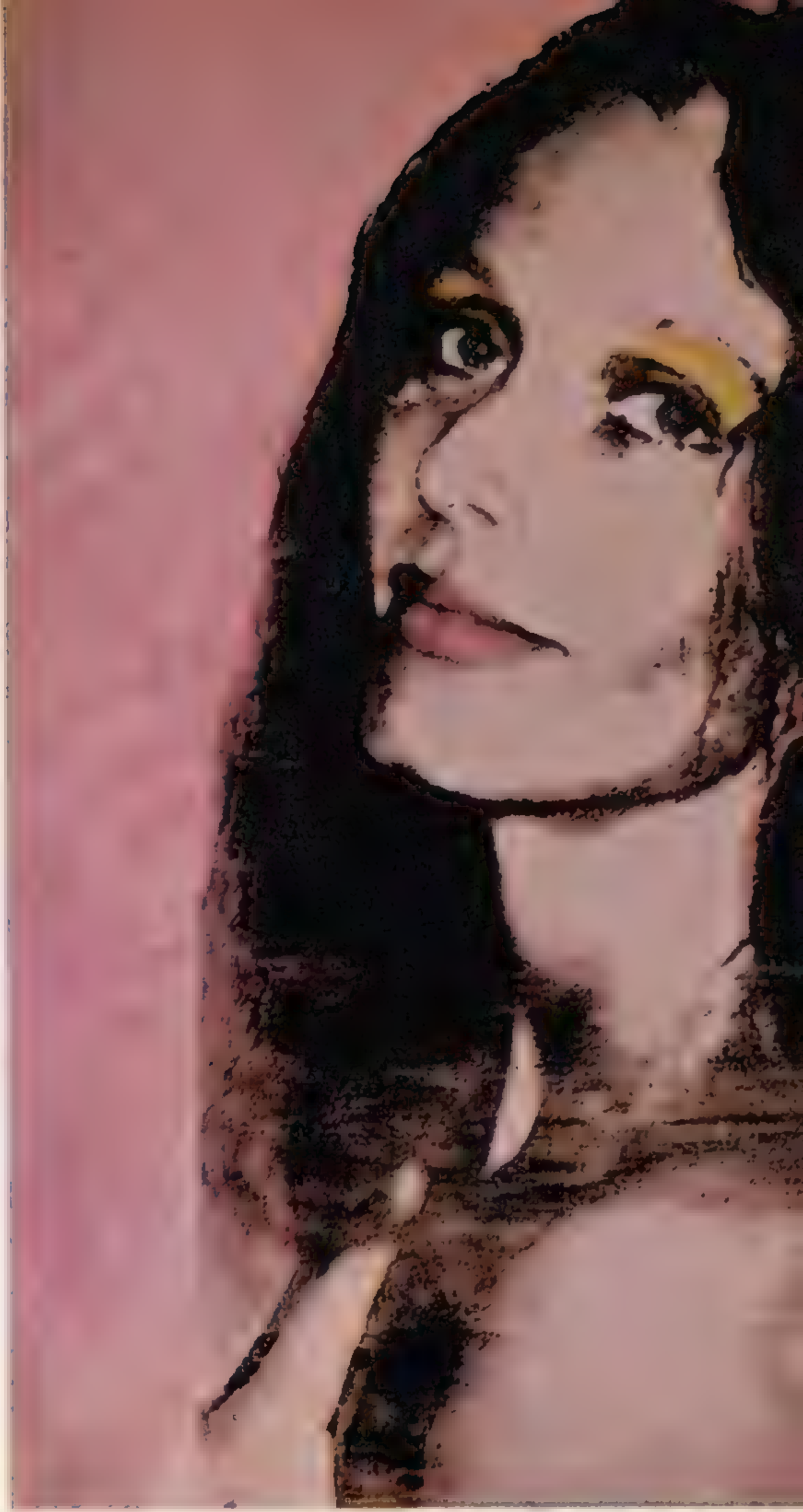
*Haven't Got Time For The Pain
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THE BIG SING-OUT

MOTHER CARLY SIMON AND BABY SARAH MARIA





ANDY WARHOL'S AMERICAN WOMEN

The painter who invented a startling new kind of portrait shows us ourselves—in redoubled reality

Every age has had its society portrait painters who documented the fashions in beauty, dress, and decor of their times. Most were as quickly forgotten as their subjects. But some were among our greatest artists: Rubens and Van Dyck, Gainsborough and Reynolds, and, later, Goya and Renoir painted rich, fabulously dressed aristocrats and coquettes whose physical beauty augmented the sensual appeal of radiant color and technical brilliance.

The idea of painting flattering portraits of rich, beautiful women today is considered the ultimate decadence by contemporary arbiters of taste, who demand that art be difficult, unpleasant, and usually ugly—the better presumably to jolt the viewer into recognizing the vileness of the moment. So despite their popularity with the mass public, Andy Warhol's deliberately ingratiating and blatantly pretty portraits have their share of detractors who might applaud the same pastel tints and pleasing formats among abstractionists like Walter Darby Bannard or Jules Olitski, but find them deplorably chic in Warhol.

Like the photograph from which Warhol makes a silk screen that transfers the enlarged image to canvas, Andy's portraits never lie. If the subject is a vacuous, narcissistic jet-setter, the portrait somehow conveys these qualities. Whatever the character of the sitter, Warhol manages to capture it. For example, Brooke Hopper, daughter of Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullavan, former wife of Dennis Hopper and mother of three, combines in actuality the dreamy distraction and worldly sophistication Warhol portrays. (In Los Angeles, where she lives in a house filled with paintings by Stella; by Warhol, Lichtenstein, and other Pop artists; and memory-stirring objects—street lamps, signs, French café doors, Mexican folk art—lovingly collected, Brooke is known as a wry wit and an early supporter of the California art scene.)

"Let's bring back the 'sixties quick," Warhol said recently, "so we can go ahead again." As part of his revival of portraiture, Warhol has returned to the venerable old technique of hand painting. Unlike his anonymous, mass-produced silk-screen paintings of the 'sixties, Warhol's new portraits are embellished with flourishes of bravura painting—perhaps a portent that the old values like intimacy and individuality Warhol once mocked are about to be revived as well. As for Andy himself, one has the impression that at last he has realized a lifelong ambition. As usual for Andy, the ending is ironic. The son of a Pittsburgh steelworker, he rode the media wave to celebrity, has become the hero of his own Horatio Alger soap opera. Surrounded by everything nice money can buy in his elegant new brownstone town house, Andy is now what he always dreamed of being: a trim, well-groomed dandy, the greatest society portrait painter of a mass age that questions the very existence of high society.

When asked why he had abandoned the soup-can still lifes that made his fame, Pop painter, filmmaker, publisher Andy Warhol—now a sort of court painter to American monarchs—said: "My portraits are my still lifes." He began his series of many-faced, money-backed portraits in the early 1960's, using a novel technique involving photography, screen-printing, and painting, with multiple images of the subject: His study of Marilyn Monroe has twenty-five color pictures and twenty-five black-and-white pictures—fifty faces of Marilyn on one panel. Warhol's early movie-star subjects also included Liz Taylor; Ethel Scull, Dominique Domino, Mrs. John Powers, Phillip Johnson, and Yves Saint Laurent later were among the commissioners of portraits. These also are done with multiple images, but each is a separate painting, the group to be arranged as the owner wishes. At left, Andy's doubled-double images of Brooke Hopper, four 20" x 20" silk-screened-and-painted canvases.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



One GOAL



These people, with eight hundred colleagues, are aimed in the same direction: they are all volunteers at New York's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and joined in the Center's struggle with just one disease

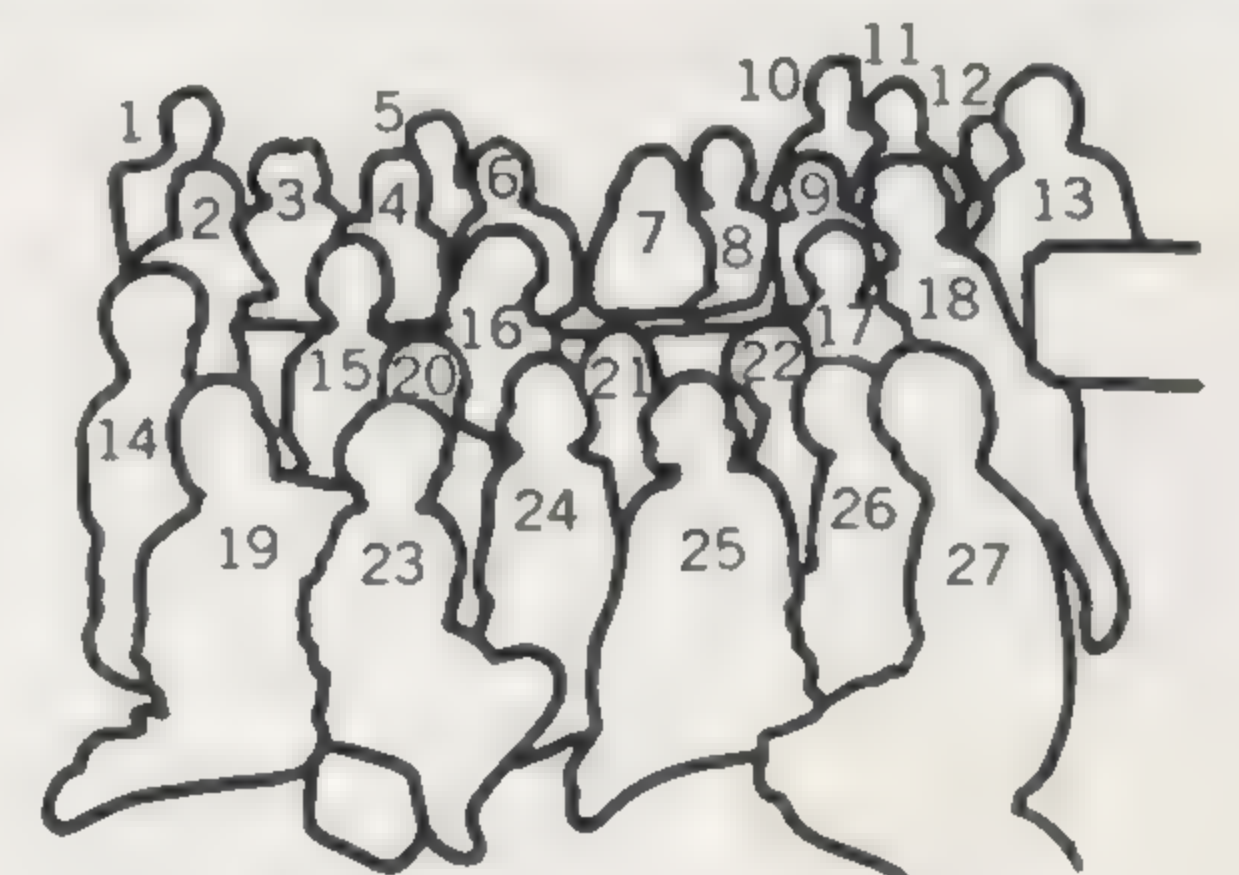
A billion free hours a year? That may be an *underestimate* of what millions of volunteers give to America's hospitals each year. America's first volunteer workers were pioneer women, helping poor or sick neighbors. Volunteers ran settlement houses and provided health care for immigrants in the late 1800's, drove ambulances in World War I. Organized groups of volunteers provided almost all of the help available to the ill and needy until the Depression years, when the Government and private agencies entered the field with paid workers; then volunteers were left to do fashionable busy-work.

Now, all that has changed. Major health-care organizations can no longer afford to pay enough staff for their growing needs. Women volunteers are once again a force in our country. Nowhere is this more striking than at New York's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center—the largest comprehensive cancer center in the world. The twenty-seven volunteers—women and men—here are representative of more than eight hundred (mostly women) who volunteer, becoming partners in the Center's effort to conquer just one devastating disease—cancer. This focus on a single problem gives their work a unique sense of purpose—and their dedication aids in the solution of the medical problem. Many cancer-hospital patients are very dejected; the spirit of the volunteer staff gives them hope.

Some of the volunteer team work at Sloan-Kettering Institute, renowned for cancer research; some, at the new Memorial Hospital with its inspired delivery of care: shorter waiting time for admittance; *no* wards, only single and double rooms, each with its own bathroom; more and more thought for the privacy of each patient. The volunteers, in part, raise enormous sums of money, and they bolster the Center's life in dozens of situations, unburdening doctors, nurses, laboratory staffs, special technicians, even administrators—all leading to the relief of patients. What volunteers do is staggering.

Shown in the general angiographic room of the department of diagnostic radiology at the Center:

1. Mr. Locke McLean
2. Mrs. Laurance S. Rockefeller
3. Mrs. Walter A. Nicholls
4. Mrs. Paul Sherlock
5. Miss Mildred Custin
6. Mrs. Evelyn Laskoe
7. Mrs. Charles N. Breed
8. Mrs. Kerryn King
9. Mrs. Percy L. Douglas
10. Mr. Lyman Clardy
11. Mrs. John Bourke
12. Mrs. John Winsko
13. Mrs. George Hyam
14. Mrs. Clyde M. Newhouse
15. Mrs. Robert McKinney
16. Mrs. Howeth T. Ford
17. Mrs. Thayer Gilpatric
18. Mrs. Guy G. Rutherford



19. Mrs. Walter B. Delafield
20. Mrs. Marilyn T. Graves
21. Mrs. John R. Fell
22. Mrs. Walter Nelson Pharr
23. Mrs. J. Frederic Byers III
24. Mrs. Randolph B. Marston
25. Mrs. Thomas L. Kempner
26. Mrs. Thorburn Rand
27. Mrs. Harmond L. Rimmel

BY ANITA LOOS

Whether it's a censored seven-second kiss or unlimited porno-gyrations, you always need a sense of humor

SEX can make a dunce of you



EDITOR'S NOTE: "Sex is a great, big cosmic joke," says Anita Loos. It's certainly kept her laughing all the way—from bank to safe-deposit box to Paris couturiers. Her sharp-penned portrait of a featherweight gold-digging flapper, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, as it success-hopped from book (over sixty editions in thirteen languages) to play to Broadway musical to Marilyn Monroe movie and back to Broadway with Carol Channing, has shown that a sly wink at American mores may rival diamonds as "a girl's best friend." This chapter is from Miss Loos's second book of memoirs, *Kiss Hollywood Good-by*, to be published next month by The Viking Press.

When we children used to toddle forth to play on the cobblestones of San Francisco, we only had to dodge trolley cars, horse drawn vehicles, and bikes, since automobiles weren't yet in existence. Now we can watch a motor car as it ambles across the moon. The mores of our sex life have zoomed along just as dizzily, and whether they're forging ahead or in reverse might best be answered in terms of Hollywood.

In its heyday Hollywood reflected, if it did not actually produce, the sexual climate of our land. A screen love affair used to unfold chastely and without guile until it reached its climax in a kiss which, by a ruling of the Board of Censors, had quickly to fade out after seven seconds.

The lovers in those movies were products of the old American custom of men supporting women; so a girl's chief asset was the allure with which she disguised her normal acquisitiveness. That type reached its perfection in the gold diggers of the Twenties. Their technique might have been based on a theory that the most charming of all behaviorism lies in the canine species. Irving Thalberg used to tell me, "When you write a love scene, think of your heroine as a little puppy dog, cuddling up to her master, wagging an imaginary tail and gazing at him as if he were God."

It would be heartening if men no longer craved that sort of treatment. But men are weak and constantly need reassurance, so now that they fail to find adulation in the opposite sex, they're turning to each other. And today, much as girls look like boys, they flunk out on the solicitude men are developing for each other. Less and less do men need women. More and more do gentlemen prefer gentlemen.

The Women's Lib movement seems unconcerned by this loss of man-power, but I'm not convinced they really are. Women's Libbers look so frustrated; their expressions are grim; and the two leaders who are pretty are rapidly losing their looks.

I am perfectly willing to accept the sneer of being a "man-lover" with which Women's Lib brands characters like me. I could even laugh off the theft of my money by a loved one, because I'd already conceded that sex was a great big cosmic joke. I had even stated that fact in a book, the heroines of which were a blonde who got no fun out of the game and a brunette who took pleasure in giving money to a man who resented her (as mine did).

In 1925 when H. L. Mencken read the manuscript of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, he told me "I'd publish this in *The American Mercury*, but I don't dare to affront my readers. Do you realize, young woman, that you're the first American writer ever to poke fun at sex?"

We've come quite a distance since then. Not long ago, a foremost American author was asked in a TV interview, "What is your feeling about sex, Mr. Capote?" "Well," answered Truman, "it's rather like a sneeze."

I grant it can be powerful and sometimes impossible to smother, but one should still bear in mind that the aftermath of a sneeze may be nothing more than a damp Kleenex.

Not that falsified sex doesn't still have its protagonists. Norman Mailer, a less sturdy intellect than Capote, has written up his sensuous reactions to Marilyn Monroe in a book which reduces that literary "he-man" into a latter day Ella Wheeler Wilcox. But who can deny that the sort of permissiveness that Norman finds so "sweet" can quickly be soured by unwelcome pregnancy, morning sickness, drugs, V.D., divorce, and suicide.

Bernard Shaw, a much more brilliant intellect than Mailer's, was turned into a dunce when the erotic letters he wrote to sexy Stella Campbell led to a humiliating cat-and-dog fight.

Sex, on the other hand, didn't fool the sophisticated writer Ludwig Bemelmans, who once complained to me about a shattered romance. "That affair was sheer ecstasy until sex entered in. Sex ruins everything!"

Henrik Ibsen went on record to state, "My eventual wife and I will live on separate floors, meet only at meal time and address each other formally." But then the poor dolt went on to make a marriage that landed him in a sexual morass.

Immanuel Kant stated his warning about sex by writing "Philosophers don't marry."

To go back to an even earlier day, *The Song of Solomon* is the sexiest accolade ever written on that subject. But in his dotage Solomon collected seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines and even Our Lord got fed up with him. "Wherefore the Lord said 'I will surely rend thy kingdom from thee!'"

Consider an incident that might have taken place between Our Lord and Satan. "Look here," the latter might have complained, "you've gone ahead and created a whole universe and left me out of everything."

"Very well, Satan, what do you want?"

"Just let me handle sex."

The Lord agreed; Satan promptly brought about The Fall and then inaugurated disasters of every sort: in a notable instance he only required one sexy blonde to instigate The Trojan War.

That our popular art forms have become so obsessed with sex has turned the U.S.A. into a nation of hobble-de-hoys; as if grown people don't have more vital concerns, such as taxes, inflation, dirty politics, earning a living, getting an education, or keeping out of jail.

It's true that the French have a certain obsession with sex, but it's a particularly adult obsession. France is the thriftiest of all nations; to a Frenchman sex provides the most economical way to have fun. The French are a logical race.

At this time, when pornography has become international legal tender, other countries are turning it out for profit. One worthy example was a Scandinavian movie titled *Without A Stitch*, in which the heroine happens to be a film actress. And when required to perform a sex act on camera, she hesitates in deference to her family. "Don't worry, my dear," the director tells her, "this movie will never be shown in Scandinavia; it's made strictly for the American trade."

Sex attraction, being entirely a matter of chance, has to be accepted where one finds it. Frequently its victims have nothing else in common and the whole affair dwindles into a matter of chemistry. There's nothing colder than chemistry.

The farceur Goldoni, living in Venice during one of the world's most sensuous periods, gives sex a low rating, but wrote in pure rapture about the lifetime he shared with his wife, Nicolette. "She has been my comfort in every moment. She knows just when I want her to leave me alone."

The few successful marriages I've known were between intellectuals who could regard a biological urge with fantasy; married pairs like Aldous and Maria Huxley, Edwin and Grace Hubble, Robert and Madeline Sherwood. Aside from intellectuals, I've known extremely successful marriages between joke-lovers, such as the two adorable Park Avenue clowns, Minnie and Herbie Weston.

During the Twenties we flappers patronized a beauty parlor where a lady barber used to shave certain hirsute areas into the shape of either a heart or a derby hat (the emblem of Al Smith, a political idol of the day). Knowing Minnie Weston's love for jokes, I thought she'd have selected the design of Al's brown derby. She was shocked. "Why, I couldn't be so unromantic! I chose the heart-shape in honor of my Herbie!" Theirs was that most unique of all relationships; a sexy and happy marriage. Most middle-class marriages in America are doomed, through lack of either the fantasy or sense of humor that can cope with their ever-recurrent challenges; the anxiety, discomfort, apprehension, and general messiness of sex.

After Bernard Shaw had learned the bitter truth about his liaison with Stella Campbell, he penned a resumé on the subject, stating in effect: 'I would like to detach ecstasy from indecency. Shakespeare wrote in a sonnet about 'the expense of spirit in a waste of shame.' Lord Chesterfield made that oft-quoted declaration that 'the position is ridiculous, the pleasure momentary, and the expense damnable.'

"Ideally, sex should have no reaction of disgust; no love-turned-to-hate. But there is a pleasure in thought—creative thought—that is entirely detached from ridiculous and disgusting acts and postures. My suggestion is that the passion of the body will ultimately become a passion of the mind!"

The old boy optimistically went on to declare that such an advent is possible to foresee. Man knew about flight long before he could fly, why can't the power that produced him fashion a better creature than Man, just as it did eons ago when the monkey proved not up to the mark.

G.B.S. went on to quote Browning:

Progress is the law of Life
Man is not
Man as yet.

In *Back to Methuselah*, which Shaw considers his masterwork, he causes a learned Ancient to tell a young man, "One moment of the ecstasy of life

as I live it would strike you dead. . . . The day will come when there are no people but only thought. And that will be life eternal."

The history of mankind, as we know it, has occupied no more than a split second in the Cosmic Scheme. So, give or take a few more eons, why can't human beings attain a state of weightless ecstasy?

A bumbling attempt was made to illustrate that situation in a disastrous musical, *Via Galactica*, in which a bodyless head existed for thought alone. The bumbling consisted in the dreariness of the old man's thoughts and the unfairness of giving him a young rival who was too well equipped from the waist on down.

My own experience in sex turned a strong-willed character I had adored into a sick man. If only we'd remained sympathetic co-workers without the complication of marriage, no stranger would ever have addressed Mr. E. as "Mr. Loos," which made him try to strangle me.

The deepest and most enduring thrills of my lifetime were shared with men to whom I did *not* give in. In my romance with Viscount D'Abernon, his death intervened before we ever got together on that phony excuse of chasing down the paintings of Cranach.

Wilson Mizner and I have been kept apart by what I now realize to have been a heaven-sent impulse to play a practical joke. I admit that once in a while, thereafter, sex would rear its ugly head and Wilson would ask, "What are we going to do about each other, Mama Nita?" The answer, thanks to our lucky stars, was "Nothing." Wilson was rapidly ageing due to the wear-and-tear of dissipation; time would have been an invincible enemy, as it always has been, is now, and will forever be.

On a recent visit to Hollywood I discovered the extent to which sexuality has disappeared out there. Major studios which once harbored Mae West, Jean Harlow, and Cary Grant have become tourist-traps where busloads of shoddy voyeurs gape at relics of the past, purchase hot dogs, soda pop, bubble gum, and souvenir snippets of film.

At the Beverly Hills Hotel, the Polo Room (named in honor of Darryl Zanuck's once favorite sport) still harbors a few stars, both male and female, wearing the same surplus hair and slacks. They stride in like favorites of the Caesars in Alma-Tadema's noted painting but, now that movie production is at its nadir, their attitude seems to be one of shameful boasting, "Look at me! *I've got a job!*"

The Polo Room, however, is mostly a showcase for the hopeless, because the majority of super-stars are hiding out in the Hollywood hills, racing along the freeways on their Hondas, or taking even more hair-raising trips on LSD.

Studying film production of the present day, I come upon a mystery to which a clue has been supplied by the theories on foreign policy of Henry Kissinger. The mystery is that many of those scabrous, not to say diabolic, movies do not pay back even the small sums required to outfit actors in the nude at work in some rent-free shanty. Andy Warhol himself claims that the profits on his dirtiest film couldn't pay for a tiny diamond in the clasp of his idolized Paulette Goddard's necklace.

So now a chilling thought strikes me; are hard-core porno films secretly financed by our ideological enemies? Are they an element of psychological warfare in which innocent protagonists may not even realize that their youthful naughtiness is being used to destroy our moral fibre?

But whether this cynical thought is true or not, the forces of evil are now being challenged by a burgeoning cult among young people for old Hollywood films. Teenagers poisoned by the septic dandruff of *Hair*, or those who have copied the fashions of present day screen idols until they look like something left over from Halloween, will sit for half the night, glued to TV screens, watching the pretty stars of those old movies on *The Late Late Show*.

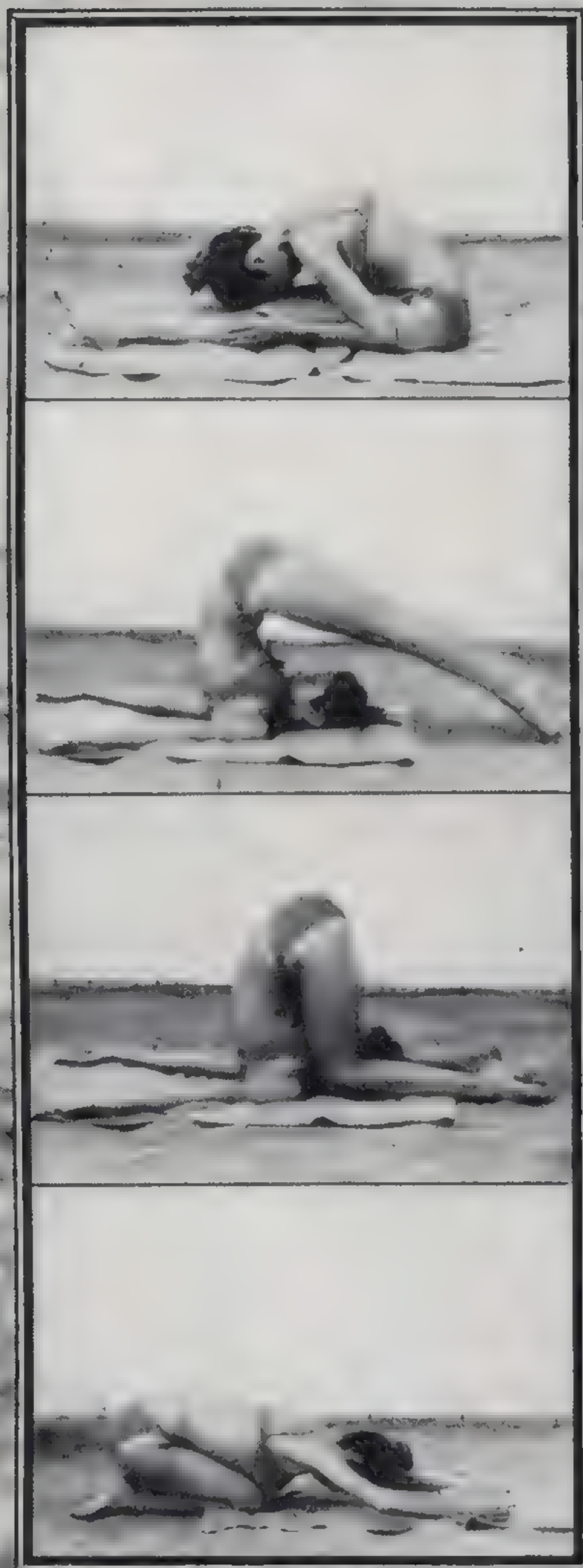
Young fry haunt the film theaters that specialize in ancient films. They crowd the projection rooms of The Museum of Modern Art. These kids spend their allowances on expensive picture albums that illustrate Hollywood's past. They are familiar with silent movie stars we oldsters have long since forgotten; they speak with warm nostalgia about Louise Glaum, Fay Tincher, and Slim Summerville. I am amazed when someone little more than a child informs me about an old cornball I wrote myself and have forgotten.

Recently at a gathering of The Association of Television Arts and Sciences a young writer asked me, "Miss Loos, could I interview you on that silent film you wrote for Douglas Fairbanks called *The Mystery of the Leaping Fish*?" I could only apologize that I'd forgotten it completely. "That may be a Freudian blackout," she chuckled. "It was a terrible flop." "Then why did you ever dig it up?" I asked. "Because it's one of the few old films that hasn't yet been analyzed in the Art maga- (Continued on page 146)

BREAK IT NOW

How to get in better shape

BY SHIRLEY LORD



Sydne Rome, an American actress living in Rome, demonstrates (left) the yoga positions she practices every day at 7 P.M., "first to unwind, then to gain energy for the evening ahead." First, sitting upright with legs straight, she bends forward with such momentum her legs swing back over her head to the ground behind (see second picture). Holding steady with arms stretched forward for balance, she slowly opens, then closes her legs before uncurling to the ground. To relax completely, Sydne uses the fourth position at the end of every yoga session. Resting on her heels, she slowly lowers her body to the ground, arms stretched wide, breathing deeply, evenly. correct breathing is all-important.



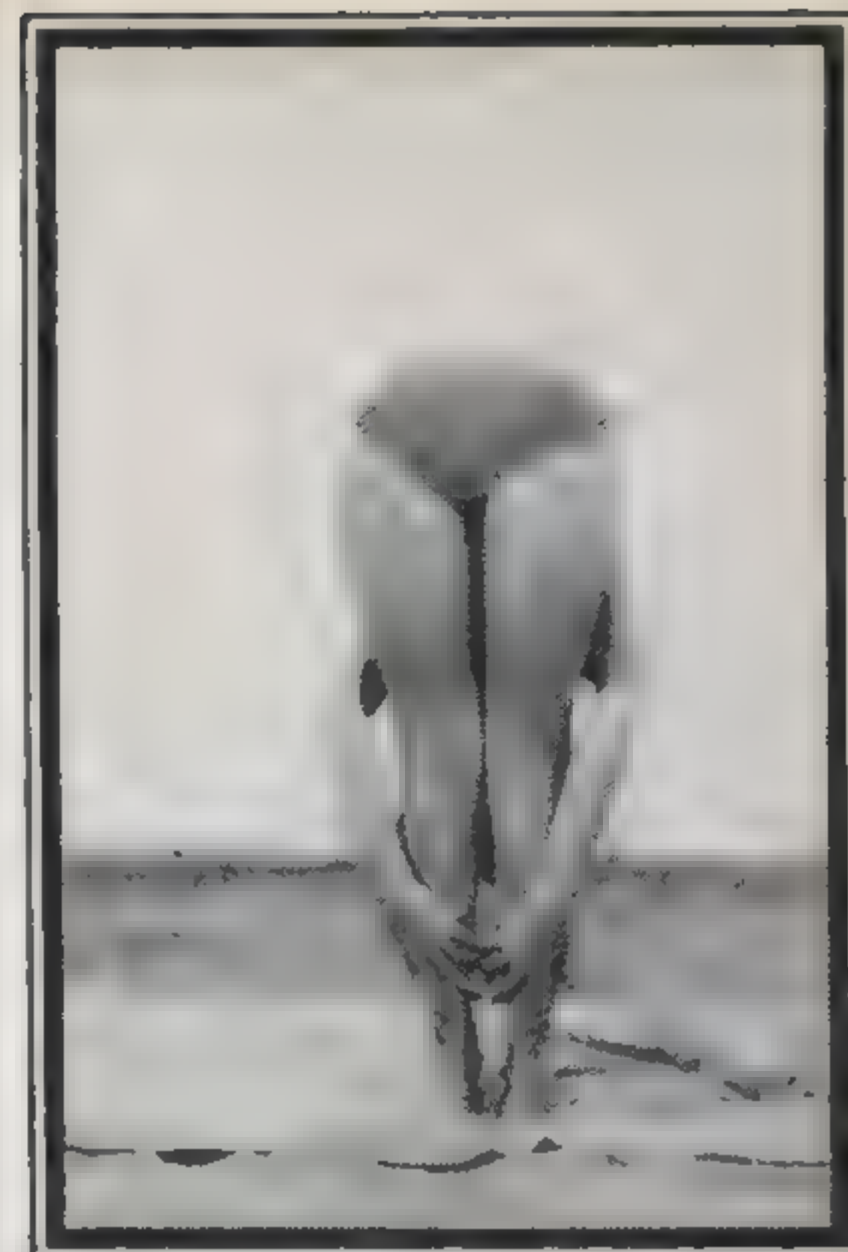
It isn't an empty promise. If you find an exercise method you really like and keep at it, great shape can be yours.

Exercise bores the leotards off many people—one reason that one in three of the adult population of this country is overweight; the other reason—people eat too much. No amount of exercise is going to produce a svelte shape without the right eating program, but when the two go together, they are formidable anti-fat weapons. To work well, exercise has to be regular, not a once-a-week act of martyrdom. There are many methods today, but we believe if you choose the type you like, there is much more chance you won't waste your time or money. This may mean an exercise that is in direct contrast to your usual life—gym or water exercises for the sedentary, yoga for the hassled and hustled, dancing classes for those who never seem to go dancing. . . . Mind over matter—for once your mental powers are engaged, physical results are bound to follow.

Using the great outdoors as a summer gym is one way to keep—or get—in shape. At left, vibrant Brazilian Sylvie de Waldner leaps off a catamaran to jog on the beach, then to swim—the best exercise of all. Below, Sydne Rome limbers up, interpreting yoga her own way this time from studies she made in California.



Sydne Rome starts (at right) to move into her favorite position . . . standing on her head (below)—the best circulation reviver of all, she says. . . . To prove it, she stands on her head every night without fail.



To be effective, exercise has to become as much a part of life as eating and sleeping. This can mean overthrowing the habits of years, stirring muscles that have grown so soft with disuse that they resemble lumps of flab. For those totally out of shape, going it alone is doomed to failure; supervision is essential. But which method to choose? Here we explore many of the excellent shape-making places, hoping to stop you from turning only mental somersaults. We hope instead you will start right away to **use your body** to gain the shape it deserves by "shopping" for an exercise class. Two guidelines: (1) If you laugh at yourself or others while exercising, you'll accomplish nothing. Laughter means you're too relaxed—your movements can't have the necessary thrust. (2) Pain is not the criterion. If a movement hurts, it isn't working properly . . . and exhaustion isn't the object of the exercise, either.

CAN BELLY DANCING HELP?

At Serena's Studio (138 W. 53rd St., New York), classes are graded into six standards, from beginner to special (for professional dancers). Belly dancing is an exercise when carried out here, the main purpose being alluring posture, graceful everyday movements. You may not lose inches (although it's possible), but Serena and her instructors show you how to hold yourself and move to look your best always.

CAN BALLET DANCING HELP?

At Pretty Body (18 W. 56th St., New York), all the instructors are dancers, delivering a program well balanced between passive and active. Some equipment is used (vibrating belts, Exercycles, weights and pulleys, hip rollers). Then ballet exercises, with muscles working in coordination with each other, not isolated movements as with calisthenics. At \$1.50 a visit, Pretty Body is more than pretty reasonable—but you have to sign on for a set time.

Active— at the gyms, it's you and the apparatus

One of the least boring forms of exercise is gymnastics, carried out in a well-equipped gym, supervised by experienced people, well used to introducing the novice to his or her first headstand or flight through the air on a flying trapeze. At the Alex and Walter Gyms (in New York and Los Angeles), a beginner hasn't time to feel a beginner for long. After a warm-up—stretching, jogging, touching toes—a coordination test is given to discover how good reactions are. Workouts are based on that test, sometimes starting with mat work, moving on—often at the first lesson—to trapeze swinging, backbends, and headstands, with the instructor always ready to hold you up until you can hold yourself up. Every movement helps the body to become more mobile, stronger . . . and shapelier. Best of all, an hour of gym moves at a fast pace and, to the surprise of many, it's fun. The pictures on the right were taken at Alex and Walter's new gym in Los Angeles, one of the best equipped and most beautiful in the U.S., with floor-to-ceiling glass walls taking in a view of the Pacific Ocean, whether you're viewing from upside-down or not.

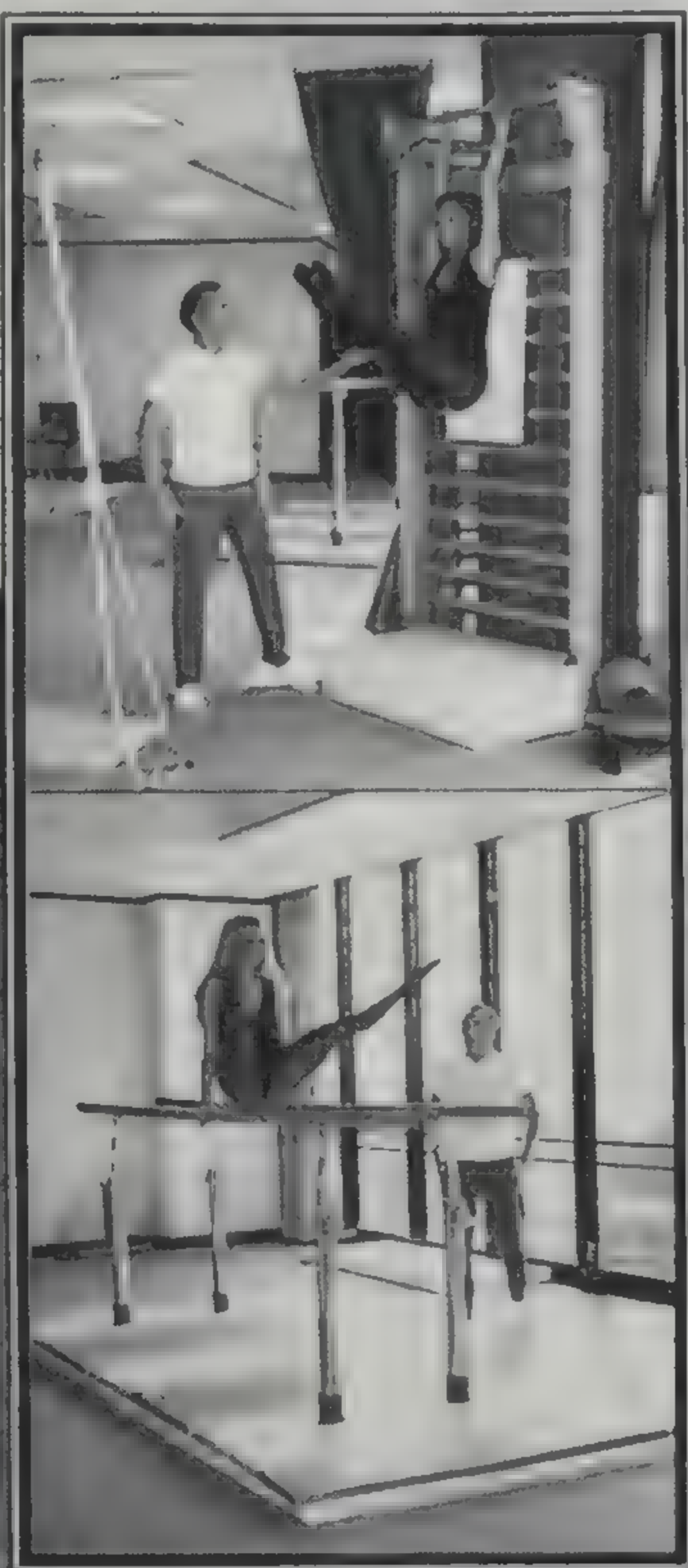
GYM HELPS TENSION, TOO

Gala Fitness (135 E. 55th Street, New York) is under the aegis of Larry Lorence, who believes tension is more responsible than people realize for poor shape. "Tension can cause incorrect breathing and cramped muscles—both of which exercise can amend." Age, weight, physical condition, and mental attitude are all taken into consideration before any exercises are set, and no one is ever pushed beyond projected capabilities. Larry's classes can—and often do—become indispensable.

SPORTING LIFE

To get the most benefit from gymnastics, it makes sense to keep limbering up between classes. Tennis is the sport most frequently recommended as the one to keep the body in good general condition — *providing it's played regularly — at least once a week.* It's good for posture and circulation, producing "trained" muscles, which in turn improve coordination, increase stamina.

An instructor is always near at hand, whatever the exercise. In the top picture, a pupil practices a stretching and lifting exercise on the stall bars devised to tone abdominal muscles. In the lower picture, a more advanced pupil works on the parallel bars, supporting herself with her arms as she swings high enough to open and close her legs in midair . . . all for coordination, improved leg shape, and balance.

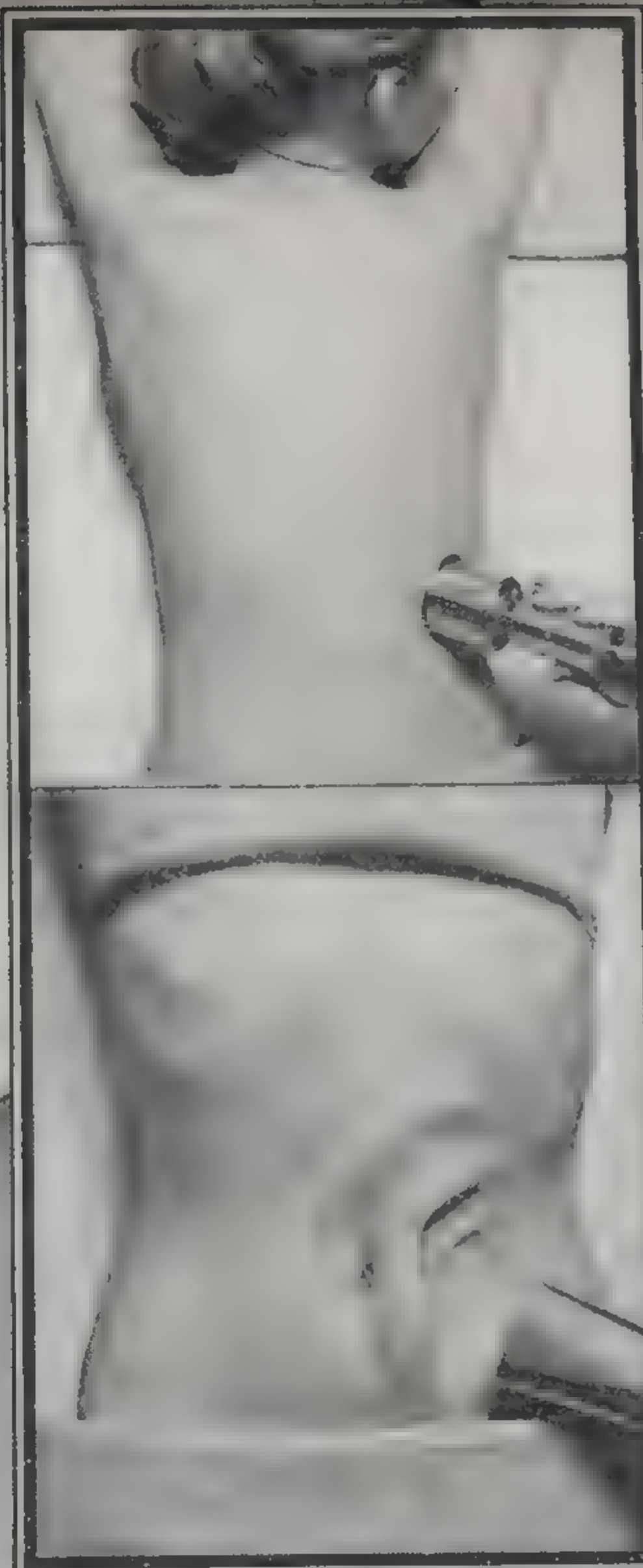


The headstand is a shortcut to better circulation—good for skin, stamina, even morale. Once the instructor moves away, the triceps (upper arms) are used for support—the bar shown is only there to help the pupils relax and so breathe correctly.

Passive—

with machines, the equipment does all the work

BEAUTY NOW



What Christine Valmy calls the Biotron-Activ looks like part of a vacuum cleaner—when its metal suction cup is applied on the skin with long firm strokes, it acts like one, drawing up excess fat and, she claims, loosening and breaking down fatty deposits (see top picture). Just above and in the picture on the left, you can see what a moving effect the Sonogyn Machine has on the skin, shooting out a high-powered, lukewarm air jet, about ten times stronger than any hand massage could be. Only the air, according to Miss Valmy, is used to break down hardened toxin accumulations and to stimulate blood circulation.

The Frimatron, imported from Europe by Christine Valmy, is a high-powered machine with brush attachments that rotate on the body to increase circulation. The rotating wooden balls seen in the picture below form part of another attachment with stronger action for the same purpose.



Classes, salons, spas, and studios offering *equipment* are not necessarily in the apparatus business. The two are far apart in the beauty language and qualified gymnasts are anxious to have them differentiated. Gym apparatus needs *your* muscles, *your* participation, *your* work for shape-making to happen. Equipment is usually the lazy way to shape—you lean against *it* in a certain way and *it* attempts to do something to you—mainly *deflating flab* by pummeling or causing pressure with hot-air jets. Whereas apparatus works only with manpower, equipment usually has to be plugged into electric current—one flick of the switch sets the machine in action against flab. Machine-minded body experts maintain that when water retention is responsible for bulges and flab, regular encounters with machines can help... *providing right diet is also on the agenda*. Christine Valmy, a great believer in equipment, recently imported many specific machines from Europe to "spot reduce" clients in a number of her salons. Our pictures were taken in New York; a full list of the machines' whereabouts can be obtained from her headquarters, 157 W. 57 St., New York.

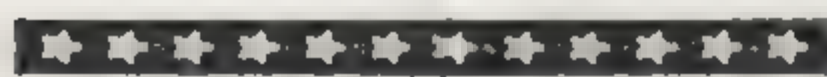
KEEPING FIT—EAST TO WEST

By coincidence both Ron Fletcher, who operates an excellent body-shaping studio in the West (Los Angeles), and Kathy Grant, who runs the massage and exercise part of Henri Bendel's beauty floor in the East, became disciples of the Pilates method of exercise after bad accidents. Both claim the Joseph Pilates method—based on spine alignment, the development of muscles around the spine, and the vital importance of correct breathing—put them back on their feet. For the past three years, Ron Fletcher has been the only one west of the Mississippi authorized to teach the Pilates method, which Kathy Grant also teaches at Bendel's. In both places, pupils work out on apparatus designed originally by Pilates to help correct every bad feature of the body. Both Ron and Kathy like to concentrate on individual lessons so that every exercise is programmed for one shape at a time.

Expert exercise spot by spot

There are many exercise classes across the U.S. which can promise definite shape-up results....

As you can see from the pictures at right, Lydia Bach is in great shape and intends to stay that way via the Lotte Berk Method she introduced here some time back. A melange of ballet, yoga, orthopedic, and sex movements, Lotte Berk's exercises have been well known in London for nearly two decades, teaching women how to use all the muscles in their bodies as a normal part of life. As with all exercise classes, regular attendance is a must if any results are going to be seen. Lotte Berk's exercises have succeeded because of one magic word—variety. Although you know from your muscles that work is being done, there's no monotony, no sense of time and money being wasted. Lydia Bach continues Lotte's work here (23 E. 67 St., N.Y.), dividing an hour's class into segments directed at specific problem areas, moving with such speed from one movement to another, the hour passes in a flash. You leave exhilarated... and relaxed.



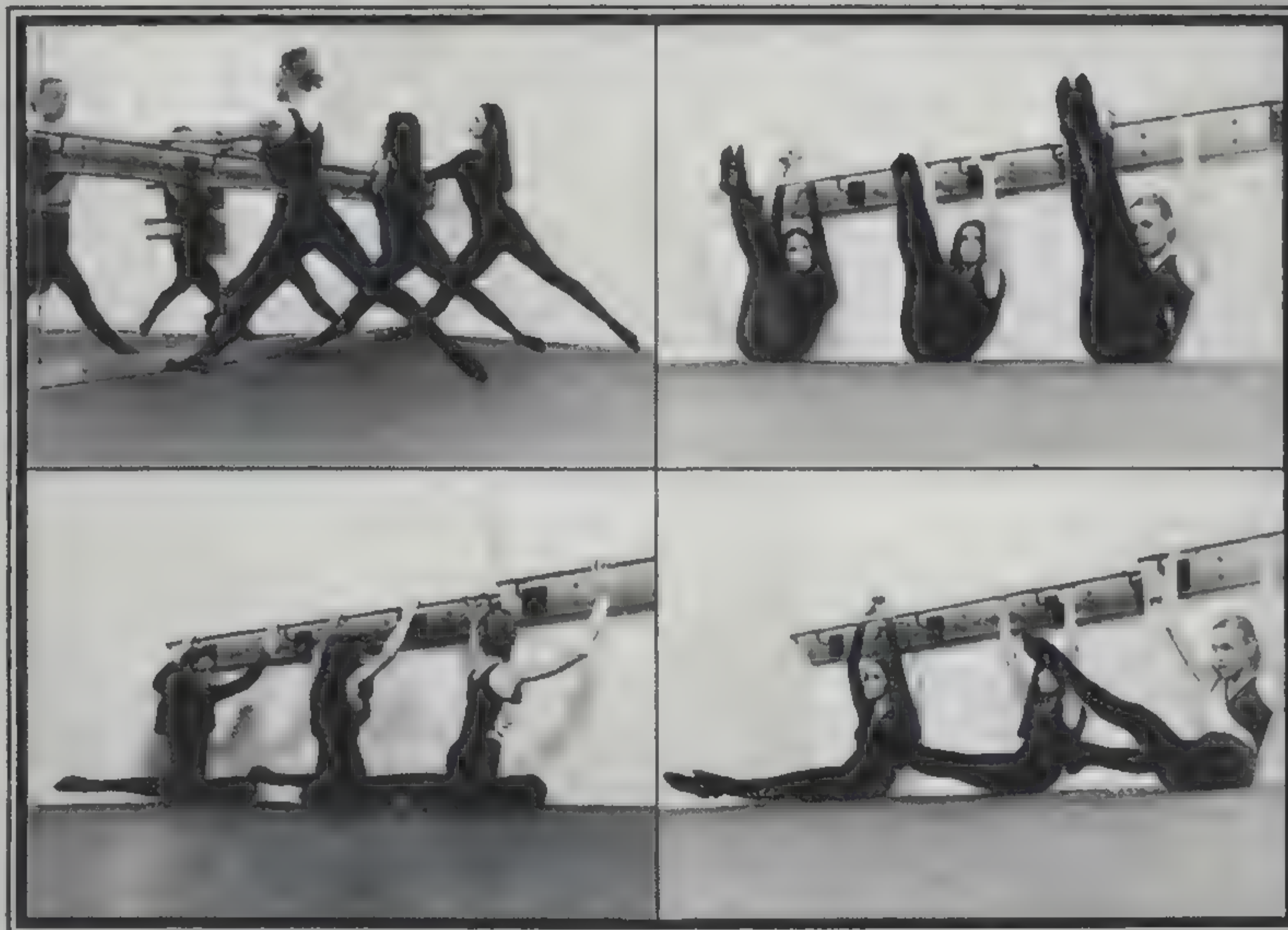
BODY RHYTHMS

Manya Kahn is one of the most respected names in the body-care business, intent on improving circulation of the whole body plus toning it from sole to scalp. Apart from the hour-long class of corrective exercises she gives in her New York town-house salon, she advocates daily "body rhythms"—stretching and deep breathing on a slantboard—reversing the blood flow straight to the scalp, nourishing neck and facial muscle tissues.

BASIC AND BENEFICIAL

Marjorie Craig of Elizabeth Arden is a walking advertisement for her classes (she has the best legs in the business), which take place under her direction in New York, with Miss-Craig-trained instructors at other Arden salons. Her exercises are unambitious, therefore deceptively easy to carry out *but* they are planned to help your posture, your measurements which are taken at every class. Once learned and carried out at home every A.M. and P.M., as well as in the class, Miss Craig's exercises always get results... which means you do, too.

BEN ROSE



For thigh and seat: In top left picture, Lydia Bach and students tone muscles by stretching one leg back as far as it can go. Below left, holding on to a wall barre, they sit on one leg, bending back the other and trying to lift it up and down. **For stomach muscles:** In top right picture, they push hands up against the barre with shoulders against the wall, lifting legs together to maximum height. Below right, they scissor kick at least ten times—all, also to build up stamina, increase energy.

stomach
seat & thighs



sex



To help pelvis control... in the pictures above, Lydia Bach and pupils are on their knees, slowly moving their hips in a circular orbit, before going into a bump-and-grind motion—the whole body part of it, moving up and down, back and forth, arms outstretched.

Easy exercise for busy people

bosom



To increase her bosom (2½") and tone her stomach, Polly uses two five-pound dumbbells. In the top picture, leaning against the instructor's back and keeping chest out, she holds the dumbbells straight out in front, brings them towards her without lowering elbows. Then she moves arms out to the sides and back again, always keeping arms on the same horizontal plane. . . . Lying flat (directly above), she raises and lowers dumbbells with little jerking movements, relaxing in between.

"Exercise is vital to good health and beauty...more important in my opinion than makeup and hair preparations," says Polly Bergen, head of her own cosmetic company.

To shape legs from thigh to ankle, an instructor holds Polly's ankles down firmly while she, holding onto the slantboard, tries to raise them against his resistance. She repeats this ten times before moving into reverse—her legs held up, she tries to lower them while the instructor tries to prevent her.



thighs

waist & stomach

Polly likes to work out on a slantboard: sitting high on the board (above and at left), she anchors her feet under the strap, then—with hands folded over her chest—leans back as far as she can go. With this movement, she can really feel her muscles working, affecting both waist and stomach.



KEITH TRUMBO

Why does Polly feel this way? She devotes a long chapter to "Shape Up" in her just-published beauty book *Polly's Principles* (Wyden). . . . Her assessment is this: "The secret of exercise is circulation, bringing blood—and therefore oxygen—to all the cells of the body. . . . I play tennis, ski, swim, and ice-skate,

but not on a regular basis—and regularity in exercise is all-important. . . . I take out fifteen or twenty minutes every day for specific exercises. On the rare occasions I miss, I'm tired, no matter how much sleep I get. I don't enjoy my food as much. Through exercises given me by Marvin Hart, [Hollywood's leading]

masseur and exercise authority, I've taken weight off my hips, added two inches to my bustline, reduced my buttocks and upper arms. A word of caution: any woman unaccustomed to exercise should consult her doctor before embarking on a course. . . . begin slowly, easily, until you've built up strength."

EXERCISE ROUND THE CLOCK

At The Sanctuary in Hollywood, exercise is encouraged to the point that no appointments are needed to join the classes going on continually from 8:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. Thirty minutes from Los Angeles, founder and owner Anne-Marie Bennstrom also recently opened a new health and strength retreat for the Spartan (fasting, yoga, and long hikes form the basis for the program).

BODY WORK

Well named Body Works at Bergdorf Goodman, New York, operates on the "isolation" principle—parts of the body are exercised one at a time under the orders of instructor Frank Wagner who, working from the pelvic area up, says "grip," then "super grip," then "relax," to eight pupils lying in wait on individual mats. It takes an hour to cover the entire body and you're supposed to leave without a hair out of place. It all depends on how much exertion you put into your "grip" (which is another word for "contract").


For the beach time you spend out of water, there's a new way of dressing this summer . . . of wrapping a bathing suit in a sarong or skirt or robe . . . adding necklaces and wide shining cuffs. It's a whole other way to look in the sun—terrific! Here, the prettiest way to dress a bikini—the sarong of a skirt you tie on for lunch, for drinks around the pool, for a walk on the beach. . . . *This page:* the skirt that's a scarf—a large oblong of cream and black print to wrap a perfect black strapless bikini. Both by Gottex of Israel. Bikini, of Lycra and nylon, about \$22. Scarf, of polyester and cotton (Peter Pan Fabrics), about \$6. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's; I. Magnin. (The girl caught napping, left, could use a little something between her skin and the sun . . . a little something to wrap the tops of her legs . . . a little skirt, bikini?)



Breeziest skirt to come along, right—blue-green-yellow-and-purple print wrapped around a matching bikini. By Diane Von Furstenberg, of nylon jersey. Bikini, about \$28; skirt, \$44. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. The skirt with two charming prints, far right: a border print of flowers and a red-white-and-blue one to match the bikini underneath. By Mirella of Italy. Ban-Lon bikini (about \$32) and skirt (about \$68), of nylon jersey. Bloomingdale's. Hair, these six pages, Franklyn Welsh. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

THE NEW BEACH DRESSING

WRAPPED



The robe!—classic as a man's—this season's key beach look. The most luxurious. The most cover when you want to get out of the sun... on or off the beach.... *Far left:* Bands of terry, bands of silver—a wonderful, ample robe in brilliant grass green and ivory worn with wide silver cuffs and sashed over a sleek black maillot edged in ivory. Both by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo. Robe, of cotton (Armtex fabric), about \$100. Maillot, of Antron nylon and Lycra (J.P. Stevens fabric), about \$50. At Bonwit Teller. Maillot, Carol & Mary. Big white terry kimono, *left*—little white bikini, and a tan—the killer! Robe, of nylon, by DBA Ltd. About \$46, at Lord & Taylor. Bikini, by Sirena, of nylon jersey, \$18. At Gimbels, N.Y., Jordan Marsh, Florida; Joseph Magnin; Liberty House, Hawaii. Knockout after-beach look, *right:* Missoni's airy mesh knit in stripes of blue-ivory-Dubonnet-and-brown, just falling open over tanned skin and slate-blue pants. Robe, of linen and polyester, about \$150. Pants, of wool and nylon, about \$95. At Bloomingdale's. Accessories, next to last page this issue. ... An easy, pretty beach makeup: Max Factor's UltraLucent Waterproof Blush, in a new shade of Shimmering Cherry—stays on even when you swim!



THE NEW BEACH DRESSING

WRAPPED

UNWRAPPED in Jewels

The body terrific—glowing with sun, unwrapped in jewels . . . and a brown bikini (dark colors are bathing suit news!). Bikini, by Jantzen; Antron nylon and Lycra. About \$17, mid-June, Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Liberty House, Hawaii. Silver-and-shell necklace by Tony White. Coral-and-mother-of-pearl necklaces by Alexis Kirk, Lord & Taylor. Golden cuff, Cadoro. Saks Fifth Avenue. Alex Streeter jeweled silver cuff, at 152 Prince. Sunglasses, Ultimate Spectacle. Umbrella by Beng Solo. Cheers! . . . *far right*: the look of tanned skin dressed in nothing but jewels. Coral-and-turquoise necklace. Amron Galleries. Turquoise beads: American Indian Arts Center. Celia Sebiri jeweled cuff and ring, at Henri Bendel. . . . Everything else you need is in Elizabeth Arden's Sun Care Specifics—including Tan Promoting Cream to coax color along; Sun Gelee for the most color; Self-Tanning Lotion for the sun-less tan.

HELMUT NEWTON





Exercises for your



BY ABRAHAM WEINBERG, M.D.

Success is just a matter of getting your head in shape. You could stop smoking or start winning, reach almost any goal using these exercises...some of them done in your sleep

A slow thinker, or one whose mind doesn't "click" is sometimes referred to as a "muscle head" or "muscle bound." These colloquialisms, though said in jest, have meanings. They really acknowledge the presence of a muscle mass in the mind.

This muscle mass or band of muscles, although invisible, should be treated like any other muscle. It must be cared for, exercised, rested, trained, conditioned, and fed.

Mind and brain are not synonymous. They are two distinct entities, though interdependent and interrelated. The brain is matter. The mind is nonmatter. The brain is a visible mass. The mind is invisible—but not inert. They serve two different functions. The brain keeps one alive. The mind keeps one livable. The brain is the "seat" of the mind—the mind is the "heart" of the brain. The brain is more sensitive and intricate than any man-made computer. It is in direct and indirect contact with about thirty billion nerve cells distributed throughout the body and spinal cord, in addition to about three million pain spots situated on the skin. Sensations and thoughts are constantly being programmed in and out of the brain, associated with negative and positive feedback mechanisms. The brain is really a spongy convoluted gelatinous organ mass containing motor and sensory areas that decode and decipher information. This information is relayed through signals that create relationships in ourselves and with the outside world. It is assumed that the brain also contains that intangible, abstract, elusive energy that we call the mind.

The mind is the brain in action. This activity appears as an electrical charge—in sleep and wakefulness—and usually has a rhythmic quality, which is measurable on the electroencephalogram. This is a graphic recording of the electrical impulses developed in the brain cortex.

In normal healthy people with normal brain function, the electrical activity appears as spikes on the electroencephalogram. When the graph is flat, it signifies death. The lungs may stop breathing, the heart may stop beating, but, today, not until the brain stops beeping signifying the absence of electrical energy is death officially accepted as irreversible. This is a new and controversial concept.

The mind is greater than the sum of its parts. It includes the intelligence and intellect. The mind can be thought of as having two distinct functions: minding and mentating. The *minding functions* are the survival functions always performed, even when the person is asleep. These functions include surveillance and vigilance. They rely on the instinctual protective mechanisms of alertness to protect against impending danger and to supervise voluntary and involuntary mind, brain, and body activity. The *mentating functions* are the attitudes and behavioral responses to internal and external cues, signals, and stimuli. Some of these functions include thinking, meditation imagery, imagination, and fantasizing.

A healthy mind is not only dependent upon a healthy body, it insures one. Since a healthy body is dependent on balanced nutrition, adequate rest and exercise, the mind must be similarly considered.

The mind has its own organ language. A malfunctioning mind can express its distress through psychosomatic disturbances in one or more organs or by neurotic or psychotic behavior. Important nutritional ingredients for the brain are glucose and oxygen. Important nutritional ingredients for the mind are thought foods. Deprivation of these nutrients can have a deleterious effect on body and mind. The mental circulation consists of streams of thought and streams of consciousness. The physiology of the mind is involved with thinking, learning, concentration—among other processes. The mental ploys are alternatives and options.

The mind has its own sensuality. It is a highly sexual organ. To determine its own sexuality, it must first imagine itself as a male or female—

a heterosexual, homosexual, bisexual, or asexual person. The mind then projects this image through behavior into the social reality; the person responds accordingly in the service of his needs. The mental sexual response may be adequate or inadequate. The expression "mental masturbation" refers to free-floating goal-directed fantasy thinking; it does not necessarily consist of erotic imagery. The mental orgasmic response comes as an insightful exclamation of "Eureka"—referring to successful problem-solving.

Information is constantly being programmed into the mind in the waking state, sleep state, meditative state, and dream state on liminal and sub-liminal levels. Once aware of this activity, you can impress your mind—during the waking mind state, the dream mind state, or the sleeping mind state—by the use of the mind exercises below:

Sleeping mind exercises

The first twenty minutes of sleep and the last twenty minutes of sleep before awakening are usually considered the hypnoidal state, when the mind is highly suggestible to the uncritical acceptance of ideas.

As you relax in bed before falling asleep, project images of yourself in successful situations. You can also suggest to yourself that you can have good dreams. If a tape recorder is available, prepare a pre-recorded tape to play within the time it usually takes you to fall asleep and to repeat again about twenty minutes before your usual waking time. If you have no tape recorder, have someone read the suggestions to you at the prescribed times.

For these suggestions to be effective you must follow them with the visual imagery projective techniques, as described in the Master Exercises that follow.

Dream mind exercises

You can direct the kind of dream you would like to have by pre-sleep suggestions. Many people can direct themselves to work out problems during dream time. Many can also change a bad dream to a good one or can terminate the bad dream by awakening.

Imagination, fantasy formation, and the ability to project the indicated image in one's "mind's eye," actually to perceive the image, are mental muscle exercises. These are necessary for good mental health. One of the most common statements of defeat is, "I can't imagine myself doing it." How true this is! If one cannot imagine success, one can rarely obtain it. You have a better chance of succeeding if you can imagine yourself succeeding.

The task or problem must be conceived and recognized. It is then pictured in the mind. A visual image must be created, based on a successful past experience or a learned experience response. This successful image is then projected on the "screen of the mind's eye," where one can actually see oneself performing successfully. Imagining the actual successful event of obtaining a realistic goal is the precursor to any possibility of success in reality. Unfortunately, many adults have lost the ability to imagine, to conjure up images. At one time this was considered to be a childlike characteristic; but controlled goal-directed imagery is mature behavior. Meditation and bio-feedback mental exercises, if undirected, uncontrolled, and unstructured, especially in highly suggestible people, may be hazardous. A sudden awareness of some involuntary body or mind process that cannot be adequately handled could cause some emotional distress. (Continued on page 147)

IT'S SUMMER:
STOP COOKING
AND
LOSE WEIGHT

DIET

Summer is the good-time season. You want your figure at its best for on-beach show-offs, but nobody wants to spend June days working in a steamy kitchen. Here's a lose-weight diet that requires no cooking at all, makes use of June's fresh fruits and vegetables. As the month goes on, you can lose two pounds a week eating the total of one thousand calories a day. Nutritional allotments here are based on the needs of a twenty-five-to-fifty-five-year-old woman who weighs about 128 pounds.

When to diet:

- If you look in the mirror and see Rubens instead of Giacometti.
- If you bend your arm and pinch more than an inch of flesh midway between your elbow and shoulder.
- If you subtract your waist measurement (in inches) from your height (in inches) and get less than thirty-six.
- If when lying flat on your back you place a ruler lengthwise on your abdomen and the ruler does not touch both your ribs and pubis.

1 BREAKFAST

Speed breakfast, mango flavor* (recipe below)
25% for protein, 150% vitamin A, 210% vitamin C, 35% calcium
250 calories

LUNCH

Cold green-vegetable soup* (recipe, page 151)
1½ oz. Brie cheese with 4 Bremner Wafers
Iced tea with wedge of lemon and fresh mint
55% calcium, 15% iron, 10% thiamine
315 calories

DINNER

Sashimi* (recipe, page 151)
Cucumbers in seasoned rice-wine vinegar
3 oz. sake (rice wine should be served heated)
½ cup raspberry sherbet
50% protein, 125% niacin
400 calories

2 BREAKFAST

6 oz. tomato juice with a wedge of lime
1 slice pumpernickel raisin bread with 2 tbsp. cream cheese
15% iron, 65% vitamin C, 45% vitamin A
230 calories

LUNCH

8 oz. unflavored yogurt with ½ cup crushed pineapple in juice
2 saltine crackers
Carrots and celery sticks
30% calcium, 30% riboflavin, 15% protein
250 calories

DINNER

Consommé Madrilène with sour cream and caviar
Chef salad with 1 sliced egg, 1 oz. cheese, 2 oz. ham, and Low-down salad dressing* (recipe, page 151)
1 fresh peach
55% protein, 50% thiamine, 30% niacin
400 calories

3 BREAKFAST

½ grapefruit
1½ oz. Edam cheese on 3 Bremner Wafers (water biscuits)
20% protein, 25% riboflavin, 80% vitamin C
260 calories

LUNCH

Juicy gazpacho* (recipe below)
3½-oz. can tuna fish (water packed) on lettuce
1 small roll with 1 tsp. butter or margarine
50% protein, 105% niacin, 35% vitamin A, 90% vitamin C
305 calories

DINNER

½ grapefruit with 2 tsp. Grand Marnier
4 oz. steak Tartare with chopped onion, capers on lettuce leaf
1 slice pumpernickel, 1 tsp. butter
Watercress, radish salad with Low-down salad dressing
Fresh pineapple slices
45% protein, 55% niacin, 120% vitamin C
475 calories

4 BREAKFAST

Speed breakfast, banana flavor
25% protein, 35% vitamin A, 125% vitamin C, 35% calcium
250 calories

LUNCH

Turkey sandwich with sliced tomatoes, lettuce, and mustard on pumpernickel (2 slices)
45% protein, 25% iron, 45% niacin
300 calories

DINNER

1 piece honeydew melon with lime wedge
4 oz. cold poached salmon
Cold asparagus with wedge of lemon
1 small roll, 1 tsp. butter
Mixed green salad with Low-down salad dressing
2 fresh apricots
55% protein, 85% niacin, 20% iron
460 calories

5 BREAKFAST

1 cup fresh strawberries with 2 tsp. sugar
¾ cup cornflakes, ¾ cup skim milk
30% calcium, 195% vitamin C, 10% niacin
220 calories

LUNCH

Cold cantaloupe soup* (recipe, page 151)
Open-faced sliced egg and tomato sandwich with lettuce on rye
195% vitamin A, 165% vitamin C
260 calories

DINNER

Tomato juice (6 oz.) with lime
Sea scallops seiche (4 oz.)* (recipe, page 151)
Crudités (carrots, green peppers, string beans, julienne of beets)
1 slice French bread
1 glass Graves
Sorbet au cassis
40% protein, 175% vitamin A
500 calories

6 BREAKFAST

½ cantaloupe with ½ cup cottage cheese
2 Bremner Wafers (water biscuits)
15% calcium, 170% vitamin A, 25% riboflavin
240 calories

LUNCH

½ doz. cherrystone clams on the half shell with lemon and small amount of cocktail sauce
1½ oz. Camembert cheese with 3 crackers
40% iron, 40% protein
260 calories

DINNER

Caviar with blini
1 glass champagne
Chicken breasts in aspic
Tossed salad with Low-down salad dressing
1 cup strawberries dusted with sugar substitute (Sweet 'n Low)
40% protein, 25% iron
525 calories

7 BREAKFAST

1 sliced banana (medium with 8 oz. unflavored Dannon yogurt, a dash of cinnamon)
15% protein, 40% calcium, 20% thiamine
250 calories

LUNCH

Use Speed breakfast for lunch*
35% calcium, 25% protein, 210% vitamin C
250 calories

DINNER

Borsch with 2 tbsp. sour cream and diced cucumber
3 oz. of lean, rare, cold roast beef
½ cup cole slaw
1 sliced tomato with lemon pepper
Sliced peach with ¼ cup blueberries
40% protein, 105% vitamin C, 60% vitamin A
500 calories
Coffee and tea permitted

RECIPES FOR THE NO-COOK DIET

Speed breakfast

¾ cup modified skim milk (with vitamins A and D); 1 fresh egg; ½ ripe mango; 2 tbsp. frozen orange juice (undiluted); ½ tsp. vanilla; up to 2 pkgs. Sweet 'n Low (1 pack = 2 tsp. sugar); cinnamon (to taste); crushed ice (3 cubes). Combine all of the above ingredients in blender jar; blend. Serve immediately. (Serves 1; 250 calories.) You may use ½ banana, ½ cantaloupe, or a peach instead of a mango. For extra B vitamins and iron, add a rounded tablespoon of wheat germ (+ 35 calories). The amount of vitamins will vary with the fruit of your choice. For nondieters, use whole milk instead of skimmed and substitute 2 tbsp. honey for the sugar substitute; this will add 130 calories.

Juicy gazpacho

4 large tomatoes (approximately 1½ lbs.); 1 Bermuda onion; 2 medium cucumbers (peeled); 3 small cloves garlic (minced); 1 2-oz. jar pimientos; 3 cups cold water; 3 tbsp. wine vinegar; 1 tbsp. olive oil; white pepper to taste; 1½ tbsp. salt; Tabasco sauce to taste.
Coarsely chop tomatoes, onion, cucumbers. Add to blender along with pimientos, garlic, and vinegar. Blend for several minutes until pureed; you may have to add part of the water. Add remaining ingredients and adjust seasoning to taste. Serve cold. (Serves 6; 65 calories per serving.) Provides 30% vitamin A, 90% vitamin C. (Continued on page 151)



Summer FINDS

And now...we all go to the seashore. Or the pool or the lake. Wherever—from now till September, America lives out-of-doors, and our wants are simple: good sun, good water. And the can't-live-withouts on these pages.

1. Key find—the seal-black, seal-sleek perfect bikini. To wear strapless for sun-bathing, tied around the neck for bathing-bathing. By Gottex of Israel, of Lycra and nylon; about \$22. At Saks Fifth Avenue.
2. Music to your ears—via Sony cassette tape recorder. At Liberty Music.
3. Hold-everything black denim beach bag, knotted hobo-style. By Hector, \$15. At Saks Fifth Avenue.
4. Out-of-water way to wear a bikini—silver ear-hoops (\$55) and silver chains sheathed in bits of silver tubing (18-inch chain, \$110; 24-inch chain, \$145; 24-inch chain with gold, \$200). By M&J Savitt. At Bloomingdale's.
5. Let someone know how much you miss him/her/them—fabric-covered writing pads, from Henri Bendel. \$3 each.
6. Summer-luxury is . . . a monogrammed beach towel, fresh every day. Here—counting the two under Beshka—a week's supply from Henri Bendel. \$19 each.
7. For pebbly sands, splintery boardwalks, et cetera—the intrepid beach shoe in red plastic. By Habiba, \$15. At Mark Desio.
8. Smart is . . . a sufficiency of sunglasses. Buy in multiple; cache in drawers, glove compartments, bags. The good-looking square-cut wraparounds here, both by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo; \$7 each. At Bonwit Teller.
9. Espadrille reminder: collect new colors; re-stock favorites. The classic kind—canvas uppers, flat rope soles—by Jacques Cohen; at Miller Eye, \$12.
10. Indispensables!—the printed cotton square (imported by Marcia Breen, \$8.50); the natural straw beach bag (by Doris for Bagatelle Creations, \$20). Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue.
11. Practical chic—a strip of white watch to tell you when you've had enough sun. By Sutton Time, \$20. At Bloomingdale's.
12. Bikini-dressing: for a narrow brown waist, a narrow silver chain buckled right on the "button." By Carol Kellner, \$65. At Eve Lost.
13. Sun-protection for sensitive eyes (everybody's are!)—pearlized visors, by Don Kline. \$12 each, Saks Fifth Avenue.
14. The biggest cotton square—almost 4 feet—to wrap as shown in the inset at left: the newest way to dress a bikini! (or, with a loaf of bread, a jug of wine . . . it makes a charming picnic cloth.) By Doro, \$20. At Saks Fifth Avenue.
15. and 16. The deep ones—a four-dial gauge and yellow-strapped underwater watch (\$250), and a flash to help you find your way down there (\$12). All, Richards Aqua-lung Center.
17. Personal!—initialed cotton squares, to own in every color. \$7 each, at Henri Bendel.


How to do it . . . *directly left*, the big red-and-white cotton scarf (Number 14) wrapped as a sarong. *The way to take a bikini to lunch!*

Summer is . . . *right*, a stack of laundry fresh, 18-inch cotton squares in all different patterns of blue and white. By Hathaway; each, \$4. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

Hair and makeup, opposite page, by Benjamin Moss.

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER





The coolest!—
Halston's sheer white
crinkle cotton
kimono. And it travels
like a dream. Of
Fisba fabric. \$100,
at Halston Ltd.

Robe-dressing at
its prettiest—
a long shimmery
wrap of satin de lys
in salmon pink
with blue piping.
By Fernando Sanchez;
Monsanto nylon,
polyester, and
silk (Registered
Fabrics). About \$90.
Saks Fifth Avenue;
Marie Leavell; Swanson's.

The white terry wrap—
the summer basic—
buy one for the beach,
one for the shower—
you won't be sorry!
By Bill Tice ESP, of
cotton, about \$50. July,
at Saks Fifth
Avenue; Sakowitz.

Robe to go—a
charming orange-and-
violet jersey print
that packs without
a wrinkle. By Donald
Brooks for Maidenform.
Of Antron III nylon,
(Forum Fabrics).
About \$50. Lord &
Taylor; Garfinckel's;
I. Magnin.

June FINDS

the robe you've been looking for
...and other naturals



For chilly nights—in the country, at the shore, anywhere—the classic shawl-collared robe in thinnest ivory flannel, bordered in navy. By Bill Tice ESP, of wool and nylon (Carleton Woolen Mills fabric). About \$130. Buy at Saks Fifth Avenue; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

From the men's department, the robe everybody loves—dark-brown ultra-thick terry velours with lots and lots of room. Royal Robes. Of cotton, \$48, at Bonwit Teller.

Pockets full of straw, string, leather—natural summer accessories to have right this minute. . . . **1.** Neat and natural straw clutch, fake tortoiseshell clasp. By Bagatelle, \$20, at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . .

2. Zip-top straw envelope, brown leather trim. Anne Klein for Calderon, \$37, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . **3.** White woven straw clutch, fake tortoise closing. Bagatelle, \$15, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . .

4. The summer glove—in beige string knit. Kay Fuchs for Shalimar. . . .

5. Crisscross clog in beige woven leather, crêpe sole. By Piedeli, \$22, Bloomingdale's. . . .

6. Beige woven leather sandal set on a stacked heel. By Edouard Jerrold, \$40. Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel. . . .

7. Lattice-work natural leather sandal—crisscross straps, stacked heel. By Charles Jourdan, \$48. At Bloomingdale's. . . .

8. Summer jewelry find—an armful of lacquered straw bangles in every color. By Peter and Peggy for P.C. Designs. \$3 each, at Lord & Taylor. . . .

9. Natural sun-shade—the straw visor from Don Kline. About \$12, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . .

10. Summer belt finds, from the right: woven natural straw; stretchy brown-and-white stripes; brown-and-beige straw woven in a zigzag pattern. All, by Elegant, \$6 each. At Bloomingdale's. . . .

11. When a smile isn't enough... try a good-sized umbrella in beige-and-brown stripes, with a rope handle that slings over the shoulder. Mickey Lyons. . . .

12. The last straw!—a natural clutch with Bordeaux leather flap. \$12, at Bloomingdale's.



KEITH TRUMBO

Summer

sweater-dressing

Two-piece ivory knit with a lacy pullover top—fresh new way to be in a sweater and skirt for summer. Francesca for Damon; acrylic. About \$80. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Hudson's; Rich's; Harzfeld's; Bullock's.

On these six pages,
the skirts and tops,
the pants, the dresses,
the works!—everything
to make summer
dressing a breeze

Hot-weather dressing

easy every day

Everyone's shirtdress—

the classic blue-and-white stripe—button it on, roll up the sleeves, and go out to play. By Serbin Fashions, of Kodel and cotton (Russell fabric). About \$32. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Halle's; L.S. Ayres; Frost Bros.; Neusteters.

**The coolest
pants-dressing for the
hottest days**

Pink crinkle cotton pants and loose-matching overblouse—so light, it feels like nothing on. And it looks terrific. Dalani designed by Jeannene Booher. About \$68. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Sakowitz; J.W. Robinson. These six pages: hair by Rick Gillette; men's clothes from Paul Stuart. Accessory details, on next to last page this issue.

Hot-weather dressing

fresh prints for day

Two-piece shirtdressing in silk crêpe de Chine—

for summer — forever!
Navy-on-cream soft shirt
and stitch-pleated skirt
(don't forget your hat!).
From De Noyer, New
York. About \$245.

Good-buy stripes— bare and pretty for day

...narrow navy and white
ones on a two-piece knit
halterdress—wrapped at
the waist with a crêpe de
Chine scarf, a sleek silver
cuff wrapping the wrist
(it's the new jewel to
own!). Dress by Jack Ful-
ler for Upper Crust; of
cotton and polyester
100% knit. Shirt, about
\$12; skirt, about
\$22. At Henri Bendel;
Tangerine Barri.



**The easiest—a quick
little T-shirt of a dress,**
to belt narrowly and wear
with brown legs, bare sand-
als, a crochet beret.
Navy-and-white knit dress,
Carillon Fashions; nylon
(Gilman Fabrics). About
\$58. At Altman's; Frost
Bros.; J.W. Robinson.

**Short-sleeved
shirtdressing—**

a way everyone loves to
be dressed for summer—
brown-and-white cotton-y
knit, pleated in front. By
Diane Von Furstenberg.
Of cotton and rayon.
About \$70. At Saks Fifth
Avenue; Nan Duskin;
Jacobson's; Sakowitz;
Neusteters. Accessories
on the next to last page.

**Good company
at small dinners—the
print pyjama**

White with navy and a scattering of bright flowers, wrapped at the waist with a narrow print scarf (pinned with silver—extra-pretty with white). Pyjama, by Mr. Dino, of nylon jersey. About \$68. At Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Marshall Field; L.S. Ayres; Sakowitz.

**Pretty shape to be in
at night—**

a long, narrow plunge of white dotted coral, with a bit of stretch in the fabric, a bit of shirring in the front, to take in every curve. By Robert-David Morton, of Qiana nylon and Lycra. About \$175. At Bloomingdale's; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Jacobson's; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin; Carol & Mary.

**Hot-weather
dressing**

long and cool at night



**He's in black tie,
you're in your strapless
black pyjama**

Snirred, silky top, soft and loose over straight matching pants. To wear with your silver cuffs, snaky black sandals, and flowers—fresh and pretty against bare skin. By Sibley-Coffee, of Chinon (Besunit fabric). About \$275, at Saks Fifth Avenue. These six pages: hair by Rick Gillette; GMC Motor Home from Maxon Trailer World. All accessories, next to last page.



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"Home improvement is truly self-important: the house is still the most personal art form going"

LIVE-IN

(Continued from page 89)

form of decoration."

Apparently the "do-it-yourself" craze doesn't mean just the husband's getting a hernia over installing some shelves: many people are learning how to weave their own room dividers, finish their own furniture, hook their own rugs, to say nothing of building an entire house from scratch. For instance, there's a tremendous feeling of self-esteem at having renovated an old barn and filled it with choice country junk-shop treasures.

Burlington also sees more people (singles and families) interested in plants and gardens. The outdoors seems to be moving indoors with the vast number of hanging plants, terrariums, herbs drying over fireplaces, displays of rock crystals, and everything made of the "naturals": polished wood floors, straw baskets, bamboo and rattan furnishings. Some see this return to nature as a left-over concern from the ecology movement. Then again it could be a simple human desire to live with pieces of nature, to feel a part of some living force rather than simply a "Sears model showroom." Maybe that's why all those Moroccan tented dens of 1967 with their mounds of mirrored pillows have disappeared. What did that "set" have to do with the real world? And, furthermore, who wanted to look at the biannual cleaning bills for all that draped fabric?

Although the lack of money may have cut down on some of the drop-dead theatrics of design, there are still homes with plenty of "easy elegance." "Again it's simplicity and a trend towards the natural," says Letitia Baldrige. "More second houses or summer country houses are into this. The idea of keeping it down to the bare essentials, even with some of the nineteenth-century houses in the South, extravagant on the outside but inside cool and eclectic. One thing's for sure, people are freer in their taste. It's all systems go, and many rooms do clash in mood from another. Yet the family doesn't seem to mind." The house is livable and practical and the fact that each room is different has less to do with a theme and style and more to do with the changes of mind and function. Rooms no longer have labels. A "living room" can double for a "bedroom" and a "garage" becomes a "gym" on weekends.

Burlington also discovered that most American homeowners, whether they live in a renovated eighteenth-century townhouse in Philadelphia or in an adobe hut in Santa Fe, demonstrate a love of American heritage and some desire to preserve the past. Here is another sigh for nostalgia. If one doesn't already live in an antique, the collections of paperweights, the Art Deco mirrors, and even the Navaho-rugged hallways are examples of people's feeling a part of tradition . . . a need to be "connected."

"Then again," Letitia Baldrige added, "that's not to discount those who live in all those marvelous unusual dwellings, such as the geodesic-dome dwellers or the barn breed, people who continue to redo and modernize what used to be warehouses, laundries, squash courts, stables, school-houses. The only thing we haven't seen remodeled is a whore house." Perhaps this refurbishing phase has a lot to do with the challenge of creative problem solving. After all, you start with the shell . . . now go live in it and make it yours.

Aside from the "do-it-yourself" trend and the idea of "doing more with less" (back to a simple life . . . somewhere), Burlington has sighted some actual life-style changes. "It used to be the woman who would take charge of the interior decorating. Now, some simply refuse to be solely responsible for bringing up the house (more women are working or merely away from the home) as well as the family. So the home has become a joint effort." Men are getting into the act as tastemakers instead of being mere Sunday-afternoon lawn mowers. They no longer consider home decorating trivial and effeminate. And, most important, more men are realizing that a home is not necessarily the man's castle but the entire family's foundation.

The kitchen is definitely still the center of attention. Gone is the need for a formalized dining room. Though some may still have crystal-and-champagne late dinners and need that special space, most people are simply expanding their kitchens into entertaining eateries.

And along with the fast growing interest in gardening (as I said, hanging plants seem to be replacing paintings and sculpture) is the interest in food and growing your own everything. That idea also matches up with the popular buffet style of food service. More of today's parties or

family meals are "help yourself" affairs in "do it yourself" environments. And entertaining with ease is emphasized everywhere. Not many people have the need or money to rely on full-time maids. Letitia Baldrige found that "most couples are enjoying doing their own housecleaning. By taking care of your own home you really begin to understand what you can live with and what is a needless dust collector."

Other 1970's home highlights are the emphasis on the "family" or "hobby" rooms (for larger families) and the contemporary more-humorous slant to the children's rooms. Children now have separate rooms of their own and don't necessarily have to share any longer. Which is another cheer for individuality.

As for the younger folks, with the increase of "live-in" unmarrieds (who end up splitting over who gets the herb rack and who gets to keep the apartment), Burlington found that many still dream of owning a house of their own rather than of having a big wedding, a big diamond engagement ring, or collecting the right silver. Even though they may be "grooving" about the universe in their tie-dyed campers and backpacks, they all hope to wind up in a house in the hills some day.

So doesn't it all seem obvious what's happening on America's home front? Though you may hear about how advanced and technologically "tuned out" our society is fast becoming—how little we have left to communicate with one another, how quickly we change territories, how quickly we change partners, the constant warnings of the demise of the "American Gothic" family—the American home still lingers on, steadfast and stronger than ever. After all, the house is still the most personal art form going. Even more so today with the world's problems shrinking our souls and making us feel like helplessly hopeless Social Security numbers instead of people, we can always feel a sense of ourselves within our own worlds—our houses. The American home has become everyone's full-time hobby, the therapeutic great escape.

Home improvement is truly self-improvement. And no matter how many times you bust down your living-room walls, rip up the linoleum, paper the bathroom, or move out altogether . . . don't forget that any place you hang your heart (not to mention your hat) is home. ▽

LALLY WEYMOUTH

(Continued from page 86)

of farm implements and curious clocks.

The book is informatively illustrated with photographs of Monticello, which Jefferson added to and subtracted from for fifty years, and of Jefferson's gadgets; his sketches for the university, for a globe sundial; a map for the division of the West into states. Of the several books on Jefferson published this year, Mrs. Weymouth's should have the most appeal, showing forth distinctly the manifold aspects of the man's personality.

Next best to reading history, Lally Weymouth likes "making houses." In her New York apartment, the sun comes like glory through the generous south windows of her drawing room which is painted white and furnished in white. Adjoining this room is a searing red library, bright and various in its appointments, its longest wall invisible for books.

The mistress of these cluttered and uncluttered spaces and surfaces and walls is very tall and lean; her movements and gestures are as supplely luxuriant and as economical as a self-owning cat's. Her hair is dark and her skin is fair and her eyes are of an astonishing deep and scintillant brown; they mirror, as eyes are meant to do, the mind with its curiosity and the heart with its wit and concern.

Mrs. Weymouth, the daughter of Katharine and the late Philip Graham of *The Washington Post*, was born and schooled in the capital, spending weekends and holidays at her parents' farm in Virginia. Children who grow up in Washington among the monuments and houses of State and museums of national artifacts, and who have the fortune to know the countryside that blandishes the city, early take in the history of the nation.

Already in this way well prepared, Lally studied American History and American Literature at Radcliffe and her inquiry into both was nurtured and encouraged especially by Walker Cowen and her other tutor, Alan Heimert, an authority on seventeenth-century American writing. While she was still in college, Miss Graham married Yann Weymouth, then a student of architecture at M.I.T.

In the year after her graduation in 1966, but a year before her husband's, Lally bore Katharine, the first of their two daughters, and also worked as a reporter for *The Boston Globe*. The Weymouths then moved to New York, where Pamela was born, her sister's junior by two years. As soon as Lally had re-

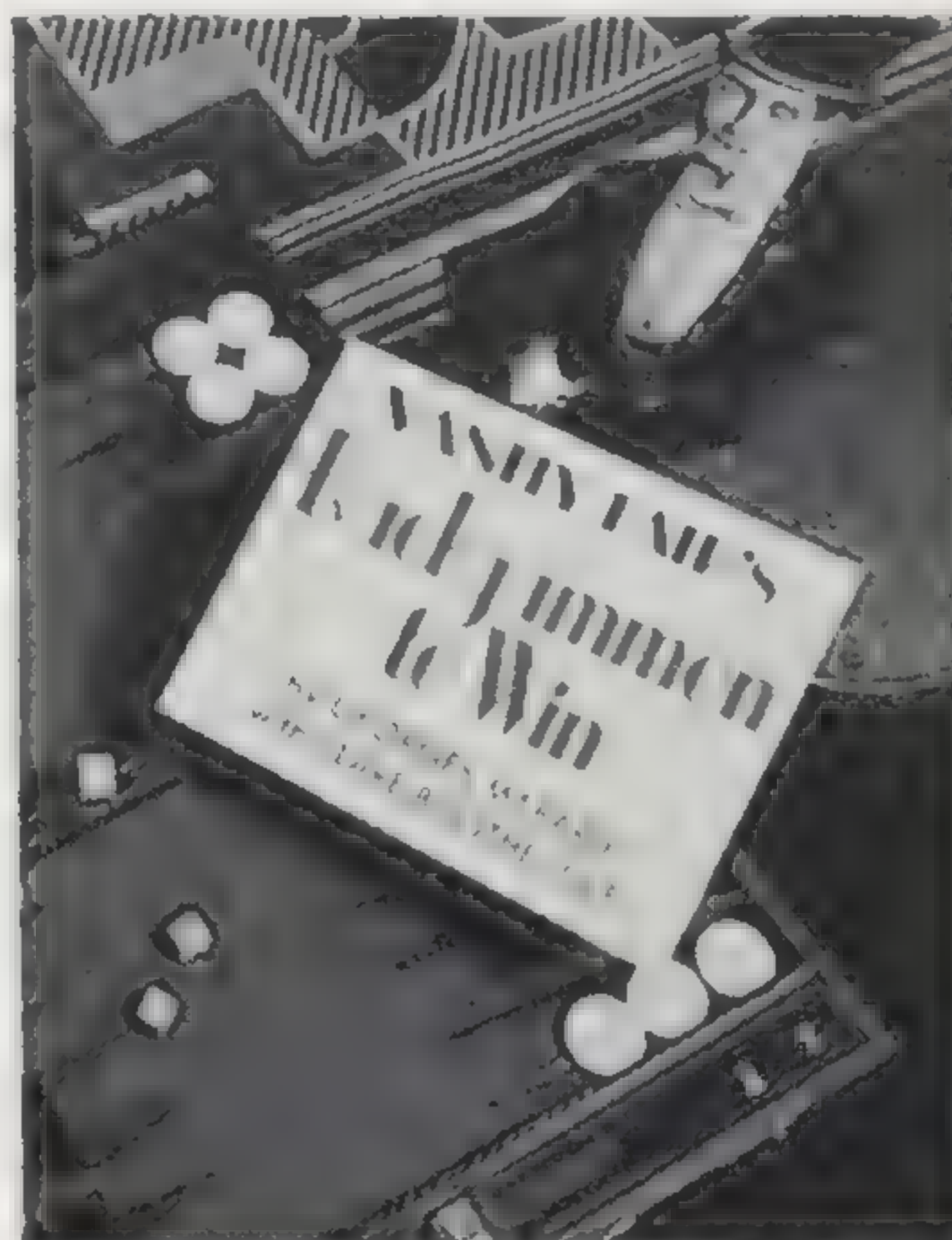
gained her land-legs, she volunteered her services to Robert Kennedy and, until his death, worked in his office. Later, as an aide to Franklin Thomas, who continued the Senator's Bedford-Stuyvesant restoration program, she helped to explore the feasibility of establishing a center of culture and entertainment, which is now a reality, in that deprived and febrile Brooklyn community. During the time Lally was associated with it, she was a salaried employee, raising funds, drudging in other ways, often frustrated by indifference and inertia but sometimes rewarded with spirited generosity and enthusiasm.

Now divorced and living with her daughters in New York, the Jefferson book behind her, Mrs. Weymouth has begun plans for another book, this time on Mark Twain and his world. She is deep in the Gilded Age, those years when Americans discovered the art of other continents, some of these travelers returning from their forays with the real thing which inherent taste or reliable connoisseurs revealed to them, many more coming back with Tuscan "antiquities" that had been carved the day before. Mrs. Weymouth sees a parallel between the corrupt and hectic period and the one we live in.

In stertorous New York, Lally Weymouth lives quietly, spending a good deal of time with her daughters, having dinner with them when she is in and alone and usually including them when she has one guest: this is the number she prefers. After school and on holidays, she takes the girls to the movies or to the circus when it comes to town; all three of them love the dinosaurs at The American Museum of Natural History and the Planetarium next door. She reads to them and takes them skiing; they go to Central Park and roam the zoo, to The Metropolitan Museum of Art and to The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—the screwy building itself delights the little girls. On weekends, if the weather is fair, they may go to their house upstate; she survives the shrieks and rubbish of their birthday parties and pins their home-made Valentines to her door.

Lally's social life falls into no pattern. Once in a while she has a big party, on occasion she invites six or eight to dinner. She may go out several evenings a week to dinner parties as small as her own or, reluctantly, to big ones. And she likes to dine out, as at home, with one friend, so that conversation need not be helter-skelter and its valuable pieces lost. Enlightenment and principle, added to instinct, direct her to the real thing in this present Gilded Age. ▽

"It was a time of great style and great heroes"



Greta Garbo and Jean Harlow on the screen, Bobby Jones and Babe Ruth breaking sports records; Hemingway, Fitzgerald; and in society Eddy Duchin played for Brenda Frazier, El Morocco and the Stork Club flourished, and the scountry was swept up in a new national pastime—the first great flowering of backgammon. George Mabardi was the backgammon columnist for *Vanity Fair* and in 1930 he published the most authoritative book written on the game, including in it two chapters by Clare Boothe Luce. This book, long out of print, is now available again. Illustrated with numerous two-color board drawings, it covers every aspect of the game, from the basic mechanics of play for the beginner to more sophisticated backgammon moves and theories. Bound in this easy-to-use digest size, *Backgammon to Win* is indispensable to every backgammon player anxious to play the game as the masters do.

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ANITA LOOS

(Continued from page 119)

zines."

Recently in Rochester, N.Y., I visited Eastman House, an institution dedicated to the history and art of the camera. It has a library of early movies which attracts students from all over the country. The auditorium, a fine example of Regency architecture, is superbly equipped. That afternoon I was ushered in to see Garbo's first American starring vehicle, *The Temptress*, filmed just before I arrived in Hollywood to do my eighteen-year stint on the M.G.M. lot.

Students were watching *The Temptress* with reverence; several were making notes. Had I been doing likewise, I'm afraid they'd have recorded "Roll eyes heavenward to illustrate emotion," "Hand-on-the-hip indicates defiance!" In fact, I didn't find anything about that old movie worth consideration; either its super-heated plot or its technique. For my taste, *The Temptress*, Garbo, Antonio Mo-

reno, *et al.*, belong in the trash can.

What is it that has sparked this obsession for vintage movies in a generation born long after they were released? I can only think that today's youth must subconsciously yearn for the very sentiments on which they've turned their backs. They must find a surcease for today's oafishness in the shimmering glamour of Jean Harlow, the angelic beauty of Lillian Gish, and the unchallenged masculine image of Clark Gable.

It's true that back in 1936, when Thalberg was preparing his script for *Camille*, he had progressed far beyond the crude technique of *The Temptress* and, by substituting passion with the gentle endearments of two young sweethearts, Irving attained the most profound catharsis of a love affair.

The same idyllic emotions used to be expressed in other popular art forms; today I recall a song of my youth that was imported from France. Its title was "C'est Si Bon" meaning, of course, that love is "so good."

But the ballad makers of today turn out lyrics which ask "Is That All There Is?" That hard-bitten song, recorded by Peggy Lee, was bought by millions of young people, who apparently agreed with Peggy.

It's understandable that such defeatism has resulted in impotence; that composers now write such lyrics as "We almost made it, didn't we [girl]?"* *almost!* What kind of situation is *that* to celebrate in song?

Another ballad tells of a swain who is on his way to Phoenix in order to *get away* from his sweetheart. Yet another makes no mention of love, pro or con, but glorifies an ability to disregard raindrops that keep falling on one's head.

All these ditties make me long to hear Eddie Cantor once again, jumping up and down in delight, clapping his little white-gloved hands and exclaiming "If You Knew Susie (Like I Know Susie)."

I also regret the cheek-to-cheek dancing which has been replaced by wide spaces between partners. Each one dances *alone*.

I remember the camaraderie we used to achieve on bathtub gin; whereas today's kids, stoned on pot, retire inside their own personalities. They may be happy, but they seldom laugh.

* * *

But I have no intention of dramatizing my feelings about Hollywood. In the past, as now, it was a stamping ground for tastelessness, violence, and hyperbole, but once upon a time it turned out a product which sweetened the flavor of life all over the world.

And it would now appear that the spirit of those old films is rising from the dust to assure a new generation that the permissiveness of the Seventies is a killjoy; that those gyrations of naked bodies which once would have made the Board of Censors reach for its scissors lead to nothing.

And if we have to tell Hollywood goodbye, it may be with one of those tender, old-fashioned, seven-second kisses exchanged between two people of the *opposite* sex, with all their clothes on. ▽

*© 1968 Ja-Ma Music Publishing Inc.

"What's wrong with being a sex object once in a while?" Redford grins. "I think I can handle it"

ROBERT REDFORD

(Continued from page 112)

himself a true romantic lover in *The Way We Were*, Redford was as fixed as any star that the Pioneer Ten Satellite may report on while in orbit. Even the top-heavy costume-car-great-houses atmosphere of *Gatsby* cannot entirely stifle Redford's vitality as he plays a man willing to remove his Turnbull & Asser shirt in order to waltz with his beloved around an empty ballroom in a dashing World War I uniform. Redford! Romance! Adventure! (Sigh.)

Redford is a new kind of Hollywood king—the kind who never goes to Hollywood if he can help it and who is much too normal and non-neurotic to think of jumping off the "H" in the Hollywood sign. Though he lives in a Manhattan co-op apartment, the actor is a pure product of last-frontier Western Americana. He grew up in Southern California and Texas and studied on an athletic scholarship at the Uni-

versity of Colorado. Between films, Redford spends time seeking to push back civilization and to wall in his privacy amid the scenic grandeur of a Utah ranch and ski-lodge.

Redford's phosphine hair reminds us that the movies have seldom produced any larger-than-life *blond* leading men. (John Lund, Alan Ladd, Sonny Tufts, Tab Hunter just didn't quite make it to super stardom.) Somehow, Redford has the depth and authority of a brunet masquerading under peroxide, yet his hair color is his own, and he doesn't dye it. Not only does Redford seem to be a blond who is actually a brunet, his mystique resides partially in a darker-side-of-his-nature, and in his natural intelligence. He is the moody Black Irish father of three children, concerned about ecology, Indians, animals, conservation, and America's future. He is vocally *anti* on subjects from the Method to uniforms to golf to The Establishment to bureaucracy to politicians to the Alaskan pipeline. An unstinting realism about Redford adds up to a life being truth-

fully lived. There is that athletic outdoorsy look to his thirty-seven-year-old tanned, lined, faintly hawklike profile. He is tall, lithe, and ruggedly able. The chipmunk jaws, a broken nose like Brando's, and a series of facial moles that mar the right side of his face overcome any danger of sensitive pretty-boy-ism.

A majority finds him desperately sexy. As Barbra Streisand snaked her arm around the naked dead-drunk Redford in *The Way We Were* and prepared to make an assault on his unconscious glorious wheat-colored body, women identified, applauding her action. And men appreciated the irony of a sneaky female intention to rape. Redford doesn't mind the reverse role. "It's fun occasionally," says he. "As Helen Lawrenson put it, 'What's wrong with being a sex object once in a while?'" He grins, "I think I can handle it."

This is the Redford who had to get a court order to stop one female fan from following him, who has been known to hit a photographer interfering with his pursuit of happiness, who detests

interviews ("Conversations are great, interviews are weird"), who won't attend his own premieres, who refuses to sign autographs when out to dinner, and who insults the over-eager trying to join or enjoin him. But it is the same Redford who was delighted when a woman on the island of Crete came up and grabbed his hair because she's never seen anything like it before. Vitality and reality interest and stir the actor, just as genuine one-to-one contact is what he seeks in people. The star hoopla, the fans' mumbling "sign this for my niece," and any kind of group behavior or mass-think receive Redford's categorization as "crap."

They say the public discovers its own stars and its verdict is final. You know Robert Redford has arrived in the pantheon when a fan, Josephine Dalmasi, can wait from 4 P.M. to showtime, roped behind a barrier at *The Great Gatsby* opening, screaming, "I want Redford!" Told he wouldn't show, Josephine adjusted: "Maybe I'll see somebody who looks like him."

Not bloody likely. ▽

MIND EXERCISES

(Continued from page 132)

Master Exercise I—General relaxation technique

This is a classical exercise. No specific ritual for meditation or auto-relaxation is really necessary. The expectancy, the anticipation, the mind set determines the results. This is a physical relaxation exercise:

1. Just close your eyes.
2. Breathe slowly, deeply, quietly, rhythmically, and gently.
3. Tense the muscles of your face and let go. Now repeat the same tension and letting go from your neck to your arms, hands, fingers, abdomen, legs, and feet.
4. Allow your whole body to relax; imagine yourself floating.

This procedure should create a feeling of mental alertness and physical inertness. The stage is now set for the ego performing image.

Master Exercise II—Projective imagery techniques

This exercise is for the development of special muscles for definite goals. It is a mental relaxation procedure:

1. After enjoying yourself in the previous relaxation for about one minute, take a deep breath and

slowly exhale.

2. Imagine yourself relaxed by conjuring up an image of yourself in a most relaxing situation.
3. Now, direct your thinking to see yourself in the successful role you have always wished to be in. Wallow in this image. Indulge yourself with this picture for two or three minutes. If at any time anxieties arise in viewing any of these imaginary scenes, flash back to your relaxing scene. Continue with this exercise until there is no anxiety feeling associated with the success scene. Vanity is a prime motivational force.
4. Open your eyes slowly and gently stretch your entire body.

Rules to be observed

Ideally, the exercises should be performed in a quiet, safe, and comfortable area. The total time allotment does not need to exceed five minutes. Imagination should be used rather than vocalization.

Verbalized wishes and hopes, like New Year's resolutions, are bound to be broken. Unless one is skilled in the semantics of positive and negative suggestion, very little self-talking should be attempted. For example, if you have a fear, telling yourself that you will not be afraid will usually not help. If you must try to talk

yourself out of the fear, say you will be less and less afraid. In this way, you admit to the fact that you are afraid but will be afraid less and less. You have then not fooled yourself if some of the fear is still present. Much more effective is imagining yourself in the previous fearful situation, but not frightened. If you should wish to break an undesirable habit, telling yourself to stop it is just not enough. To say this—positively—you should say that you will continue with it less and less and will decrease it more and more. It is much simpler and more effective and quicker to imagine yourself in a situation, you can pep talk till you are able actually to visualize the successful image.

Remember the terms "strong mind" or "mental giant" refer to muscle potential. Minding—governed by the mental regulator I call the psychestat—can really be considered the sixth sense. ▽

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The preceding article will form part of a book by Dr. Abraham Weinberg to be called Mentics: The Science and Art of Meditating, Minding, and Mentating; Dr. Weinberg is a practicing psychiatrist and attending psychiatrist at Gracie Square Hospital in New York.*

JEAN VANDERBILT

(Continued from page 84)

an enormous studio window. Its height has been dramatized by painting the ceiling blue and cornice white, adding two classical overdoors and two huge octagonal mirrors—all four of these designed especially for the room by Mr. Fourcade, and also painted white. . . . Everywhere else in the room, color and pattern run riot. An exuberant flower-printed linen covers the giant sofa, with its squash of pillows, at one end, and the French Empire bed—used as a *chaise longue*—at the other. In between, a sofa, comfortable chairs, a Regency bench, are covered with vivid contemporary printed cot-

tons made in Holland for the Indonesian market.

Upstairs, in Jean Vanderbilt's bedroom, more flowers and patterns proliferate. Where the strongly-patterned rug (an auction find) ends, the brightly-flowered walls begin. . . . Upstairs, too, are the children's rooms—cheerful and knock-about, painted in bright colors and white. (A teen-aged son and daughter are away at school; a younger son goes to school in New York.)

Though she worked closely with her talented decorators at every stage, Jean Vanderbilt made all the final decisions herself—shuffling and reshuffling swatches, trying different mixtures and combinations. "She has

a flair for fabrics," said one friend, "and for putting things together." . . . What she's also putting together is a new life for herself in the city, after recent years spent mostly in the country. She walks everywhere, with her long, unfettered stride—"it's the easiest way to get around;" enjoys exploring unfamiliar parts of town, particularly if they have exotic markets (she's a keen, though sporadic, cook). She adores the movies. Aside from an exercise class one or two mornings a week, she's deliberately avoiding, for now, getting tied down to any particular schedule. . . . "I like to be free," said Jean Vanderbilt. "I like the day to be my own. Each day is a clear map." ▽

HOME WORK

(Continued from page 71)

ment." And it's people like Julia Child and The Galloping Gourmet who have taught us that the kitchen is the family's theater-in-the-round.

Naturally, there are classic kitchen scenes that come to everyone's mind: the single woman or man falling in love with the icebox and using it as a night-light for all those midnight fits of food passion; or those members of the family using the fridge as

an air conditioner, fanning themselves with the door on sweltering July days. On the other hand, we have the double-duty oven that you can use as an all-purpose heating unit and live, sleep, eat near it when the rest of the house's heat and electricity have gone. Or you can call it a day all together and stick your head in for instant relief. As I said, every angle of life and death gets Mix-master-ed and Roast 'N Boast-ed about in the kitchen.

And finally, wasn't the kitchen where the sexual roles first started to blend successfully? I'm not just

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LILLIAN HELLMAN'S CREOLE COOKING

(Continued from page 98)

no fights. Then we had a violent fight, a horrifying fight. I bought off my contract. Then clip, clop go some years—about ten more years—and I was in Hollywood again for some reason. Frances, Sam's wife, whom I'm very fond of, said, 'Ah, it's a shame you don't see Sam. Everybody's getting older. He wants to make up with you. Why don't you come to dinner? We'll have just the people you like—your friends.'

"There were William Wyler and his wife, my former husband Arthur Kober, and the Goldwyns. I think that was all. We were all very nervous, all terribly polite. There was more *tut-tut*ing than I've ever seen. I was sitting next to Mr. Goldwyn. Somehow Bette Davis' name came up. Mr. Goldwyn said, 'Bette Davis, yes, I had her in a very good picture I made once called *The Three Little Foxes*.' He'd always called *The Little Foxes* *The Three Little Foxes* even when it was being made.

"I said, 'Did you? I wrote the play—and I wrote the movie.' He said, 'Of course. Who said you didn't? Who said you didn't write the play and the picture? Who said it?' Turning to Willy, he said, 'Did you ever see it?' Wyler nodded. 'It was a great picture, wasn't it?' Willy said, 'Yes, Mr. Goldwyn, I directed it.'

"The dinner fell apart! By this time I was hysterical with laughter and Mr. Goldwyn was annoyed that I was laughing."

At our gumbo dinner we and our guests were all hysterical with laughter at Lillian's trenchant way with a story. Miss Hellman, unlike Mr. Goldwyn, was pleased that we were laughing and even more pleased that we were so obviously enjoying her cooking. And how touching it was to see Lillian's directness, sensitivity, and communicative powers turned in the direction of those guests she had never met before.

When, before dinner, we had all trooped into the kitchen to watch her putting the finishing touches to the gumbo, a wooden spoon in one hand and her ever-present cigarette in the other, we thought of how this remarkable woman, through her plays and her films, her articles and her memoirs, has sharpened our consciences, moved us deeply, entertained us constantly, and enriched all our lives.

PICKLED CURRIED EGGS

12 eggs
Vinegar
Water
Seasonings: 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 bay leaf, 1 small onion (finely chopped)

In Lillian Hellman's words: "You can use pullet eggs which are smaller and prettier, but regular-sized eggs will do as well. Let eggs boil until they are hard.

In the meantime measure with water the amount of liquid each jar will hold. Sterilize the jars. Using the measure you have made, make a brine of about ⅔ water to ⅓ vinegar. Add seasonings. Let it come to a boil and turn it off. (You can substitute any spice you like. I have made it with tarragon instead of curry and also with fresh basil.)

Peel the eggs and put them in the jars being careful not to handle the jars except with a pair of sterilized tongs. Pour the hot strained liquid into jars, after you have tasted for seasoning. Seal the jars, turning the tops until they are tight; then turn each jar upside down to make sure that it doesn't leak. Leave them upside down for a few hours until they are cool."

G. and F.'s Tips: Can be stored in a cool place or can be eaten after three days. Excellent cut in halves and served with a light mayonnaise.

STUFFED EGGPLANT

four servings as a main course, eight as a first course

4 small eggplants (or 2 large ones)
1½ pounds shrimp
2 medium onions, finely chopped
6 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon oil
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
1 slice white bread, soaked in a little milk
Seasonings: salt, pepper, Cayenne pepper, bay leaf (finely crumbled), dash of Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon thyme, 2 tablespoons each chopped parsley and tomato paste
2 tablespoons bread crumbs

Preheat oven to 350°. Cut eggplants in half lengthwise. Trim stems but do not cut off completely as eggplant halves will serve as shells. Boil 15 minutes or till tender. Test with a fork, being careful not to pierce skins. Drain, pulp side down. When tepid, remove pulp leaving a ¼-inch shell. Cut away and discard seeds. Coarsely chop pulp, draining off excess liquid.

Boil shrimp 3 minutes. Shell and cut in halves.

Sauté onions in 3 tablespoons

of the butter and the oil over low heat for 7-15 minutes or till translucent but not brown, stirring frequently. When almost ready, add garlic and sauté another minute or two.

Squeeze bread dry and break up into bits. Add chopped eggplant, shrimp, bread, and seasonings to onion-garlic mixture; cook, stirring occasionally, 2 minutes. Remove from heat. Place eggplant shells in a buttered baking dish as close together as possible. Fill with eggplant-shrimp mixture. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and dot generously with bits of remaining butter. Bake 15 minutes or till nicely browned. Serve warm. Also delicious at room temperature.

Lillian Hellman's Tips: "That's how I used to make it. Now I don't bother with the shells. Simply peel and dice the eggplant, seeds and all. Follow the recipe, put into a buttered dish and bake. In New Orleans, highly smoked ham, diced, is sometimes substituted for the shrimp."

G. and F.'s Tip: A dash of Pernod is very good added to the mixture.

BAKED FISH, CREOLE

six to eight servings

4-5 pounds bass, pompano, or any firm, white-fleshed fish, whole
Juice of 1 lemon
1 medium onion, finely chopped
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon oil
1 green pepper, seeded and finely chopped
1 cup Italian-style canned tomatoes, drained
Seasonings: 1 inch of a red (hot) pepper, seeded and finely chopped (or a few dashes of Tabasco sauce); 1 teaspoon thyme; 1 teaspoon powdered anis (or 1 bay leaf, finely crumbled)

Wipe fish with a damp cloth and sprinkle with lemon juice inside and out. Place in a lightly buttered or oiled baking dish. Sauté onions in butter and oil over low heat 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add remaining ingredients, simmer another 20 minutes. Place some of this sauce inside the slit of the fish and the remainder over it.

Bake in 350° oven about 20 minutes or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Serve with buttered, parsleyed boiled potatoes.

DIRTY RICE

four servings

"Dirty Rice is a rather famous Cajun dish. This is my variation."

1 pound chicken giblets and hearts
1 large onion, very finely chopped
3 tablespoons butter
1 large or 2 small cloves garlic, very finely chopped
Seasonings: 1 bay leaf, finely crushed; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; 1 teaspoon powdered allspice; salt, pepper, Cayenne pepper or Tabasco sauce to taste

Flour
1 cup rice

Wash the giblets and hearts carefully, scraping away any fat clinging to them. Leave the hearts whole and cut the giblets in half and then in half again. In a heavy pot, sauté onions in butter 10 minutes. Add garlic and sauté another minute or two, stirring frequently. Add seasonings and enough water to cover. Cover pot and let cook over moderate heat until giblets are soft. The time depends on the size of the giblets and the age of the chickens from which they come. Taste for seasoning and correct. It should be fairly highly spiced. There should be a decent amount of gravy which you thicken by putting a large tablespoon flour or cornstarch in a cup and adding a little hot water or hot gravy. Stir until smooth; then put the thickener back into the pot and stir.

Cook the rice separately allowing a little less than 2 cups water to 1 cup rice. When it is soft and very dry, put the giblets and gravy over the rice and mix them all together.

Lillian Hellman's Tip: ½ pound chicken livers, cleaned, quartered, and sautéed for a few minutes in butter, can be added to the mixture just before the giblets are tender.

G. and F.'s Tips: An alternate way to thicken the gravy is to make a *beurre manié* by mixing together with your fingers 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon flour and adding it in small bits till desired consistency is reached.

BOUILLI

(Boiled Beef à la Creole)

eight to ten servings

4 pounds center cut of beef with bone (or brisket or short ribs)
1 pound beef or veal bones
1 package soup greens, scraped and cut into pieces
2 onions, finely chopped
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
Seasonings: 1 bay leaf, crumbled; 1 teaspoon powdered allspice; 6 whole cloves; 1-inch piece red (hot) pepper, seeded and diced or ½ teaspoon Cayenne pepper; 1 teaspoon thyme; 1 teaspoon oregano; 1 tablespoon
(Continued on opposite page)

FASHION AND ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 72: Veumont beret. White silk scarf by Echo Scarfs. Cuff bracelets by M&J Savitt. Suitcase by Gunther Lambert, at Bloomingdale's. Sandals by Larry Silverstein.

Page 73: Hat: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Scarf (around hat) by Echo Scarfs. Bracelets by Peter and Peggy for P.C. Designs and Celia Sebiri. Clutch by Holiner. Shoes by Isabelle of Madrid for Pankin International, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 74: Scarf (wrapped around head) by Doro. M&J Savitt silver cuffs. Belt by Van Allen. Sandals by Frank Sbicca.

Page 75: Handkerchiefs (wrapped around head) by Ashear Bros. Don Kline visor, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Elegant belt.

Page 76: K.J.L. beads. Bag by Falchi-Sebiri. Tights by Hanes. Sandals by Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 77: Mules by David Evins.

Page 78: Bracelets (on left arm) from Reservation Creations. Bracelet (on right arm), at American Indian Arts Center.

Page 79: Sunglasses by Ultimate Spectacle. Handkerchief (at neck) by Ashear Bros., at Saks Fifth Avenue (men's department). Cuffs at Amron Galleries. Ballet slippers by Capezio.

Page 90 and 91: Jewelry by M&J Savitt; to order, at Bloomingdale's. Sandals by Yves Saint Laurent, at Lord & Taylor.

Page 92 and 93: Chair: Buyer should be aware that plastic products such

as polyurethane may be a fire hazard. It is presently being investigated for performance by the Federal Trade Commission. Shoes by David Evins, at I. Miller.

Page 94: Top: Scarf (around head) imported by Marcia Breen, at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Center: Scarf (in hair) by Ashear Bros. Scarf (around waist) imported by Marcia Breen, Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelet (right wrist): American Indian Arts Center. Rings: M&J Savitt. Sandals: Charles Jourdan, at Bloomingdale's.

Page 95: Top: Chain: Judith Dorn for Honora Boutique. Cuffs: M&J Savitt.

Page 97: Mules by David Evins.

Page 102: Earrings by Celia Sebiri, at Henri Bendel. Rings by M&J Savitt, at Bloomingdale's. Celia Sebiri cuffs, at Henri Bendel.

Page 103: Celia Sebiri earrings, at Henri Bendel. Cuffs by K.J.L., at Bonwit Teller.

Page 104: Cuff by David Webb.

Page 105: Willie Woo earrings, at Lord & Taylor, N.Y. Cuff: K.J.L., Bonwit Teller. Herbert Levine sandals.

Page 126: Don Marshall hat. Sunglasses: Halston. Earrings: Napier. Chains and pendant: Tony White. Cuffs: Celia Sebiri, at Henri Bendel.

Page 127: Left: Silver beads, at Amron Galleries. Bangles by Barry Kieselstein at Georg Jensen. . . . Right: Chains by Tony White.

Page 128: Left: Cuffs by Barry Kieselstein at Georg Jensen.

Page 129: Halston sunglasses. Necklace by Donald Stannard, at Elizabeth Arden Salons. Chains by Aurea Jewelry Creations and Goldbar. Cadore cuffs, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Sandals, at the Charles Jourdan Salon.

Page 138: Hat: Yves Saint Laurent, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings by Ann Pearce for La Crasia. Bangles: Bob Lee for Hunting World. Bag: Bagatelle, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Round-the-clock tights. Sandals: Larry Silverstein.

Page 139: Left: Scarf (on head) by China Seas. Scarf (around neck) by Tibetan Arts and Crafts. Morris Moskowitz bag, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Watch by Concord. Elegant belt. Tights by Van Raalte. Spectators by Isabelle of Madrid for Pankin International, at Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . Right: Scarf (around head) by Maisonoix for Jewelcase. Sally Gee scarf (around waist). Shoes by Charles Jourdan, at Bloomingdale's. Folding stool from Triconfort.

Page 140: Left: Scarf (on head) by Doro. Cuff by M&J Savitt. Sash (at waist), at Henri Bendel. Tights: Burlington. Sandals, at Mario Valentino.

. . . Right: Hat by Madcaps. Scarf by Vuokko. Basket, at Robert Webb. Tights by Belle-Sharmeer. Sandals by Yves Saint Laurent. Peugeot bicycle.

Page 141: All jewelry by M&J Savitt.

. . . Left: Don Kline beret. Clutch by Bagatelle. Belt by Calderon. Tights by Roman Stripe. Sandals by Gamins/Adlib by Raybuck, at Bonwit Teller. . . . Right: Hat by Mr. Lawrence. Bag by Fabio, at Bloomingdale's. Schiaparelli tights. Sandals: Julianelli, at Lord & Taylor.

Page 142: Sash: Karl Lagerfeld, for Chloë, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Chair from Abercrombie & Fitch. Table from Triconfort.

Page 143: Left: Earrings by M&J Savitt. Sandal: Yves Saint Laurent. . . . Right: Cuff by M&J Savitt.

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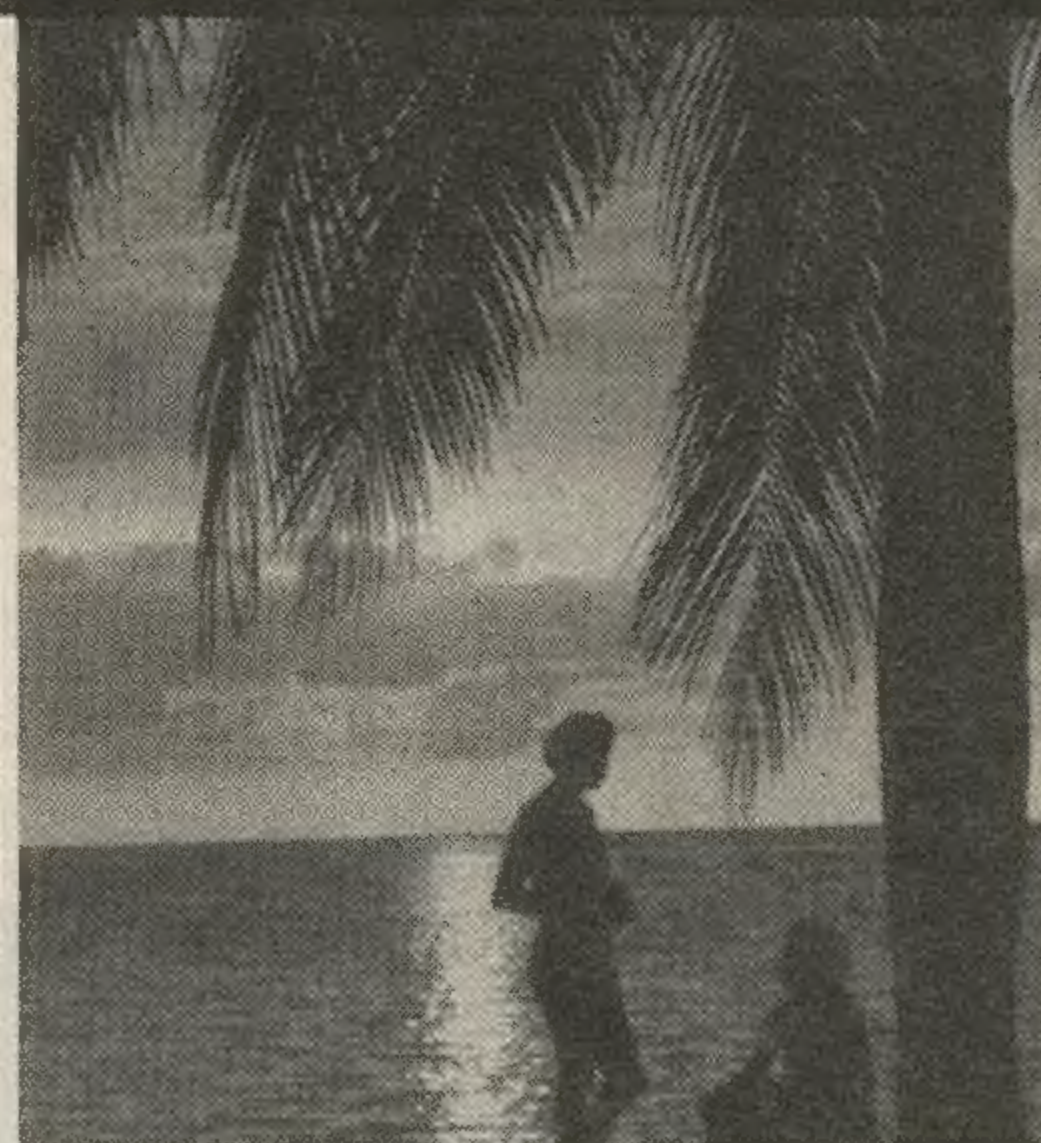
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ROYAL CARIBBEAN
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DIET

(Continued from page 133)

Cold green-vegetable soup

1 15½-oz. can green beans with liquid; 1 14½-oz. can asparagus with liquid; 1 4-oz. can small onions, drained; ½ tsp. salt; 2 tbsp. lemon juice; dash of pepper; Tabasco to taste; sliced mushrooms; chopped parsley; chopped pimientos.

Combine first 7 ingredients in blender jar; and blend. Garnish with mushrooms, parsley, and pimientos. Serve cold (serves 4; 45 calories per serving). Provides 15% iron, 10% thiamine, 55% vitamin C.

Cold Cantaloupe Soup

1 ripe cantaloupe (seed, peel, chop); 2 tbsp. milk; 1 tbsp. lemon juice; 1 package Sweet 'n Low;

lime slices. Combine all but lime in blender jar; blend. Chill 15 minutes, garnish with lime. Do not store in refrigerator for more than 1 hour. (Serves 2; 90 calories per serving.) Provides 170% vitamin A, 145% vitamin C.

Sea scallops seviche

½ lb. sea scallops; ⅓-½ cup fresh lime juice; 2 tbsp. onion, finely chopped; 3 tbsp. green pepper, finely chopped; 1 tbsp. parsley, finely chopped; 2 tbsp. olive oil; salt and pepper to taste.

Quarter the scallops; marinate with lime juice for one or more hours (in refrigerator); drain; combine with remaining ingredients; mix. Serve cold. (Serves 2; 200 calories per serving.) Provides 40% protein.

Sashimi

1 lb. raw tuna (or sea bass); sauce for dipping: ⅓ cup Japanese soy

sauce, 1 tbsp. green horseradish powder (wasabi) mixed with cold water to make a paste.

Cut fish in slices ¼" thick and 1" wide. Combine soy sauce and wasabi paste to taste. (Serves 4; 160 calories per serving.) Provides 50% protein, 125% niacin.

Low-down salad dressing

1 cup V-8 juice; ¼ cup wine vinegar; ½ chopped green pepper; 1 clove minced garlic; 1 tsp. dry mustard; 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce; ¾ tsp. salt; pepper to taste; Sweet 'n Low to taste (about ½ pkg.); 2-4 tbsp. finely chopped parsley or scallions (green part).

Combine all ingredients (except parsley or scallions) in blender, blend until green pepper is pureed, add chopped parsley or scallions, refrigerate. (About 4 calories per tablespoon.)

—Judith S. Stern, Sc.D.

LILLIAN HELLMAN

(Continued from opposite page)

Worcestershire sauce; 1 cup Italian-style canned tomatoes; salt and pepper to taste

Vegetables to be added later:

1 large turnip, thickly sliced
12 carrots, scraped and cut into 2-inch lengths
12 pearl onions, peeled
1 cup finely chopped parsley
1 cup lima beans or string beans (optional)

Should be made the day before serving. Place beef, bones, and enough cold water to cover (about 3 quarts) in a heavy soup pot. Bring slowly to the boil and skim carefully. Reduce heat so that soup is barely simmering. Add all ingredients except the "vegetables to be added later." Simmer slowly 3-4 hours or until meat is just tender but not falling apart. Remove meat. Strain soup (discard vegetables), cool,

refrigerate 4 hours or overnight.

Four hours later or the next day, add all the remaining vegetables; bring to the boil and cook slowly until vegetables are tender (about 30 minutes). Add meat, heat thoroughly, correct seasoning. Serve the soup first and then slices of the beef surrounded by the vegetables and accompanied with horseradish sauce made by mixing grated horseradish, vinegar, and sour cream. ▽

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SUMMER DRINKS

(Continued from page 101)

One would imagine that to be the wife of Leonard Bernstein could be a full-time profession but, with incredible charm, Felicia Bernstein manages as well to be a creative actress, painter, and inventor of three excellent rum drinks:

RUM DRINKS

HONEY DAIQUIRI

one serving

1½ ounces rum (light and dark rum combined)
1 tablespoon lime or lemon juice, freshly squeezed
1 teaspoon honey
½-inch slice of banana
Crushed ice

Put all ingredients into a blender. Blend thoroughly at highest speed. Fill ample stemmed glasses half to two-thirds full with crushed ice, then fill to the top with daiquiri mix. Drink through cocktail straws.

The brilliant art authority and lecturer, Rosamond Bernier serves a colorful

RASPBERRY DAIQUIRI

one serving

2-3 ounces white rum
Juice of 1 lemon, freshly squeezed
2 teaspoons sweetened raspberry juice (such as Wagner's raspberry syrup)
Crushed ice

Follow same procedure as for Honey Daiquiri.

THE CROQUET

one serving

2-3 ounces rum
2-3 ounces grapefruit juice, freshly squeezed
½-1 teaspoon Superfine sugar or to taste
Ice cubes

Mix all the ingredients together. Serve on the rocks stirring well till very cold.

Mimi Kilgore—beauty, authority on Pre-Columbian art, French literature, and the condition of the ice at the rink at Houston's popular Galleria—is also an authority on:

VODKA AND GIN DRINKS

AMBROSIA MONEGASQUE

(As served at the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo)

one serving

1½ ounces apricot nectar
1½ ounces pineapple juice
1 ounce lemon juice
2-3 ounces vodka or gin
3-4 ice cubes

Mix all the ingredients and serve over crushed ice. Or put all ingredients in a blender with ice cubes and blend on high speed till

just frothy. Do not overblend.

FRESH BASIL MARY

one serving

2 ounces vodka
3 ounces V-8 juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Salt and pepper
Dash of Tabasco
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
2 leaves of fresh basil (or fresh tarragon)

Put all ingredients in blender. Blend on highest speed till herb is pureed. Serve in tall glasses over ice cubes.

PERNOD MARTINI

one serving

2-2½ ounces vodka or gin
¼-½ ounce Pernod
Ice cubes
Combine ingredients and stir. Strain into well-chilled glasses or serve on the rocks.

If you like a liquorice flavor, Pernod, of course, makes one of the most delightful of summer drinks.

Put 2 ounces of Pernod in a tall glass. Fill with ice and water to taste.

THE AMBERLEY SPECIAL

Mix equal parts of vodka, Campari, dry vermouth, sweet vermouth, and lemon juice. Serve on the rocks.

CHAMPAGNE DRINKS

In summer Leontyne Price, America's greatest diva, loves to drink iced tea, her own special champagne lemonade, or one of two champagne cocktails.

CHAMPAGNE LEMONADE

Mix equal amounts of ice-cold lemonade, sugared to your taste, with well-chilled champagne. Two American champagnes to try are Korbel and Gold Seal.

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL

one serving

Champagne (Ledoyen or Ayala are excellent for this purpose)
Sugar cubes
Angostura bitters, or orange bitters
Twist of lemon peel, or slice of orange

Put 1 sugar cube in a champagne glass, saturate it with dashes of bitters, fill the glass with chilled dry champagne and add a twist of lemon peel or a slice of orange.

When singing opera in Italy, Miss Price, along with most American visitors to Venice, enjoys that superb favorite at Harry's Bar, the Bellini.

BELLINI

one serving

½ glass champagne
½ ripe peach, peeled and coarsely chopped
Lemon juice
Superfine sugar
3-4 ice cubes

Sprinkle chopped peaches with a little lemon juice to prevent discoloration. If peaches are not very sweet, add a little sugar to taste. Chill peaches and champagne 2 to 3 hours. Put peaches and just enough champagne so that peaches will liquefy into a blender and blend on high speed till pureed. Add ice cubes and blend again till just frothy. Half-fill stemmed glasses with puree mixture and then fill to the top with chilled champagne. Stir gently to combine and serve immediately.

When Irma Lazarus takes time away from her duties on the board of the Cincinnati Symphony or her high-powered skiing at Aspen, she and her husband, Fred, invite their friends for a trip down the Ohio River on their old-fashioned houseboat. On board they serve a very flexible Bourbon Sour.

BOURBON SOUR

one serving

2-3 ounces bourbon (such as Jim Beam)
1 tablespoon orange juice, freshly squeezed
1 tablespoon grapefruit juice, freshly squeezed
½ teaspoon Superfine sugar, or to taste
Ice cubes

Put all the ingredients into a sour glass or an old-fashioned glass. Stir till sugar dissolves. Fill with ice cubes and serve.

The Lazarus' will vary their sours by using Scotch, Irish, or rye whiskey; vodka, gin, or rum in place of bourbon—or lemon juice with a little additional sugar in place of orange and grapefruit juice. The proportions in any drink which combines liquors or wine with fruit juices and sweeteners are, of course, subject to taste. Experiment. Be fearless.

BEER

For those who like beer, nothing is more refreshing on a hot day than a glass of ice-cold beer—with the possible exception of a glass of ice-cold beer on the rocks.

A bit more stimulating and equally refreshing is a glass of ice-cold beer with a jigger of aquavit added.

England's " 'Arf and 'Arf," half a glass of beer combined with half a glass of ale, is an excellent warm-weather cooler.

Another simple but vastly refreshing summer drink was Oscar Wilde's favorite, hock and soda, what the Germans call a

SPRITZER

Roma Chablis
Soda water
Ice cubes

In tall glasses put the chilled wine, soda, and ice in any proportion you like. ▽



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